

Chapter 5 - MY MEMORIES AND STORIES OF UNCLE CLATE

by Anita Glenn Campbell (great niece of C. S. Price)

My grandmother, Edith Price Mason, was Uncle Clate's sister. She was the woman who, at about eight months old, was taken by a group of Indians from the Price wagon train as they headed west to Wyoming from Iowa in 1885. It has always been one of my favorite stories. Ota, also a sister of Clate's, was a witness to the "kidnapping". Aunt Ota was ten years old when the baby was taken by the Indians and, according to her son Jack, "She cried and cried because she thought she would never see her baby sister again". The Indians rode up to the wagons on their horses and asked to hold the baby. It shattered the family when they rode away with her. However, a few hours later the men returned with their wives and the baby, and they were all smiles. They returned the baby to her mother and thanked the family. The men had just wanted to show their wives the first white baby any of them had ever seen.

Uncle Clate was easy to remember, even at my young age. He had a favorite uncle type personality. I remember him as soft spoken, a man of few words, thoughtful, and very friendly. He conversed freely with my younger brother and me. He played the fiddle, laughed, and seemed to enjoy being around us.

I smile at an observation then when I think of him today. I don't recall ever seeing him without a tie, and he always either wore a hat or had one nearby ready to put on. He always looked so "dapper".

My mother (Inez Mason Glenn) often mentioned that when she and her two sisters were growing up that they enjoyed getting Uncle Clate involved in their games. "He was always ready for anything we wanted to do", she told me, "and he was always such a tease".

My family enjoyed visiting Clate's brother Maurice's barbershop where Uncle Maurice entertained us by playing his mandolin and harmon-

ica. There were lots of Uncle Clate's drawings and paintings on the walls of the shop, and I now realize it was really the first gallery for C. S. Price art. Uncle Clate was at the shop with us on several occasions. One time he explained to us what one or two of his pieces on the wall meant to him and why he had portrayed the scenes as he did.



Anita Glenn Campbell holding Bradley Boy, Frances Price Cook and John Campbell

One afternoon my family and I were at the Portland Art Museum observing his exhibited paintings with Uncle Clate. He pointed out one painting and was commenting about what he saw and what he was feeling when he was creating it. He was lightly touching or fingering the canvas as he spoke. A security guard looking on immediately handed him a piece of paper. Uncle Clate read the note and handed it to me. The note said, in essence, "The artist would not appreciate you touching his work. Please do not handle the paintings". I wondered what the guard would have said had he known that Uncle Clate was the artist. We continued on our tour, with Uncle Clate keeping his hands at his side.

I remember, so clearly, visiting Clate's one room studio on Mill Street in Portland where he lived