

"almost white man"

A Small, but Singular
 (its creator likes to think)
 Compilation of Miscellany,
 Openly and Honestly Imbued
 With the Most Ironic & Mischievous Buffoonery,
 Put Together By:

ME - MYSELF - THIS PERSON - YOURS TRULY:

Robert Wesley Stolz ("Machelensu-Olumapies");
 White Indian; Friend of the Lenape;
 Dweller-In-The-Crevice; Mind-Worm;
 Avatar, AND, Latter-Day Keeper of the Tally.

On the Occasion of the Advent,

In the Year 1972, Anno Domini,

Of a Book:

THE DELAWARE INDIANS, A HISTORY,

A Most UN-Epochal Volume,

Authored, Ostensibly, By

Clinton Alfred Weslager,

A 'visiting' Professor of History,

At Brandywine College, Wilmington, Delaware.



Being Somewhat of a Diatribe
 (a bitter and abusive harangue),
 Compiled, Directed, and Delivered
 By the Person of the First Part,
 Against Certain Extraordinarily Common & Vulgar Literary Devices
 Employed by the Person of the Second Part
 In a Literary Work Composed by the Person of the Second Part,
 THAT BOOK: The Delaware Indians, A History,
 wherein the Person of the Second Part,
 Repeats, Continues, Enshrines in Print
 And Thereby Seeks to Affirm IN PERPETUUM,
 A Canard - An Infamous Calumny,
 Against a Person and Persons,
 No Longer in a Position to Defend Themselves,
 And to Uphold Their Good Name in the Face of Slander.

I - MYSELF - THIS PERSON - YOURS TRULY:

Robert Wesley Stolz ("Machelensu-Olumapies");
 White Indian; Friend of the Lenape;
 Dweller-In-The-Crevise; Mind-Worm;
 Avatar, AND, Latter-Day Keeper of the Tally,

HAVE SPOKEN!



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Robert Wesley Stolz
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Tehachapi, Ca. 93561
September 17, 1972

Professor Clinton Alfred Weslager
Brandywine College
Wilmington, Delaware

"The WALAM OLUM was written by Lakhbit to record our Glory; shall I write another to record our Fall? No! Our Foes have taken care to do it, but I shall speak to Thee what they KNOW not - - - or CONCEAL..."

Sir:

- - - Historical Fragment

FIE! FOR SHAME! EXECRABLE!

Has this mighty mountain labored so long and so strenuously, only to bring forth such a puny mouse!

Pipe did not give his sanction to and officiate at the burning of Crawford because of the Massacre at Gnadenhuetten. Crawford was not at the Massacre, but many of those dummies who accompanied him to the Upper Sandusky - and who escaped the waiting Indians - were.

Crawford was JOYOUSLY put to death by PIPE because he had been involved in a disgraceful incident in which Pipe's brother was killed and his mother wounded and captured.

The Massacre at Gnadenhuetten was a drunken sex-orgy; "the depre-dations on the border" had nothing to do with it. Those MURDERERS knew the Moravian Indians were innocent.

The Lewis Wetzel you mention in No. 21 of the notes at the end of the chapter, 'Turmoil in Ohio' - was not a "Pennsylvanian" nor was he a "militiaman" - and the Wetzels (not just Lewis), all of them, were not Indian 'fighters' - they were Indian HUNTERS & KILLERS. They carefully avoided the fighting-men.

The truth, sir, is either the WHOLE truth, or it is not the truth at all.

Disdainfully,

Robert Wesley Stolz
Robert Wesley Stolz ("Umapias")
White Indian; Friend of the Lenape

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C. A. WESLAGER
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October 11, 1972

Mr. Robert Wesley Stolz
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Dear Sir:

I have received your letter of September 17, and it is your privilege to disagree with me. I never try to deny anyone his right to be heard, although I think he should base his remarks on facts, not judgments. My books are based on careful research and I interpret my data as honestly as I am able to do so.

My sympathies are, and always have been, with the Indians. If you were familiar with my other books you would quickly recognize this. If you knew of my efforts to help the Nanticoke people, which is a matter of record, you would write differently. If you will read the enclosed reviews of DELAWARE INDIANS, typical of the several hundred written to date, you will see what well-informed reviewers say about my sympathies. I should also tell you that I have received a number of letters from Delawares in Oklahoma and all have been favorable, including communications from the Delaware Indian Business Committee, and the present chairman, Mr. Bruce Townsend, titular head of the tribe.

Yes, Gnadenhutten was a shameless atrocity, and I so state in my book. The events leading up to the slaying of these innocent Indians are accurately presented based upon available documentation.

The death of Col. Crawford was to avenge Gnadenhutten, not because of the murder of Pipe's relatives. *See Pipe's testimony on enclosed typed enclosure as reported by C.C.Trowbridge based upon his interviews with Pipe.

I have no certain documentation about Lewis Wetzel. That is why, if you will reread note 21 at the end of Chapter 13 you will find I say, "There is a legend, etc." I did not claim to have any data about his occupation or motives; if I had I would have included it.

If there are errors in my book I am the first one to want to correct them in a second edition, but you haven't given me any basis to make any revisions. In fact, if you will reconsider your letter perhaps you will conclude that you have been hasty in your judgment and unfair in your criticism.

Very truly yours,


C.A. Weslager

*Weslager's tacit admission that he knows of the Squaw Campaign - not one word of it in his book: THE DELAWARE INDIANS, A HISTORY.

All prisoners are compelled to run the gauntlet. When the party of warriors approach the village a messenger is despatched with the news of their coming, and two rows of men and women, indiscriminately arranged, are extended from the council house towards the place of approach. Each person is supplied with a stick, and between these lines the captured are made to run. If great exertion is made they may reach the house without injury and are then secure from harm, but fear often produces a severe and sometimes a dangerous beating.

The only instance of burning a prisoner in the recollection of Pipe, is the case of Col Crawford, at which he was present. Pipe agrees with Mr. Heckewelder, that the death of Col Crawford was attributable solely to the previous massacre of the Moravian Indians. The tragical affair took place a mile and a half from Sandusky. Crawford was tied to a sapling, by a rope fastened around his neck. A fire was built near him, and after suffering great pain for some time he was tomahawked and thrown upon the pile. The practice of burning prisoners is said to have been very ancient. It extended particularly to great warriors* whose capture and death was accompanied with loud shouts by the victors.

Formerly no man joined a war party until he was twenty four winters old, as they were thought of to be too imprudent at an earlier age; but of late years this custom has not obtained among them. The aged often continue to bear arms so long as their strength permits, and some have been known to join war parties when from their advanced age they were obliged to ride on horseback; but in these cases they did not approach the field of battle.

