Granny had great affection for the Indians. She took my brother and me to see Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West show in N.Y. (Coney Island) when I was about 4 years old. The Indians all knew Granny and when they spotted her in her boy grated her with whoops and yells - interrupting the show to do so. Then the show was over we went to the spot where the Indians rode out of the arena and were greeted by those as they came by. Granny held me up for Sammy Lone-Bear to see and I have never forgotten the enormous hand that engulfed mine. He seemed the biggest man I had ever seen. He lifted me up on the seat and with his great strong arm squashing my middle round the dress.
One of her Indian friends was Iron Tail. She model for the Buffalo nickel. (Check)

She gave them paper & pencil and let them draw pictures in her studio. (see original Indian drawings + photographs) They will locate article in Everyday Magazine.

They had a superstition fear of the camera, believing that the soul left the body and was transferred to the picture. But most of them came to trust Granny and allowed her to make some photographs of them. They never wholly relaxed when the camera was there. (Story of Red Man)

One little Indian girl died 4 days after Granny photographed her, which put a stop to photographing Indians for a while.

They brought her gifts each time they came back. Tomahawks, beaded jackets, belts, tags, moccasins, arrow quivers, peace pipes, etc.
The Indians used to take a trip away from the shore (Coney Island) 25
August 19. They were grazing - my cousin Charles remembers playing in a field adjacent to Granny's and suddenly being disturbed by a noise. Looking up he saw a band of full grown Indians in their feathers and regalia, coming across the field toward him. He didn't know they were Granny's guests but thought they were coming after him. He ran terrified across the field after them.

They used to come to the house on Gray St, Brooklyn. Two of Charles remembers being befriended sitting in a high chair and, seeing the head of an Indian brave expressionately staring at him from the window of one. He had to be taken to neighbors until the Indians left. They didn't like to ring the bell—looked in at windows and doors until they were noticed and asked in.

Granny met the Indians when she wrote to Buffalo Bill Cody to ask if some of them could come to her studio so she might photograph them. Her studio was packed with them for the next 5 weeks while they played their engagement in N.Y. always after that they visited her whenever they
were nearby.

They came to Newport when she had
a studio there and one day one of them
saw a bird flying very high above a
field. It was only a speck against the
sky but he brought it down with a
single arrow.
The Indian was sitting, wrapped in his blanket, shielding his face from the camera. He was curious about the camera but afraid of it. Granny paid no attention to him but went on fiddling with the lens and slides until he partially dropped his blanket from his face. Then she took the picture which shows as well the character of the Indian. The alertness, the creases of the wrapped blanket, the cunning of the eyes, the crease of the mouth, the strength of tiny structure, and the love of ornament caught by the highlight on the face.

Granny's admiration for the Indian was genuine and they felt and responded to it. She was a very direct and simple woman. She was interested in them as interesting people - not as freaks or wild men. They loved to come to her house or her studio and have cakes and tea. Once she had made friends with them they never neglected to come at once to see her when they arrived in town with the Wild West show. She fattened her not at
all that the neighbors stared from their windows and shook their heads over that crazy black woman who walked down the street to her house followed by a crowd of indians men and women in their feathers and beads—full costume—

I doubt if she was even conscious of what the hum hum was ever saying. She had no time for gossip and when sympathetic with her deafness (she was deaf in one ear since she was three years old and her hearing grew worse as she grew older) she used to say it was a blessing—it deprived her of hearing so many trivial things and if people really had any thing to say they could raise their voices a little. People seldom bother about platitudes or gossip. Perhaps her deafness really helped her powers of concentration—but probably it was her intense interest in people and things that made her so keen and find a mean of expression for all her ideas.

Her first attempt at an expression took place when she was a very small girl and living out west in the hills.
Granny met the Indians when she wrote to Buffalo Bill Cody to ask if some of them could come to her studio so she might photograph them. Her studio was packed with them for the next 3 weeks while they played their engagement in N. Y. Always after that they visited her whenever they were near by.

They came to Newport when she had a studio there and one day one of them saw a bird flying very high above a field. It was only a speck against the sky, but she brought it down with a single arrow.

Granny had great affection for the Indians. She took my brother and me to See Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in N. Y. (Coney Island) when I was about 4 years old. The Indians all knew Granny and when they spotted her in her box, greeted her with whoops and yells, interrupting the show to do so. When the show was over we went to the spot where the Indians rode out of the arena and were greeted by each as they came by. Granny held me up for Sammy Lone Bear to see and I have never forgotten the enormous hand that engulfed mine. He seemed the biggest man I had ever seen. He lifted me up on the horse and with his great strong arm squashing my middle, rode around the deserted ring. I was too terrified and surprised to cry out but I caught reassuring glimpses of Granny waving and smiling as I whizzed by.

One of her Indian friends was Iron Tail, the model for the Buffalo nickel.
We used to take gifts to the Indians at the Wild West shows. They liked mirrors best and loved perfume and gay handkerchiefs.

She gave them paper and pencil and let them draw pictures in her studio (see original Indian drawings and photographs - will locate article in Everybody's magazine.)

They had a superstitious fear of the camera, believing that the soul left the body and was transferred to the picture. But most of them came to trust Granny and allowed her to make some photographs of them. They never wholly relaxed when the camera was there.

One of the Indians was once sitting wrapped in his blanket, shielding his face from the camera. He was curious about the camera, but afraid of it. Granny paid no attention to him but went on fiddling with the lens and slides until he partially dropped his blanket from his face. Then she took the picture which shows so well the character of the Indian, the aloofness and secretiveness of the wrapped blanket, the cunning of the eyes, the cruelty of the mouth, the strength of bony structure, and the love of ornament caught by the highlight on the earring.

One little Indian girl died 4 days after Granny photographed her, which put a stop to her photographing Indians for a while.

They brought her gifts each time they came East, tomahawks, beaded jackets, belts, bags, moccasins, arrow quivers, peace pipes, etc.

Granny's admiration for the Indians was sincere and they felt and responded to it. She was interested in
them as interesting people, not as freaks or wild men. They loved to come to her house or studio and have cakes and tea and talk. Once she had made friends with them they never neglected to come at once to see her when they arrived in town with the Wild West Show. It bothered her not at all that the neighbors stared from their windows and shook their heads over that crazy Kasebier woman who walked down the street to her house followed by a crowd of Indian men and women in their full costume of magnificent blankets and beads and feathers.

I doubt if she was even conscious to what the hausfraus were saying. She had no time for gossip and when sympathized with for her deafness (she was deaf in one ear since she was three years old from scarlet fever and her hearing grew worse as she grew older) she used to say it was a blessing - it deprived her of hearing so many trivial things, and if people really had anything to say they could raise their voices a little. People seldom bother to shout platitudes or gossip. Perhaps her deafness really helped her powers of concentration, but probably it was her intense interest in people and things that drove her to work and find a means of expression for all her ideas.

The Indians used to take a trolley all the way from their show on Coney Island (?) to Oceanside, L. I., to see Granny. My cousin Charles remembers playing in a field adjacent to Granny and suddenly being disturbed by a noise. Looking up he saw a band of full grown Indians in their feathers and regalia coming across the field toward him. He didn't know they were Granny's guests, but thought they were coming after him. He ran terrified through...