

Outlook, Wash.

1-29-51

Dear friend Click

It didn't seem possible to express to you my thots last nyt -- somehow t ambient was wrong. But ryt now I want to tell you that I appreciate, deeply & soundly, your goodness of heart and constructive friendship, in that you wrote that item with the thot in mind of providing me with some substantiation for sales talk & propaganda. That was swell of you, and don't think I didn't realize it, just because I felt strangely mute at t tym U told me about it.

OK, Click. Today t airmail letter came thru from California. T deal is on. I am leaving here for WW just as quickly as I can get my walnut scionwood cut & stored against next spring's needs.

We are scheduled to leave a Mojave Desert air port about Feb. 7, fly to Hermosillo & Guaymas, then skirt t beaches southward to Mazatlan, where we'll stop for t first nyt. Next day go on S, presently coming over t vast estero del Rio Santiago, which is one o t biggest & deadliest swamps in t world. I was into a small part of it in 1927, when I was interned in San Blas, Nayarit, during t Gomez-Serrano Revolution. It has thousands of square miles o territory in it; extensive masses o tangled & wholly impassable mangrove thicket; millions o long-legged birds nest in t shrubs & 6-ft-hy reeds. It is full o rattlesnakes & that kind o boas called "masacuatas" by t Indians who live there. Also alligators lying there w their stinking mouths open. Tree-iguanas, 5-ft long, in t green foliage. Swamp turtles. Frogs. Water snakes. And thousands upon thousands o tons o shrimps. When t schools o "lisa" (mullet) attack these, t shrimps flee, hind end foremost, & pop out o t water by millions, describing an arc thru t air, then shooting back into t water



again with a rushing splash sounding like a ton o shot being fired into t brackish lake. T little round island we go to investigate may be t work o man. I mean, it may be artificial. Possibly it was built by Indian slave labor in t tym o t Spaniards. It may have been constructed there by t patient Chinese shrimp fishermen, who myt have brot t rock all t way from t volcanic hills adjacent to San Blas, at t southernmost extremity of t estero. It is at that spot that t estero has its outlet to t sea. I've entered there with small boats at high tide -- one has to ride a breaker in or get smasht. You become wonderfully expert aill at once -- even without much previous small-boat experience!

It would not surprise me at all to find t islet occuppied by a relatively small group of Chinese. They are peaceful and quiet folk, who do not force themselves upon other peoples who do not welcome them, and it could be that a remnant of the once large oriental shrimp-ing population, that 40 yrs ago populated t entire Topolobampo region, still is continuing its quiet vocation here.

Anyway, we propose to find out. That is t fun of it all. Should we happen upon a company of young, newly-smuggled-in Chinese, inclined to be hostile, and disposed to fight any spying invader, then t story may be different. T possibilities are without number. Who-ever goes there must, like Sam Spade, be prepared for what nobody could expect.

is

This dope/for you to use, if you wish. Should anything happen to us, or to me, you will have this set of facts to give you a scoop. It would seem to me that it myt be of benefit to you to have t paper recognize that you had sources o information that are closed to it, excepting thru you.

O, yes: T ship is a twin-motored Cessna. No one-engine job would do for that kind of work, for there are no emergency landing strips in that swamp. Even could you crash-land without injury, you could never get out, & would never be found.

Roger

The Fly-Inn, Muroc, Cfa.

2/15/51

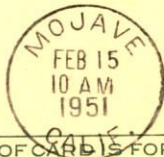
T newspapers, cameramen & gentlemen adventurers all have backt out. Only 3 o us are left. Therefore we won't go in t Cessna, but instead take t Stinson.

Supposed to leave tomorrow morning. If anything happens, & t other 2 back out, I shall undertake t thing myself, alone. Now, it might be better to go down next fall. I haven't yet decided. Perhaps I should do it ryt now, altho summer is advancing down there, & t swamp becoming very much alive. You know how that is. My inclination is to go right now, no matter what t risks. My outfit is very short, but it could be made to do.

If we go tomorrow in t Stinson, we shall try to land on a certain small sand bar. If t sand proves to be hard, OK. If not, then that's different. But I think we shall make it all ryt. At all event, here's a hand-shake in recognition of a real friendship. Many tnx, Click.