* So now, Crawford, the murderer of women and children, is a "great warrior!" Just like the great warriors, no doubt, who atom-bombed the women and children of two Japanese cities, neither of which were military or industrial. Or maybe the great warriors who used babies for target practice at My Lai, or Wounded Knee, or Sand Creek, or the Bad Axe River, or, or, or...

Robert Wesley Stolz
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November 8, 1972

Professor Clinton Alfred Weslager
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History! History! We fools, what do we know or care? History begins for us with murder and enslavement, not with discovery - - -."

- - - William Carlos Williams

Sir:

Your letter of October 11, 1972, is WEAK!

Surely you do not think I am going to be moved from the position I expressed in my letter of September 17, 1972, by such pseudo-specious catchwords as: "privilege" "right" "facts" "judgments" "research" "interpret" "data" - etc.

Mere white-man rhetoric! I deal in verities and I hold no brief with such silly sophistries as those.

My watchwords are Sense and Authority - AUTHORITY AND SENSE. Consequently, those party-line weasel-words of a kind employed mainly by the public relations propositors for the 'booster' tribe of the Great-American-White-Race, do not even faze me

If I had not been sure of my ground I would not have taken the chance of making myself look bad, by my own standards, by expressing myself in the absolutely categorical and positively didactical way in which I did.

The passage you adduced from the writings of C.C. Trowbridge, citing what the Indian, Pipe, ostensibly in agreement with the Moravian missionary, John Heckewelder, is supposed to have said regarding the burning at the stake of Colonel William Crawford being "attributable solely to the previous massacre of the Moravian Indians" - as pointed-up by the photocopied parts of pages 484-85 of your lately-published book: THE DELAWARE INDIANS, A HISTORY, is none other than just exactly the passage which incited me, initially, to write to you.

All other considerations aside: Who would believe what Pipe, the quondam civil chief, provoked, and incited to a state of pathognomical Machiavellianism, and burning with that which to his Indian soul was an evil and intolerable sense of outrageous and irreparable PERSONAL injury, said, even though he heard it firsthand from the mouth of the Pipe himself.

You should (if you were an historical annalist & analyst in the truly monumental style) be aware of the condition, at that time, of the Pipe. Even so, you delineate it, albeit in a sketchy & summary way on page 298 of your book, obviously without knowledge of, or failure or refusal to consider the Pipe's pathognomonic symptoms, and your pronouncement concerning the personality of the Pipe, is therefore: arbitrary, capricious, and equivocal (a dipsotic person is rarely, if ever, at least during the lifetime of his aberration, "a bold and ambitious schemer" and/or "a man of courage"). What rubbish you wrote! - - - the Pipe was merely sick...

The Pipe had become an unconscionable plotter! a ruthless conniver! a native Mephistopheles! AND IT WAS THE PIPE, the drunken Pipe, the drunken AND exulting Pipe, scenting and savoring the aroma of sweet revenge ("sweeter than the sweetest honey" - the Poet, Homer, wrote), NOT ANYONE ELSE, who put that Idiot Crawford, with his numbskull notions of 'manifest destiny' - to the fire.

Some 'authorities' would have it that the Pipe simply declined to intervene. Hogwash! The other Indians were acting at his EXPRESS instigation and by his PERSONAL direction.

According to Consul Willshire Butterfield (whose veracity is laughably impugnable), in his fragmentary and patchwork (but nonetheless engrossing): HISTORY OF THE GIRTYS, there is room for doubt that Pipe and his myrmidons even knew of the Massacre at Gnadenhuetten at the time of their joyous ministrations to the hapless (but deserving) colonel.

At this point, sir, let us go back to the beginning of this peculiar busy-ness, that beginning being (according to you) that most UGH-ly of Ugly American incidents: The Mournful Massacre by the Whites, of the Moravian Christian Indians, on the Morning of March 8, 1782, at the Mission Village of the Unites Fratum, Gnadenhuetten, in what is the Present-Day State of Ohio.

Napoleon Buonaparte is supposed to have said, "History is humbug! Precisely...

Much has been written, nigglingly and in a circuitous fashion, purporting to be about the Massacre at Gnadenhuetten, BUT, to the best of my knowledge and experience, the accounts given (your own not excepted) of that sad, sordid, and sorry affair, have been, in part or in toto, egregiously despicable nonsense.

Those 'justifications' - such as: "they were harboring the wild tribes" "they were acting as 'halfway' houses" - and your own, "militiamen burning with hatred" - are nothing more than disgustingly silly attempts to cover-up the real reason and motivation that prompted those fine fellows to make that early springtime trek to the Christian Indian villages on the Muskingum (now tuscarawas).

The insular situation of those villages and the consequent vulnerable position of the Moravian Christian Indians, presented a simply irresistible temptation and golden opportunity for an orgy, a frolic, a bacchanalia of the sort many ordinary American White-Men, especially of the mercantile caste (witness certain pertinent incidents occurring during the course of the current Southeast Asian Imbroglia), enjoy, appreciate, and understand to the utmost extent and in the highest degree.

And it was that unsavory breed of misbegotten wretch - those miserable maggots - that drunkenly raped, and slaughtered, AND plundered the innocents at the Huts of Grace. Those sod-busters & shop-keepers, along with other assorted riff-raff & undesirables, who returned to their nasty lairs in Pennsylvania and Western Virginia, HEAVY WITH SPOIL, and PROUDLY displaying their sad and pitiful "trophies" - the scalps of: Isaac (the noble-spirited, broken-hearted Munsie Orator and erst-while fighting-man, Glickhican, to whom death came as a release from misery), and Abraham (the Mahican - he of the long, black, glossy, much-coveted hair - the first of fourteen sacrificial lambs to fall under the murderous mallet in the hands of the grisly German, G-r-r-r-r), and Judith and Christiana (the winsome supplicants), and Anna Benigna (the white woman, Rachel Abbott, wife of the inconsolable Isaac Glickhican), and, and, and..... AND, the scalps of the children, too.

Butterfield, the flagrantly obvious & inveterate apologist of the lovely 'settlers' & 'pioneers' - in his customary determination to keep the whites from standing forth in their true and proper light as the degenerate detritus of European countries, themselves long decadent, and as rapacious invaders of the Pristine-Fure and Shining 'New World' (Beautiful Ohio! in dreams again I see, visions of what used to be), writes that the Moravian Indians were involved in "border incidents." I wonder what role the children played in those 'incidents.'

