

Paul Iselen Wellman was born Oct. 14, 1895, at Enid, Oklahoma. His father, ~~xxxxxx~~ Dr. Frederick Creighton Wellman, traced his ancestry to colonial Virginia; his mother, Lydia Jeannette Isely, was of Swiss-French descent. Before Paul was a year old, they went to Angola as medical missionaries. He was sent home at the age of 8 to live with his mother's parents, Mr. & Mrs. C. H. Isely, on their farm in Brown County, Kansas, together with his brother Frederick, and to go to school.

I, who was born in Angola, had some dim childhood memory of Paul--blackhaired, vigorous--before we came home in 1909 and were back together, ~~xxxx~~ in Washington, D. C. Paul was an ideal big brother. He made up wonderful stories to tell us other children, and he was deeply caught up in Indian lore. Didn't just play Indian; he made fine bows and arrows and used them skilfully, drew countless pictures of Indian encampments and battles, studied their artifacts in museums. He began to collect a library about Indians, both fact and fiction. His heroes were Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, Crazy Horse. His favorite tribe was the Sioux.

When my parents divorced, my mother took us to Cimarron, Kansas, where she went to work in the office of my uncle Charles C. Isely, who operated a string of lumber yards. Cimarron was still something of a little frontier town, set in a prairie as wide and treeless as the ocean. We hadn't much money, but had clothes and food enough. Home environment was sternly religious. Paul, in his teens, was as I think as much of a head as the family had. Summers saw him working on farms, harvesting wheat, herding stock for very little money. His interest in Indians prevailed. He and Frederick and I would go for miles to camp in scrubby timber along some creek. I remember his phenomenal sense of direction. He could find his way across the prairie for miles, even in the dark. He was able to make splendid warbonnets, and he could start a fire with rubbing sticks. He was our war chief. Among his schoolfellows he was popular and, by some of them, feared a little. Because his temper could get hot and he would get into fights and win them. As a sophomore at Cimarron High School he played end on the football team.

When he was 15 he went to his grandfather Isely's home in Wichita for his last two high school years. He entered Fairmount College, now Wichita State University, when he was 17, but at the end of his freshman year he came back to Cimarron and worked for a year on a ranch belonging to, I think, John Wettick. We all moved to Wichita the following year, when he went back to Fairmount and was a popular figure on campus, editing the college paper and year book and doing well in college plays. He was trying hard to write.

He married Florence Tobias just as he went to World War I in the spring of 1918. She was a beautiful woman and they were deeply devoted. She died young, and he was hard hit. At that time, he was a reporter on the Wichita BEACON. At night, he and I would put on the gloves and box. He was a good boxer and a lethal puncher. He was the only one who ever knocked me down in a boxing match, and he did not hesitate to do it. Afterward, we might walk for miles in the dark, speaking hardly a word. Back home, worn out, he could sleep. He was fortunate in his second marriage, to Laura Bruner.

He left the BEACON to work for the Wichita EAGLE, and while at that job he wrote his first two published books, DEATH ON THE