Rogelio

Chute - Fly-Inn - Muroc - Ofa.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Click Relander

R-3 B-149

Yakima, Washington



The Fly-Inn, Muroc, Calif., 2/14/51

Dear Click: We are going down alone, t 3 o us. Going to take t Stinson instead o t Cessna - weighs only half as much & thus we may be able to land on a sand bar near t ~~#1/2~~ isle. No newsmen or cameramen to go -- t damned deceitful newspapers wanted to know WHERE t island was before putting up. We told them that was OUR business, no double-cross. Also, they don't know their Mexico, so wanted to go in as official adventurers & treasure hunters! Why, t stupid asses wouldn't be able to get across t line without hundreds o dollars worth o grease, & days o lost time. One would think that newspapermen would be a little smarter than that. Where do these "editors" come from, Click?

So we expect to take off tomorrow, cross at Mexicali, fly S to San Felipe, & make that a base while making exploration flights thru t San Pedro Martyr range which has t 10,000-ft peak "Calamahué", tallest in Baja Cfa. Snow peak. Deer, big-horn sheep, cougars, timber, 2 lakes, 4 or 5 streams, lovely meadows up there.

Then cross t Gulf to Kino & Hermosillo & Guaymas, then down t beach to Mazatlan. From there to t island. /Click, I've seen big enlargement o t foto o t isle. Its BIG TIME STUFF. Not a tiny chink shrimp village but a sizeable Spanish city, cleverly laid out by some military engineer long ago so as to make a citadel of it. All approaches can be commanded by only 8 cannon. Just stop & think, & reason WHY t Spanish spent a fortune in money to build this place. I tell you, its a big story. R.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Click Relander

R-3 B-149

Yakima, Washington



Walla Walla

2-1-51

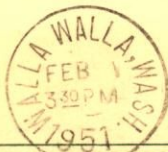
Click, good Friend

Held up here for today - car repairs.

Shall pull out, headed s via Klamath Falls, early tomorrow a.m.  
Will you please drop an introductory note to t Bakersfield  
museum saying I'll be there in 3 or 4 days & shall stop if I  
arrive in reasonable, daylyt hours?

Roger

Roger Chute  
Barnes Fly-Inn  
Muroc, California



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Mr. Click Relander

Yakima Herald

Yakima, Washington



Hermosilla

March 5 - 1951

12<sup>00</sup> pm

Dear Chick:

We almost missed + island. I happened to glance across + plane, + out + window, + out there, about 3 miles, was something it looked dif from + rest o + swamp. Wheeling over it, + circling around + around, + island presented a startlingly beautiful sight. The natives rushed out + waved wildly at us. We emptied our cameras.

Well, it's too long a story even to brief here.

One o our party fell seriously ill a few hours after getting to the land. Had to quit + place much too soon + fly to nearest city for doctor. As soon as our patient could be moved, flew down to Acapulco. Stayed a week or so. Then winged up to Colima, where I'd not been before. Beautiful place, 1700 ft altitude, banana climate, beautiful, clean, sunny town, handsome people. Off the tourist-ruts, so unspoiled - yet. Did a lot o driving <sup>around</sup> there - down to sea, + into extensive copra plantations. Met by-class planters - rural aristocracy.

Flew to Culiacán yesterday - disorderly + unlovely. Came on here today.

Expect leave here noon <sup>a</sup>manana, cross @ Nogales, reach Mexico maybe 7pm.

All trips I've ever made to Mex have turned out entirely dif from + expected. This jaunt follows + rule. + island is more mysterious than I ever would have believed. It is of such antiquity it antedates all records. I've worked thru + state museum in company with + curator, + held 2 conferences with + scholarly man who is + state's most renowned historian, + what they told me was a revelation.

Hope to see you soon

Rogelio



Aboard USNS Marine Phoenix, Pier 91, Seattle  
July 14, 1951

Dear Click

Drove down town an hour ago & pickt up my mail -- your letter in t lot. There also arrived my notebook, sent over from Walla Walla by my Mother.

Now, about the Indian case against t Govt for loss of salmon: I don't know this man Kenneth Simmons. Never before heard of him. But I'll wager he doesn't know fish, & that he is headed t wrong way. That salmon case is not going to be proved by a biologist alone. Biologists are of value chiefly to prove or disprove the existence of a "strain" on a fish-stock. But here we have a situation in which the depletion already has occurred. This calls for a different approach. This lawyer will have to present 3 distinct classes of evidence if he is to do justice to his clients, t Indians.