Oh yes, professor, while I am on the subject: Just in case you have any idea at all that I might go in for that which I, MYSELF, have designated as "red-herring-history" (the white-man's brand of 'reporting' and/or 'record-keeping'), forget it!

Don't think for a minute that I do not know about (not likely), or have forgotten (I NEVER forget!), or have overlooked (hardly) the attack that was made on the band of Cayleylamont William Henry Killbuck (it is the gauge of your stature - or rather the lack thereof - as an 'historian' - that on page 298 of your 'history' - where you 'report' the incident, you do not even mention the person of the Grand Son of the last great W'namiu (Unami) King, Netawatwis ("first in council"), in connection with it), on his island in the Ohio River, adjacent to Fort Pitt, by the same bunch that had perpetrated the Gnadenhuetten nastiness (Butterfield notwithstanding), as they were returning to the fort from their jolly little spree in the woods. This time: no "wild tribes" - no "'halfway' houses" - no "militiamen" - no "border incidents" - no 'cleanup' of any kind at all possible for (y)our 'honorable' forefathers.

I will not entertain or tolerate any bunkum when it comes to the Moravian Indians in those villages on the Face of the Moose. Their innocence of and non-involvement in all those matters was positively known and substantially demonstrated, a priori.

No less a personage than Dr. William W. Newcomb, Jr., Director of the Texas Memorial Museum at Austin, advises us in his ethnohistorical treatise: THE CULTURE AND ACCULTURATION (more appropriately, DE-culturation) OF THE DELAWARE INDIANS, that the festivities at Gnadenhuetten were celebrated by "militia" - "border outlaws" - BUT, in the chapter, 'Massacre at Gnadenhuetten, from: HISTORY OF TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, this much more ample and certainly no less factual asseveration, drawn from the NOTES of Joseph Doddridge, is made: SHOULD IT BE ASKED WHAT SORT OF PERSONS COMPOSED THE BAND OF MURDERERS OF THE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE, I ANSWER, THEY WERE NOT MISCREANTS OR VAGABONDS; MANY OF THEM WERE MEN OF THE FIRST STANDING IN THE COUNTRY.

Ecrasez l'infame! 'Respectability' hiding behind the cloak of anonymity (THEY thought) to perpetrate its dirty-work...

TODAY, these same: mental-deficit, moral idiot, emotional-cripple, spiritual bankrupt, mainly White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant gang-type derelicts & dropouts from the Race of Man, are fond of grouping themselves into nice little 'prestigious' cliques & claques, variously known as: 'elks''moose''masons''odd fellows' (ODD INDEED) 'shriners' (in sum, the Ku Klux Klan), or whatever, and their watered-down capers are inevitably and invariably called: CONVENTIONS. HeH!

Persons of the type of Lewis Wetzel, bravo of the Early Ohio Frontier, another object-lesson in general degeneracy and the concomitant criminal psychopathy, ARE their tools, accessories & fall-guys, just as they themselves ARE tools, accessories & fall-guys for others, ad infinitum, ad nauseam, ad absurdum. Mutants ALL, and ALL immersed, WITH fatuous equanimity, IN The Universal Faustian Swindle.

As it is not feasible or practicable in these days and times for them to practice safely (at least in their own backyards) their villainies & depredations in their own persons, they impotently strive by what can only be the most wildly unsatisfying surrogate-experiences and by other ludicrously desperate expedients, to recapture their beloved old delights, by finding helpless victims (as at Gnadenhuetten), WHO, they fondly like to imagine and tell each other (as at Gnadenhuetten), are guilty of the crimes in which they, themselves, are no longer able to indulge with the impunity that is an absolute requirement.

NO DOUBT, they are engaged in many 'good' & 'useful' - 'altruistic' & 'philanthropic activities, BUT, their vaunted "benevolent & paternal" orientation is just so much smoke - A Sop For Cerberus - a means whereby they poorly camouflage their perfidious proclivities in an abortive attempt to conceal them, es much from their own treacherously profligate eyes, as from the Basilisk Stare of the World-At-Large. All to no avail, FOR I, the Dweller-In-The-Crevise, announce from the depths, THAT: Tempora Mutantur Et Nos Mutamur In Illis, is NOT a true saying.

Die Meister, Nietzsche, the Great European Polemicist and Contra-Controverter, WHO (along with the Jewish Paraclete) showed, THAT, they pose, THAT, they have always posed, and, THAT, in all likelihood they always WILL pose the greatest threat and danger to the continued existence and enlightened interest of ALL mankind, had a word for them (a word by which they, singularly enough, distinguish themselves from other less 'righteous' folk) - - - he called them, "the 'GOOD' people." HeH!

A.G. Tassin, writing in 1887, spoke knowingly of the Indian KILLERS of the 1860's (here in the Opulent Land of El Dorado, the Golden State, California, a Latter-Day Garden of Eden, where countless Native Persons, Whole Tribes, Entire Nations and Races, were coldly and cruelly tormented, grossly and brutishly debauched, casually and carelessly extinguished, on occasion as 'sport' - by the same dismal retrograde type of troglodyte, all in the space of a few melancholy years):

"One of these very Indian fighters (aint it cute the way a KILLER can be changed into a "fighter" with a few words in a matter of seconds) is now sitting before me" he wrote. "I have been acquainted with him for years, and I know him to be a good-kind-hearted man, and the idol of the little curly heads who cluster at his knees (revolting! simply revolting...). He does not look at all as I imagined a murderer would look (they seldom do), and yet he has just been telling me, with a slight, satisfied smile playing over his lips as he spoke, how he once hanged an Indian and again how he cut the throat of another." Wh-a-a-a-a-t!

Tassin, as is the case with a great many of the European rejects is in a world

of trouble if he expects any decently human person to believe, not only THAT, "a good, kind-hearted man" would do such things, but then have the infernal audacity to talk about them, "with a slight, satisfied smile playing over his lips as he spoke." That is a gross violation of those two personal canons of Sense and Authority of which I wrote at the outset.

Dr. Jack Forbes (excuse the copious name-dropping), himself an Indian and a member of the faculty of the University of California at Davis, most amply indicts: these 'pillars of society' - these 'bastions of propriety' these 'bulwarks of civilization:

THE INDIANS ARE A LOOKING-GLASS INTO THE SOULS OF NORTH AMERICANS. IF WE WANT TO DISSECT THE ANGLO AND ANALYZE HIS CHARACTER, WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT HE DOES WHEN NO ONE ELSE CARES, WHEN NO ONE IS IN A POSITION TO THWART HIS WILL - - - WHEN HE CAN DO AS HE PLEASURES. AND WITH THE INDIAN THE ANGLO HAS DONE WHAT HE PLEASED, WITH NO ONE TO CARE, AND WITH THE INDIAN ULTIMATELY TOO WEAK TO RESIST, EXCEPT PASSIVELY."

