

PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

Indian Health Serv.

November 16, 1967

Mrs. Sula Saltsman Goodman
1614 Britton Road
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73120

Dear Sula:

Your good letter of November 13 really struck a nostalgic note with us. "Hit made us plumb homesick, to tell the truth." I know our people back there are the salt of the earth.

I guess the thing I miss the most in this job is having so little time for good old-fashioned visiting with them. Remind me sometime to tell you about a visit I had with a family in the Kiamichis around noon one day when I was in the district.

We were pleased to note the tone of your letter. Keep your sense of humor and you'll make it.

Charlie told me he had suggested you contact Bob Drew here. You will know whether you should or not. Keep us advised of developments.

Our best always.

Sincerely,

CARL ALBERT, M. C.
Third District, Oklahoma

CA:cwh

11-13-67

Dear Carl -

I just spent a weekend with Oklahoma City friends whose family live on farms north of Lake McArthur and south of Ardmore, also north of Homer. We were making the arrangements for this coming week's deer hunting on the part of the men in these families and their Oklahoma City relatives. I felt that I had been allowed "inside" your District!

Despite the "po' lease" parked along ^{the} 70-mph-or-hour four-lanes, and our movement in 1967 Buick, and the seeming difference which Ardmore bathrooms and ways of speech make, I come away thinking "It don't really make no difference."

In every home, there was somebody's shotgun in the middle of a well-made bed! Kids didn't point play guns at adults. No one exactly admitted that he'd already had a taste of venison, tho' there was talk that the flavor goes out of the deer with the coming of frost. The cleanliness in these houses where the water is in a bucket at the side of the sink simply amazes me. Also the winter garden -- and the work

involved getting peanuts dried for market.

I heard a good many jokes which I thought I remember but all I recall is the laughter. Two have a bit of the flavor. Add to your Collection.

The minister arrived at a home for the funeral. He was new to the community and the family and needed to confirm whether the corpse was a he or a she on its way to heaven. He asked before the closed casket "Is it a lady or a gentleman?" The man taking him through to the room where the relatives were gathering answered, "No, it's a cousin."

Another -

One of the family dropped by to ask old man Smith, ^{81 years old,} "who'd been delivered his pensioner check by the mailman, if he'd like to drive in to town to buy anything. He called, "Shore would. Let me go ask Pa. Be right with you."

As you know, it is not possible to share these people except with one who knows them.

They look you over expecting you to be a stuffed shirt and they are on the defensive in a dignified way. Then when they find your

interest is sincere and your attitude uncritical, they relax, and then you have to be on guard to not be taken aback!

I'm writing this from the Skirwin where Oklahoma Health and Welfare Association is in conference. Howard Walkingstick has done a bang up job as President, and both Area directors are here for the whole stay. Tomorrow morning is "Indian Breakfast" the informational vehicle we set up ten years ago. It has become a truly popular part of this conference.

Mrs Silcott arranged for Dr & Mrs Robertson to be at head table at tomorrow night's dinner.

George High was the opening speaker this morning.

I'm viewing a PL 86-121, Indian sanitation facilities construction exhibit. (Doctor Robertson is not returned from Tucson.)

Have discovered that quite a number of people in our Agency are being subjected to the same treatment I've been undergoing. Edna Haynes, Social Worker, Dulhoma, says Doctor Bailey seems

to be under the same strain, and had at first given them all the impression that he would be able to work with Robertson. Strange thing.

I got off the letter to Rabeau on schedule as recommended by my Civil Service consultant. I used his words that Robertson's letter is a "series of conclusions, giving no criterion upon which to apply the accusations." "request the administrative review, if such is necessary to clear the determination."

Somehow, it does not seem real - a kind of nightmare, despite my past five months of feeling like the cartoon in New Yorker. ^{dull} Affman was sitting in his office swivel chair, his phone on the floor. The supervisor is at his side asking "I suppose you are wondering why your desk was removed over the weekend?"

My cousin Sue Ann Saltzman Graham, who is Director of Public Welfare for Wagoner County, has invited me up for a scratch, and then will go to St. Paul to hear Dean John Van Dyke. Sue Ann's father was "Mike" or Eugene, the lonker at Enfield when we were all kids. Sue Ann's mother is Creek. The women both are redheads. Sue Ann is a wonderful gal.

This note really to let you know I'm so far not ill. Sula