Yes, I know Craig. No doubt Simmons is referring to Joe Craig, formerly a biologist at State Fisheries Laboratory, Terminal Island, East San Pedro, Cfa. Later old Henry O'Malley, US Commissioner o Fisheries, took a shine to Joe, hired him, & put him at t head o t federal technological lab at Seattle. Joe didn't hold that post long. He was replaced. He was given a section of the general salmon investigation -- his being t Columbia River problem. Joe is not a hustler. He is not dynamic. He is placid, slow, & essentially a civil service type. I've talkt to Joe about t great blunders that were made at Bonneville, but Joe believes in drifting along with t faction in power, and since he could never make a living outside Govt service, he will be goddam careful not to criticize anything "accomplisht" by t Govt. He will make a better witness for t Govt than for t Inds.

Most o these so-called biologists are in federal or state employ. They are t ones who are responsible for t destruction o t fish. It was their stupidity, their inane insistence on meeting a practical situation with a trick formula, that has resulted in t fiasco. You couldn't find EVEN ONE old-time professional fish-wheel man on t lower Columbia who couldn't have built t Bonneville ladder better than Holmes & Craig & all t others did it. They botched it up. A practical commercial salmonfisherman would have known how to do it right.

I've told U this before, & I say it again: EVEN NOW I CAN SAVE T SALMON RUN IN T COLUMBIA, WERE I GIVEN DICTATORIAL POWERS AND A BIG HUNK O MONEY WITH WHICH TO CORRECT T TECHNOLOGICAL (PHYSICAL) MISTAKES THESE BOOBS HAVE MADE.

But that isn't what's going to be done. Instead, t Indians age going to be paid something for their fish, & that will be t end of it. T salmon will become extinct in both t Columbia & t Snake rivers.

Simmons no doubt has his own ideas about how to fight this case, & certain men already in mind who he believes to be all that he needs. But if he depends on a biologist alone, he is throwing away the half of his case which is the BEST half.

Thank U for thinking<sup>of</sup> & for putting in for me, Click.

Now, about the Indian history, & your quest for data on t Wanapums:-

Caleb Carter, Lapwai, Idaho, is t most fluent & willing talker I've yet found among t Nez Perce. He is a Carlisle man, handsome, middle age, very fine chap, knows t sign language exceedingly well, & wants to help. But I doubt that he knows a thing about t matters you are studying. *Lives in town.*



Ella McCarty, daughter of Sam S. Hill (deceased) is a Spokane, enlightened, and understands the purposes of White Men investigators such as U & me. She has had long association with some college prof who I think has died. She understands what we are doing. She has done some of it herself. That man, Sam Hill, her father, has been dead some 8 yrs. He died at 67. He was the last of the Spokanes who could spall arrowheads. His native name was Two Red Blankets. He was the son of Joe Levi, who is said to be 120 yrs old. That's the figure given by Ella. She says Joe Levi was a married man, with 2 children, when the Rev. Mr. Eels established the mission at Chimekain, among the Spokanes, in 1838. Well, Click, let's suppose Joe was married at 20, had 2 papooses by 1838 when he was 23. That would mean he was born in 1810, which would mean he is 141 now. Something wrong, somewhere, unless he didn't marry until he was 40. Joe Levi has been blind about 12 yrs. He lives with a family that has a bad reputation everywhere -- liars & crooks. The husband is a bad White. People say U can't trust him, or believe anything he says; and they all say to be very careful of the anger & violent temper of his squaw. So now U are warned. When I was at Welpinit I met this outfit; they were packing up right then & moving to Spokane with the avowed intention of retiring on relief. They will be found somewhere in nigger town, I think.

I believe you'll get more from Charley Johnson, at Cayuse, than from anyone else. He is honorable, sincere, intelligent, & superlatively informed.

Joe Levi cannot speak English. Ella will have to interpret for you. She is on good terms with the family with which he lives, but knows what they are. They try to keep her out, saying that the old man is too ill to see anyone, but she laughingly barges right in & finds him in fine health. They are trying to keep him until he dies, to get his lands. Ella told me she is trying to find a bigger & better & cleaner place in which to live, so as to go & get her grandfather & keep him with her. She says he does not like the people he is with, & keeps begging her to take him to her house. Joe Levi was known, among the Spokanes, as Chief Eagle.