"I Admit There Are Good White Men" - said the Noble Pachgantschihilas ("great fulfiller"), Son of the Illustrious Wewundochwalend ("important messenger"), to the Christian Indians on the Muskingum, shortly before they were so grossly slaughtered by Williamson and his party, "But They Bear No Proportion To The Bad. The Bad Must Be The Strongest, For They Rule; They Do What They Please. They Enslave Those Who Are Not Of Their Colour, Although Created By The Same Great Spirit Who Created Them. They Would Make Slaves Of Us If They Could, But As They Cannot Do It, They Kill Us. There Is No Faith To Be Placed In Their Words. They Are Not Like The Indians, Who Are Enemies Only While At War, And Are Friends In Peace. They Will Say To An Indian, "My Friend" "My Brother" - They Will Take Him By The Hand And At The Same Moment Destroy Him. And So You (addressing himself prophetically to the Christian Indians) Will Also Be Treated By Them Before Long. Remember That This Day I Have Warned You To Beware Of Such Friends As These. I Know The Long Knives; They Are Not To Be Trusted."

BUT, sir, BUT - and hereby hangs the tale!

(It will serve to point-up the thesis implicitly advanced in the following succeeding paragraph but one, when I write that it is not unheard of as the second disastrous millenium of the lamentable 'Christian' era moves to its mournful close, for American Hoodlums (decency has no part in the wretchedness) in uniforms, trespassing on the soil of faraway lands (as at Gnadenhuetten), on the pretext and premise they are there for any acceptably legitimate reason or purpose (as at Gnadenhuetten), to be talking and laughing one minute with unsuspecting villagers and their children (as at Gnadenhuetten), giving them candy and gifts, and the very next minute to be murdering them (as at Gnadenhuetten), only later to 'exculpate' themselves (as at Gnadenhuetten) by attributing to the innocent villagers, actions (as at Gnadenhuetten), imputing to those actions devious designs, basing their allegations on some obviously contrived and transparent romance concerning imaginary treacheries (AS AT GNADENHUETTEN!).

Keeping in mind that the Massacre at Gnadenhuetten was not just the Gnadenhuetten Massacre and the Massacre of the Moravian Indians from Salem, who had been enticed by the flattering wiles and wheedling cajolery of the smiling fiends who were preparing even then to most foully murder them, to remove to Gnadenhuetten, but also the proposed Massacre of the Moravian Indians at Schoenbrunn ("Beautiful Spring").

And THAT is just exactly what the nasty poop-butt "Crawford 'Expedition'" was all about. Any idea it was conceived and intended in reality as a military foray against the fighting-men on the Sandusky, the Lower Sandusky that is, is ridiculous! Nor was there any 'battle' fought when the trap was sprung by the gleefully waiting Indians on the Upper Sandusky.

IT - WAS - A - ROUT!

THAT - WRETCHED - RABBLE, taken completely by surprise and caught, flagrante delicto, with their pants down around their ankles, wildly broke & widely scattered in all directions like the silly sheep they REALLY were (they just THOUGHT they, themselves, were 'wolves'), and fled in total panic, back to their grubby shops & rattle-taggle farms on the Pennsylvanian and Western Virginian borders.

HAVE - I - BEEN - UNDERSTOOD, sir? REALLY and FINALLY and FULLY Understood...

Crawford & Williamson, et al, had gone out into the Marvellous Ohio Countryside, ALL in the MERRY MERRY Month of May and the LOVELY LOVELY Month of June, 1782, for the avowed purpose, which they broadcast (silly asses) by certain unmistakeable marks & signs all along the route of their passing, not being aware they were under the most intensive scrutiny and constant surveillance from the time they ganged-up on the banks of the Beautiful Ohio River at the Mengwe Bottoms (the self-same locale & gathering-place of Williamson and his fine-high-type-clean-cut-All-American-Boys, preparatory to going on the Gnadenhuetten picnic), of finding those Moravian Indians from Schoenbrunn who had missed-out on all the fun at Gnadenhuetten, and with the UNDERSTOOD intention (in so many words) of indulging themselves in another bout of sickly debauchery (you know - the Gnadenhuetten thing: drunken-rape & robbery & murder & mutilation & BURNING ALIVE - all them there 'GOOD' things).

OF COURSE, that part, "indulging themselves in another bout of sickly debauchery" - is just MY quaint way of phrasing it. NO DOUBT, they themselves said to their admiring stay-at-home compeers, prior to embarking on that elegant-egg-sucking-'expedition' - 'officially sanctioned & perfectly legal' - something to the effect of: "makun duh worl' safe fer dumokercy" and/or "perserv'n duh uh-murr-uh-kun way uh life" and/or perfect'n sussiety" - - - OR something nausea-makingly analagous.

On page 285 of your 'history' - this passage is to be found: The story has been preserved that one day after listening to a sermon on sin and grace (FAW!), Glickhican ("Gunsight" - formerly he prayed ter tha wipperwill & ter tha sarpints), now named Isaac, was seen walking through the village sobbing. "This is wonderful" - Zeisberger wrote in his journal, "a proud war-captain sheds tears in the presence of his former associates. Thus the saviour by his word breaks the hard hearts and humbles the pride of the Indians" (WELL! la-de-da - fancy that!).

What rubbish! What fat-headed drive! REALLY, professor, just because that silly little man, D. Zeisberger, not only informs us that Glickhican was sobbing, BUT THEN, dogmatically proceeds & presumes to tell us WHY (and that is NOT why - "the word of the saviour" had nothing to do with it) Glickhican was sobbing, is it necessary for us to throw all human-ness to the winds and without further ado accept his dictum as gospel and forthwith unequivocally believe him??? OF COURSE NOT! Then WHY is it incumbent upon us to attach importance and give credence to Trowbridge's alleged citing of Pipe's supposed statement regarding the time-worn, hackneyed, and entirely fabulous report concerning the relationship between the im-molation of Colonel William Crawford and the previous Massacre at Gnadenhuetten???

AND NOW, sir, I am going to divulge to you some of my ruminations bearing on the treatment you accord the topic of the personage nicknamed "Hopokan" - "tobacco pipe."

Why is it that nowhere in your 'history' do you even go the length of permitting it to be known (except in that sly hint in the notes to appendix 3) that Pipe was a Munsie? Indeed, anywhere and everywhere the Pipe's name comes up, you studiedly and assiduously strive to avoid letting that fact be known.

As some examples of what I mean: On page 64 you write, "In a later chapter the reader will learn that the DELAWARE sachem known as Sassoonan (alias Olumapies), also name a nephew to succeed him, although the Pennsylvania authorities had other ideas about who should be elevated to this position." Immediately following that, you write, "The reader will also find that the chief (not MUNSI chief, or DELAWARE chief, - simply "chief"), Custaloga, nominated his nephew, Captain Pipe, as his successor." That is WEAK, sir, weak and weaselly!

AGAIN: On page 298 you write, "The DELAWARES who gathered at Coshocton became divided in their loyalties due largely to the influences of a captain of the wolf division, Konieschquanoheel ("maker of daylight"), nicknamed Hopokan ("tobacco Pipe"), also known as Captain Pipe." On page 315, " - - - Captain Pipe and other militant DELAWARE war captains - - -." And so on - what a curious mish-mash!

NOW: The facts of the matter above-labored are these, sir (as if you did not know): The "wolf division" to which you make reference is neither 'wolf' nor is it a 'division' of the Delawares. It is the Munsie (Minasinink: "people at the place where stones are gathered together" "people of the stony country" "mountaineers" that is) TRIBE of Indians, and like the W'namiu (Cooper's 'Unami' - "downstream people"

"people down the river"), - the people you call "Delawares" - the Munsie have a wolf clan, but these TWO wolf clans are not to be equated, nor can they be confounded.

Capatin Pipe could have been of the wolf clan of the Munsie (not "Munseys" - 'Munsie' is itself a plural word), but it would have been impossible for him to have been "a captain of the wolf division of the Delawares" - if for no other reason than that the Delaware NATION has never had a 'wolf' division.

AND: While it is true the Munsie ARE Delawares in the sense that 'Delaware' is a NATIONAL name (not tribal), it is doubly true the main thrust of the purport of your book is toward the W'namiu ("people down the river").

The clincher is this: On page 353 you write, " - - - among their Delaware AND Munsie kinfolk in Indiana." SO, professor, it IS evident you DO know there IS a distinction between those TWO anciently affiliated, but disparate, folk, the ones you call "Delawares" in your book, and those enterprising ones, 'MINASININK' - ("mountaineers") who brought the NATION of the LENI-LENAPE from the Under-World. Why you dissemble in the matter of which of those two tribes was the tribe of the Pipe, even going so far as to conceal his Munsie identity, 'Konieschquanokee' - behind the W'namiu spelling, 'Konieschquanoheel' - is totally beyond me.

All I have written to this point I have written largely for the purpose of showing that I am not an upstart - a newcomer to the subject of the Lenape and their HISTORY.

I have used Trenchant Sense and Ambient Authority and I have had no recourse to the feeble and pathetic devices employed by you, first in your book, and then in your letter of 10-11-72, to me.

I AM INDIAN (not 'an' Indian)!

Your "sympathies" - your "efforts" - your "enclosed reviews of DELAWARE INDIANS" - your "number of letters from Delawares in Oklahoma" - your "well-informed reviewers" - your "communications from the Delaware Business (ah yes - BUSINESS) Committee and the present chairman, Mr. Bruce (Miller) Townsend" - are not germane to the issue, and they serve only to bring a gleam of malice to my brazen HISTORIAN'S eye.

That gleam grows sharper and brighter when I ponder the significance of the fact (regardless of your accumulated kudos and accolades) that there are no photos in your book of any of the living 'ABSENTEES' - and no plaudits from the Anadarko or Canadian contingents.

I know the distinction between A fact and THE truth!

With "Honest John" the broom-maker, SELF-STYLED, "King of the Delawares" - I say (and with somewhat more reason), "I AM A MAN!" If you are preparing to make animadversions, spare me the argumentum ad hominem.

NOW: Let us get down to brass tacks!

In the final paragraph of your letter of 10-11-72, you write, "If there are errors in my book I am the first to want to correct them in a second edition, but you haven't given me any basis to make any revisions."

There are no "errors" - and I could not possibly give you any "basis" - not already in your possession, to make "revisions."

YOU have taken a great tragic theme: THE MEAN AND MISERABLE DESTRUCTION, THE SORRY UNWARRANTED FATE, THE UPROOTING FROM THEIR PROPER SOIL AND CULTURAL MILIEU, THE REMOVAL, FLIGHT, AND CONSEQUENT DECIMATION, THROUGH LANDS INHABITED BY INIMICAL PEOPLES, THE DISPERSAL IN THE TREELESS DESERTS AND ARID WASTELANDS, THE DISSOLUTION IN AN ALIEN SPHERE (THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE???) OF THE LENI-LENAPE - GRAND FATHER OF THE MANITININNIWUK - THE GREAT FAMILY OF LINNI - THE MYSTERY PEOPLE FROM OUT THE GREAT HOLLOW WELL, and made of it a pot-boiler, a dry-as-dust, dull-as-dirt concoction, somewhat similar to one of those public schools textbooks, in which things are distorted, misinterpreted, and falsified, and from which things are purposefully omitted, in order to make other things quasi-plausible, and that only to the uninitiate - the once-born.

In the instance at hand it is not a matter of what you WROTE; it is a matter of what you did NOT write.

YOU, will-fully and intention-ally, left out:

Any mention of what Butterfield, in his: HISTORY OF THE GIRTYs, refers to as

the "Squaw Campaign" - another of those wretched American 'campaigns' (so-called), like the Massacre at Gnadenhuetten & the Crawford Expedition, in which Crawford participated, in which the brother of Pipe was killed, and in which his mother was wounded and captured. If you have the effrontery to maintain that Pipe did not know these things at the time of Crawford's ordeal, I will put you in the same category as Butterfield.

Butterfield, too, is a little dandy! He has, in his: HISTORY OF THE GIRTYS, a number of references to the Squaw Campaign, the immolation of Crawford is related in detail (necessarily apocryphal), and the name of Crawford is scattered freely throughout the pages of the same book, BUT, Butterfield is at great pains to make sure that any and all of those references to the Squaw Campaign are kept separate from the name of Crawford (after all, Crawford was a close associate of George Washington).

I know it would militate against my case in feeble and shallow minds, professor, but in order for me to avoid being tarred by the same brush I use profusely and liberally on you (and on others), it is incumbent upon and behooves me to acknowledge I am aware Butterfield places Girty, Simon that is, who was present at the burning of Crawford, also at the Squaw Campaign.