Hold on, here! I've just re-read my notes. I've told you wrong, it seems. From what I have here it seems that Chief Eagle was Ella's maternal grandfather. Her paternal grandfather was Kul-kul-EET-zah, the Indian who owned the 800 horses that were captured & killed by Col. Geo. Wright, the day after the Battle of Spokane Plains. Yes, that's the correct view. Ella's father, Chief Eagle, was SEE-lem-WHEE-lem Lahk-lahk, meaning Chief Eagle. They have many words for "chief". Each has a narrow & restricted use.

Now, I think this clears the agenda, & makes us even again. O, no. I failed to mention that Ella works in a mortuary, within 2 blocks of where she lives: Ella McCarty, 1312 N. Madison, Spokane. Fone: Br. 0782-W. There, that does it.

Expect to finish winch-driver school Monday. Shall be ready to ship out any time after that.

The Walla Walla address continues to be my permanent one. While I'm here I'll call for letters at Linc's Tackle Shop, 501 Rainier Ave., Seattle.

Glah-HOW-yah, O nykah skookum sihks. Kloosh tumtum.

Roger

Seattle

Sat. p.m., 10/19/51

Dear Click

Not willing to say what I believe to be t facts concerning t Col R. salmon runs, nor what t various Inds have told me, until I check on t data. Going out today -- which is t first chance I've had,-- to see what I can find out in official & scientific centers.

Roger

Tnx for wonderful pix. I wrote to Bonneville & Stevenson & White Salmon & got nothing -- one fisherman hadn't even HEARD about t fish -- wrong side o t river, U see. But I'm disappointed in t size. Not anywhere near 900 pds., much less a record fish. Just another "ESTIMATE". T fish actually weighed between 700 & 800 pds -- probably about 775. There is a record of one from Fraser R. tt weighed more than 1600. Because t exact poundage was stated, I've always thot they actually weighed that one. There are fish in t Col. of 1 ton. R.





THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Click Relander

YAKIMA HERALD

Yakima, Washington



Seattle, Sun., Oct. 20, 1951

Dear Click

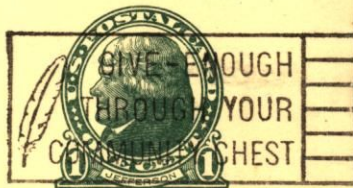
Well, yesterday I took t truck out o moth balls -- first tym 8n exactly 3 wks! -- & drove beyond Ballard, on top o Phinny Ridge, to where Joe A. Craig, US Fish & Wildlif man, used to live. He wasn't there. So I inquired around, & found out he has moved to Portland. / So I went hunting Tom Barnaby, another friend who knows a lot about salmon, here & in Alaska. His home is over near t Stadium, by t Yacht Club & US Fisheries Lab. He was gone, too -- transferred to Portlan. So then t lyt dawned: All t men detailed to t Col. R. salmon investigations have been moved from Seattle to Portland. So, Click, I suggest U write a letter to Craig, US Fish & Wildlife, Portland. Fone book has address. Put Ur questions up to him. Now, he may not be correct. U have to watch out. These Govt men usually have a very restricted interest & knowledge. If U aren't satisfied, try Tom Barnaby. Or try Oregon state fish comm., for they are vitally interested in t Col. R. runs. Meanwhile, I'll try to see t Col. R. men o t Wash. state fish comm. tomorrow p.m., here in Seattle. U have only 3 runs o fish to consider: chinooks, cohos & reds. T dogs never came above Hood R. -- they all went up t White Salmon. There's a lot to know about t fish o t Col. R.

Roger

Col. R. Packers Assn., Astoria, can give U dope on all t runs entering t river, but not nearly all rescht Wanapum.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Mr. Click Relander

YAKIMA HERALD

Yakima, Washington

Seattle

10/24/51 [Law-Land-Bureau]

Dear Click

The ff data are from t Col. R. Investigations section o t Wash. Fish Comm., Smith Tower, Seattle, where I have made calls to assemble t facts required to meet Ur questions:

1. Spring Run o Chinooks

- a. Enters t Col. R. at Astoria Feb. 15 to May 15, with stragglers at both ends.
- b. Aug. 15 to Sept. 15 this run reaches its various spawning grounds on the distant headwaters.  
(As 1 instance, t height o t run in t Klickitat re aches t Indian camp at Klickitat.  
Falls late in May, but these groupt fish still have far to go to reach t headwaters.)  
(Runs o these Jan.-Feb.-Mar. chinooks used to go up t Col. far into Canada, as far as Lake Louise. Other runs went up t Snake & into t Salmon R., t Kootenai, Okanogan, etc.)