You made no mention of the fact THAT, Crawford, for all he can be held culpable, was not at the Massacre at Gnadenhuetten (OF COURSE NOT! We can't have "a friend and confidant" of that Great American Undercover Tory Loyalist & Virulent Indian Hater, G. Washington, being involved in anything so shoddy & tawdry as that, can we, Herr Professor Weslager???) , while many of those poltroons who got away from the Indians on the Upper Sandusky, WERE at the massacre, including the leader of the gang at Gnadenhuetten, WHO, by the way, was NOT in command of the CRAWFORD Expedition.

And THAT, sir, is THAT! Keep your Trowbridge! Keep your Pipe! Keep your Heckewelder! The whole thing rests in the first place on the premise that Trowbridge made that citing of Pipe. In addition, as well as I know Johann Gottlieb Ernestus Hackewelder, I do not know anywhere he writes that the burning of Crawford was attributable solely to the previous massacre of the Moravian Indians, and I do not think John Heckewelder would stick his neck out like that.

It is absurd, ipso facto, to use the word "solely" here at all. The Lenape had been harried & harassed for years before that jubilee on the Upper Sandusky. The plight of Willie Boy (would have) afforded them a chance to vent their pent-up anger, and frustration at a million indignities (that asinine fable, as an example, that we were 'made WOMEN' in any literal sense), humiliations & defeats, brought about, not by honest and honest warfare, but by trickery & deceit, not only on the part of the whites, but also by their Iroquoian Indian neighbors, given firearms by the Dutch - in peculiar intrigue & collaboration with the whites. REMEMBER! The Lenape, as are most children of nature, were noted, not only for the warmth and affection of their dispositions, but also, upon sufficient provocation for their (apparent) vindictiveness (rooted in the moral imperative to appease the mayneez).

NOW LOOKY HERE, PERFESSER! I grew up with the Pipe en I'm a-gonna tell ya sumthin: Added ta the abuv-aggervashun wuz the fact the Pipe heda PERSONAL bone ta pick with Crofurd. Crofurd belonged ta the Pipe en don't ya fergit it! Ther aint nuthin more sartin, not evun the circlin uv the sferes, than the venjunts the Pipe hed in stor fer that peecy du resistuns uv that GALA uhkayzhun on the Upper Sandusky, Kernel Wilyum Crofurd (the abysmal dummy). Pipe wuz a-runnin things en he hed alreddy shone he cud not care less fer thozе, er eny other, cristyuns. I aint a-goin so fer ez ta say that the Pipe uhproved uv the slotter uv the cristyun injuns, but he wuz not noted fer his tender sulisitood tord them, eether.

So much for what a person is SUPPOSED to have written regarding something he is SUPPOSED to have gotten from another person who is SUPPOSED to have agreed with yet another person, on what is, patently, an absurdity. WEAK! VERY weak!

Depending upon your reaction and/or response to this letter, which is, obviously, pompous & bombastic (though strong), I will send you another letter dealing with those two skulkers, William Boggs & Lewis Wetzel. "Pennsylvania militiamen" - INDEED!

In the interim, I suggest you throw away all those fictions & forgeries known as

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, and investigate an early-American-white-man-epithet-of-opprobrium, applied to certain suspect and unsavory specimens of the genus Homo, variety caucasoid, known to the settlers of relatively greater decency (or lesser depravity - take your pick), not as: 'scouts' - not as 'frontiersman' - not as 'Indian fighters' - not by any other such ridiculous lying and namby-pamby euphemistic folderol, but by the infinitely much more meaningful and significant designation of "wood-runners."

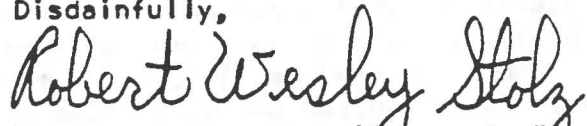
Put that dictionary down, professor! I am the only living person of whom I have any knowledge, who can give you the implications and connotations of that phrase: 'wood-runners.'

The white-man (whose weak & obliging memory succumbs & kowtows to his snivelling 'conscience') has agreed, albeit tacitly, by the well-known 'conspiracy of silence' - by the process of attrition, and by just plain outright lying, to consign certain embarrassing aspects and facets of HIS inglorious & ignominious history to limbo.

All I have written NOT notwithstanding, I hope and trust you have not gotten the impression I have not enjoyed, and will not continue to enjoy, your book. It contains a corpus of material which will furnish me with much food for thought and contemplation for many days to come.

I AM

Disdainfully,



Robert Wesley Stolz ("Oumapies");
White Indian; Friend of the Lenape

William Penn on the W'namiu

For their Persons, they are generally tall, straight, well-built, and of singular Proportion; they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty Chin; of Complexion, Black, but by design, as the Gypsies in England: They grease themselves with Bears-fat clarified, and using no defence against Sun or Weather, their skins must needs be swarthy; Their Eye is little and black, not unlike a straight-look't Jew: The thick Lip and flat Nose, so frequent with the East-Indians and Blacks are not common to them; for I have seen as comely European-like Faces among them of both, as on your side the Sea; and truly an Italian Complexion hath not much more of the White, and the Noses of several of them as much of the Roman.

They are great Concealers of their own Resentments, brought to it, I believe, by the Revenge that hath been practised among them; in either of these, they are not exceeded by the Italians.

But in Liberality they excell, nothing is to good for their Friend; give them a fine Gun, Coat, or other thing, it may pass twenty Hands, before it sticks; light of Heart, strong Affections, but soon spent; the most merry Creatures that live, Feast and Dance perpetually; they never have much, nor want much; Wealth circulateth like the Blood, all parts partake; and though none shall want what another hath, yet exact Observers of Property. Some Kings have sold (not true - Penn did not understand what was going on), others presented me with several parcels of Land; the Pay or Presents I made them, were not hoarded by the particular Owners. We sweat and toil to live; their Pleasure feeds them, I mean their Hunting, Fishing and Fowling, and this Table is spread every where; they eat twice a day, Morning and Evening; their Seats and Table are the Ground.

THE SQUAW CAMPAIGN

From: HISTORY OF THE GIRTYS, by BUTTERFIELD

General Hand in command at Pittsburgh, having previously received intelligence that a quantity of stores was lodged by the British at an Indian town on the Cuyahoga River (a likely story), formed a project for capturing them. Gathering a party of about five hundred men at Fort Pitt, mostly from Westmoreland (oh yes, the ubiquitously perennial WESTMORELAND name) County, he proceeded in February, 1778, on the expedition. It was the first time the Americans marched in force into the Indian country during the Revolution. Heavy rains falling, and the snows of winter melting, Hand was obliged to relinquish his design after having arrived at a point a considerable distance above the mouth of the Beaver on the Mahoning River (how convenient). Just at this place, Indian tracks were discovered ("heavy rains" "melting snows" - but still, "'Indian' tracks" - mighty fine trackers these pale faces), conjectured to be of warriors on a marauding expedition into the settlements (musta had a crystal ball with 'em). These were followed to a camp "supposed to contain between fifty and sixty Indians" (Hey! these guys are GOOD), which was immediately attacked; "but to my great mortification" - wrote the commander, "only one man with some women and children was found" (that pore general - it musta ben em-bare-assing). The Indian (Captain Pipe's brother) and one of the squaws were killed. "Another woman was taken" - adds the chagrined and thoroughly disgusted general (ya just can't get NICE tramps these days), "and with difficulty saved; the remainder escaped." The prisoner reported (thatsa lie! - the "prisoner" was Captain Pipe's mother, and she din't 'report' any such a thing) that ten MUNCEY Indians - 'Delawares' - were making salt about ten miles further up the Mahoning. A detachment was sent to secure them. The enemy "turned out to be four women and a boy" - wrote Hand, "of whom one woman only was saved." "In performing these great exploits" - are the felicitous words of the commander (justa innocent bystander), "I had but one man - a captain - wounded, and one drowned." This enterprise into the enemy's country was long spoken of as "The Squaw Campaign." (all parentheticals mine - Stolz) Washington-Crawford Letters, p. 66, note; Washington-Irvine Correspondence, pp. 15-16.

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November 27, 1972

Mr. Robert Wesley Stolz
% Lloyd E. Schultz
P.O. Box 1031
Tehachapi, California 93561

Dear Mr. Stolz,

Thank you very much for taking the time to write your long letter of November 8, which I have read with extreme care and considerable interest. Perhaps some day we will be able to meet and discuss the points you have raised.

I'm glad that my book, as you indicate in the final paragraph of your letter, "contains a corpus of material which will furnish me endless food for thought and contemplation for much time to come."

That's about all any author could ask of his readers.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "C.A. Weslager". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name.

C.A. Weslager
Visiting Professor
U.S. History

Robert Wesley Stolz
P.O. Box A-E, Rm. 1183
San Luis Obispo, Ca.
June 20, 1973 93409

Professor Clinton Alfred Weslager
Old Public Road
Hockessin, Delaware 19707

" - - - No, we are not Indians but we are men of their world. The blood means nothing; the Spirit, the Ghost of the land moves IN the blood, MOVES the blood - -."
- - - William Carlos Williams

HE, Perfesser Weasel-Ogre, -

Please consider this missive, along with the accompanying expanded and more explicit version of my letter of November 8, 1972, in the light of a DECLARATION OF WAR against the book: THE DELAWARE INDIANS, A HISTORY, you allegedly wrote, and, in any event, have had published under the aegis of your name and authorship.

Obviously you never had any intention of following through on the statement you made in the final paragraph of your letter of October 11, 1972. Of course, I did not think you had that intention, regardless of your pitiable avowals and protestations of probity and integrity.

Let us call to mind the above-mentioned statement and the continent paragraph in their entirety, verbatim: IF THERE ARE ERRORS IN MY BOOK I AM THE FIRST TO WANT TO CORRECT THEM IN A SECOND EDITION, BUT YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ANY BASIS TO MAKE ANY REVISIONS. In fact, if you will reconsider your letter perhaps you will conclude that you have been hasty in your judgment and unfair in your criticism.

NOW: Let us call to mind paragraph four (4) in your letter of October 11, 1972, in which you implicitly, but none-the-less expressly, acknowledge your remissness, and thereby admit I am justified in making my accusations against you. You wrote: THE DEATH OF COL. CRAWFORD WAS TO AVENGE GNADENHUETTEN, NOT BECAUSE OF THE MURDER OF PIPE'S RELATIVES.

In view of the fact, THAT, you wrote nothing in your book in reference to the fate of Pipe's relatives, the error you made in informing me in writing you are aware of what happened to them is a fatal and incurable error. That contemptuously careless blunder irrevocably convicted you.

It is true they had to burn the building to get me out of the sixth grade, perfesser, but it is equally true that it would be evident to anyone having even less formal schooling than myself that you do not deny what happened to Pipe's relatives. Consequently, it is ludicrous for you to think of "second editions" - and silly of you to make such statements in a letter.

Honest & truly, perfesser, I would like to cut you loose; you really are an honest-to-god, hope-to-die, dyed-in-the-wool, 100% white-man-of-the-establishment-breed, and like that breed of cat, I plainly perceive you are poor game, as he almost always is, unless he has, as the saying goes, "the bull by the tail on a downhill drag.

However, as a battle in the continuing and ongoing WAR I have been contemplating and which I am now planning, it behooves me to elucidate at this time a couple of important points having a strong bearing on that concatenation of circumstances and congeries of events surrounding those incidents known respectively as: THE SQUAW CAMPAIGN, THE MASSACRE AT GNADENHUETTEN, and THE CRAWFORD EXPEDITION.

On page 317 of your UN-epochal volume you write, "The victims of the massacre included such respected converts as Glickhican, Echpalawehund, and Welapachtschiechen, whose friends and relatives in the non-Christian group sought revenge. An opportunity came the following June when Colonel William Crawford, a Virginia landowner and one of Washington's friends, under Williamson's command, marched a company of militiamen against the tribes on the Sandusky. Crawford was taken prisoner by Captain Pipe, and, to avenge the Massacre at Gnadenuetten, he was cruelly tortured and burned at the stake. Colonel Williamson was never taken by the Indians, nor was he tried in a white man's court for the crime that occurred

that bleak March day in 1782." Not "crime" - professor - CRIMES!

SO: CRAWFORD marches a company of militiamen, but WILLIAMSON is in command. You'll try anything, professor! That's double-talk, just plain gobbledygook...

It is necessary for me to expose a couple of lies, one implied, the other expressed, connected with that paragraph. Implied: That the Delawares burned Crawford, and expressed: That "Heckewelder describes how Crawford asked Wingenund to save him but was refused." Perfidem!