*Grand Coulee Dam ended this.*

2. Fall Run o Chinooks

- a. Aug. 15 to Sept. 20, enter t river at Astoria. These fish are not destined to travel so far to spawn. Most o them turn up small tributaries before reaching Wallula. Used to be huge run.
- b. Oct. 1 to Nov. 15, spawning period. U see t fish don't have time to go very far -- certainly not 2,000 miles to t headwaters o t Snake & Salmon. Therefore, relatively short-run races.

The comment was made that, AT THE PRESENT TIME, (due to conditions created by Man during the last 90 years), t Spring Run & t Fall Run o chinooks are now about t same in size ABOVE WALLULA.



2.

3. Summer Silver Run

a. Aug. 15 to Sep. 20, enters Columbia.

b. Oct. 1 to Nov. 25, spawn.

This run goes to the headwaters of the larger of the lower tributaries, such as Cowlitz. Few go far inland. *These fish travel farther than the Fall Silvers do, tho.*

4. Fall Silver Run

a. Oct. 1 to Dec. 30, enter Columbia.

b. Nov. 25 to Mar. 15, spawn.

This run enters the lower tributaries of the Columbia. Very few ever ascend above Pasco.

As compared with the long-distance chinooks, the silvers are short journeyers. Early run silvers, however, used to go up the Yakima in great numbers, a long time ago. I saw one in the river in 1940.

5. Dogs enter the river in great hordes in Oct. & Nov., but almost all of them turn left or right, into near-the-sea tributaries, within 75 miles of the sea. The farthest up-river that any important fraction of this run penetrates is to enter the White Salmon (Dog Salmon) River. Indians used to go there in hundreds to fish these dogs. Now not 1 Siwash lives there.

6. Sockeye or Blue Back Run

These used to pour into the Columbia in June & July in black masses. Now they are practically extinct. They cannot reproduce except in streams flowing through lakes. Grand Coulee cuts off these.

7. Steelhead

In the pre-White-Man days these damned egg-eaters came into the river whenever any of the salmon did. They followed the salmon in, & gobbled the spawn as laid. Of course, the steelhead also had their own spawning to do, & in this they succeeded in getting up waterfall creeks that the salmon couldn't jump at all. The old-time steelhead runs were immense -- just like a salmon run. There were steelhead coming into the river, & leaving it, all the time, but the big entrances were in April-May & June-July. They are the strongest swimmers in the river, but the Indians didn't care so much for them.



3.

## FISH COUNT AT BONNEVILLE DAM LADDER - 1950

	Chinook	Silver	Sockeye	Dogs	Steelhead
Jan.					
Feb.					
Mar.					1,000
Apr.					4,500
May	50,000				1,600
June	16,000				691
July	33,000		76,000		25,000
Aug.	40,000	1,570			54,000
Sep.	205,000	8,545			
Oct.	4,000				
Nov.				300, 700	2,000 1,000

Figures other than these were less than 1,000



Now, these pitiful figures have no semblance to t myty hordes o salmon tt came swarming up this river in Indian times. What is shown here is t last remnant prior to complete extermination. I can remember, clearly, how t banks o t Col. R. lookt in July & Aug & Sept between t mouth o Snake R. & t mouth o t Walla Walla ---- great big salmon carcasses rotting & stinking in t hot summer sun, t oil running down thru t gravel until reaching t receding edge o t stream. Sea gulls came in floz, winging upstream from t sea, to fatten on t feast. Where we boys used to go to nigger-fish for chiselmouth & squawfish & pea-mouth & whitefish there often would be as many as 3 o these carcasses per rod o bank, with t black bodies o dead lampreys hanging in festoons in t weeds & young trees & bushes. The dead salmon whuld be laid in rows, along t contours o t bank, where they had been deposited by t water at its various levels as it dropt in volume from t June freshet. At t rate o even 1 salmon per rod, think what a host this figures out to be. And, mind you, this was not spawning territory. All these were carcasses tt had drifted down from t spawning beds farther upstream. What t concentration o carcasses must have been up there can be told only by witnesses who actually were there to see t spectacle. But when you consider all these things, you can see what a pitiful remnant 250,000 fish, or 500,000 fish or 750,000 fish really is. Why, just t run o sockeye must have been many times what we now have as an over-all total.