Why would the "tribes on the Sandusky" wish to avenge Gnadenhuetten? Regardless of what I put in my letter of November 8, 1972, for whatever reason or reasons, those tribes on the Sandusky to which you so coyly refer without actually and definitely naming, were not Delaware tribes, they were, in the main, Wyandot (in Delaware, roughly, 'Talamatan' - "coming out of a cave or mountain"), or Huron ("rough" or "bristly") tribes (the word 'Sandusky' "Otsaandosti" - itself, is a Wyandot word meaning "cool water"), and they had had, themselves, at all times to be forcibly restrained from murdering the Moravian Christian Indians. True, Pipe had a town or two near the Sandusky, but Pipe was a Munsie. Significantly, Schoenbrunn, from which the Christian Indians 'providentially' escaped, was a Munsie settlement, not Delaware in the sense you use that name in your book, and incidentally, Herr Professor Weasel-Ogre, Gnadenhuetten was not a 'Delaware' settlement, either; it was Mahican (not MO-hican or MoHEGAN - Maw-hee-kan).

Despite your vaunted "careful research" and "honest interpretations" - I (a grammar-school reject) have observed that you do not know much, if anything, and/or you are an unprincipled rogue, as is evidenced by your obiter dictum THAT, "Heckewelder describes how Crawford asked Wingenund to save him but was refused." If you had given even a cursory glance at your own Heckewelder reference you (possibly) would not have written that rubbish. Wingenund was POWERLESS to do anything in Crawford's behalf. Indeed, he jeopardized his own safety by so much as talking to Crawford in Pipe's presence on that fateful occasion on the Upper Sandusky. Wingenund would have stood in Crawford's stead, but that would have availed nothing. Crawford was doomed! doomed! doomed! He had loosed the hell-hound! Crawford was a common American white-man type: tall, well-built, athletic - - - and a big-mouth dunce!

You calumniated Wingenund and the Lenape when you mis-cited Heckewelder, and that's REALLY rotten, professor. Wingenund was the epitome, the apotheosis of the Lenape, a veritable Tamanend. The following excerpt is, in pertinent part, the reference from Heckewelder's HISTORY that you yourself made. It is too bad you did not take the trouble to read it - or maybe you DID read it. I have had inklings & intimations throughout your book that you are not particularly enamoured of your subject, THE LENI-LENAPE, and I have taken note of those Munsie and Unechtgo names, being mindful of and attentive to your interest in and concern for the Nentego:

THIS GREAT AND GOOD MAN, Heckewelder wrote, WAS NOT ONLY ONE OF THE BRAVEST AND MOST CELEBRATED WARRIORS, BUT ONE OF THE MOST AMIABLE MEN OF THE DELAWARE NATION. TO A FIRM UNDAUNTED MIND, HE JOINED HUMANITY, KINDNESS AND UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE. THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF HIS HEART HAD OBTAINED FOR HIM THE NAME OF WINGENUND, WHICH IN THE LENAPE LANGUAGE SIGNIFIES THE WELL BELOVED. HE HAD KEPT AWAY FROM THE TRAGICAL SCENE ABOUT TO BE ACTED TO MOURN IN SILENCE AND SOLITUDE OVER THE FATE OF HIS GUILTY FRIEND, WHICH HE WELL KNEW IT WAS NOT IN HIS POWER TO PREVENT.

Come on now, professor, be a man! Tell me! Please tell me! How? By what process do you construe THAT as a "refusal." As you must have inevitably deduced from a perusal of my nice "long letter of November 8, 1972," I am intransigently UN-academic, but that does NOT mean I am unlettered in the English Language and incapable of understanding what I read.

I suppose when you wrote, in reference to the burning of Crawford, "and to avenge the Massacre at Gnadenhuetten, he was cruelly tortured and burned at the stake" - you thought (and rightly) that since the ordinary Boobus Americanus, your readers, would get the idea Gnadenhuetten was a Delaware settlement, it would automatically follow and be assumed THAT the "tribes on the Sandusky" were Delaware tribes.

And then, OF COURSE, to bolster that implied and shaky premise, you thought you

might as well go 'whole hog' and implicate My Old Friend and Proto-Archetype of the Lenape, Wingenund, as an accessory in the tormenting and death of Colonel William Crawford, but, But, BUT, Grand Father is NOT an idiot.

The legendary conversation between Crawford and Wingenund follows the above-precending excerpt from John Heckewelder's: AN ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIAN NATIONS WHO ONCE INHABITED PENNSYLVANIA AND THE NEIGHBORING STATES, but at no point in that exchange is it possible not to realize that Wingenund would have saved Crawford - - - IF HE COULD...

That's all, professor.

With Utter Scorn!

Robert Wesley Stolz
Robert Wesley Stolz "Olumapies";
White Indian; Friend of the Lenape

Epilogue and Postlude: " - - - it is WE who ran to the shore naked, WE who cried, "HEAVENLY MAN!" These are the inhabitants of our souls, our murdered souls that lie. . . A-a-a-a-gh!" - - - William Carlos Williams

John Heckewelder on the Minasinink

Early records assign this division of the Lenape to the Northeastern wilds of the Province, within the country which is called on old maps, "the land abounding in the sugar tree." The upper valley of the Delaware, however, was pre-eminently the home of the Minsies (the historic Minisinks), where they built their towns, planted their corn and kindled their council fires, and whence they set out on the hunt or on the war-path. The Minsies, Monseys, or Muncys, were the most warlike of their people, and proverbially impatient of the white man's presence in the Indian country. The murder of one Wright at John Burt's house in Snaketown, in Sept. of 1727, was the act of Minsies, and subjects we are told of Kindassowa, who resided "at the Forks of the Susquehanna above Mechayomy." The following notice of the physical peculiarities and traits of these MOUNTAINEERS, is copied from a paper in the handwriting of Mr. Heckewelder. "According to my observation and judgment of Indian tribes, the Minsies have a peculiarity which signalises them from other nations or tribes; and I have seldom failed in pointing them out among a crowd, where they, Delawares and Mahicans were together. The principal distinguishing marks with me, are - robust or strong-boned; broad faces, somewhat surly countenances; greater head of hair and this growing low down on their foreheads; short; round-like nose; thick lips seldom closed or rather having their mouths generally somewhat open, which, as I am inclined to believe, may be owing in some measure to an awkward habit of this people, who, instead of pointing to a thing with their hands or fingers, as other Indians do, generally draw out their mouths or lips in the desired direction. They are averse to manners, prone to mischief and friends of War. Their natural complexion is dark, more so than any Indians I have yet seen, but being with these last twenty years much mixed by intermarriages with other tribes, their color has become lighter or fairer."