I think that, were you to go down to The Dalles & Hood River & Portland, & have talks with t old-~~time~~ fish-wheel owners, they'd most all tell you tt t yr o t last great run was 1905. These kids who now are in t Wash State Fish Comm don't know anything about conditions prior to 1937, which was 32 yrs after t fish were gone. There is nobody left to tell o what it was like, before t slaughter. All those men are dead. Our computations now begin after t decimation had become 75% o t whole! Why, t poor chap to whom I talkt today told me, with some pride, that "O, yes, we still have some sockeye left!" --- less than 100,000 over t Bonneville ladder, in a whole yr! Just a couple good scow-loads.

Hope tt this may be of use to U, Click.

Roger

*Sockeye*



Seattle

1429 Twentieth Ave

3/29/52

Dear Click

Last week in Dec I drove over to Walla Walla, had Christmas Day with my Mother, then headed south. Had several calls to make, chasing facts. Tuf going -- snowstorm all t tym. Found 1 arrow-head-maker in t heights o t Oregon mts.

When going up to t'crest o t Siskiyou I passt an old pedestrian, coatless -- I mean, no overcoat. There was a fierce snow storm in progress, 35-m wind, temp about 3 above. I stopt to pick him up. Truck slid on glare ice to wide gravel apron. Jackt it up, put on chains, started engine, truck wouldn't move. I jackt up one wheel at a tym & in this way determined tt t ryt rear was lockt -- emergency brake (which I had set up) wouldn't release. I sent t old man on.

Three days later I was able to get going again. Meanwhile I suffered much exposure, & was in bad shape. Drove long & hard & reacht Stockton late New Yr's Eve. Next day I had hy fever & terrific throat infection. Was down a week. When I recovered, my left ear & left side o face had neuralgia. Been a shut-in ever since. Three days ggo went to young medico I know, & he has prescribed sulfa tablets tt are stopping t trouble -- slowly. Penecillin, even in huge amts, failed. Anyway, pretty soon I'll be able to go outside again, I hope.

I found t study o electronics fearfully difficult. Couldn't get started at all. In constant daze. Tt's t chief reason I went to SF, to t old radio school down there. Didn't do vy well there, either, altho my grades were hy. Returned N because o disquieting news from my Mother, who was ill. Also, to get to a certain elementary prof in t radio school here. By t tym I got to WW I found Mother much improved. Since I have started in here again -- at t very beginning -- I've been doing well. Think all will go well from now on.

Glad to hear from U. Also glad U are progressing well w Ur book. I congratulate U tt t Wanapum tribesmen have bestowed a name upon U. Tt's an honor. But U've well earned it.

I'd have written to Pakk-HYAH-toot long ago had I known his whereabouts & address. Would simply "Wapato" reach him, I wonder?

It seems to me tt t Wanapums should be entitled to a share in whatever salmon-money is paid by t Govt to t tribesmen. They should be included in t tally. Their ethical right far exceeds tt o t reservation Indians.

There is a possibility tt I may make a flying trip to WW soon - over some week-end. Not sure, yet, for awfully busy here. Because I always look so tuf, I never feel tt I want to enter Ur office during t day, & because U live so far off t Snoqualmie road I never feel tt I can spare t tym to run out there at nyt. Todo so would make t time-o-arrival in Seattle late indeed. T last 3 tym I've gone thru Yakima I haven't even stopt to say hello to my old hy school friend, Harold Robinson. Likewise his wife, whom I knew, in 1912, by t name o Icel Brenner.

I'd lyk to go over there on t week-end when t Umatillas & Cayuses hold their feast as t Mission. Suppose tt'll be on either April 20 or 27. Haven't learned if they've fixt t date yet.

Roger



(Eva), Ball, Bargreen, Bassett, Beierlein, Bergevin, Bernethy, Blair, Boede, Brown (Gordon J.), Brown (Henry A.), Brown (Vaughan), Buse, Callow, Carmichael, Clark, Comfort, Cory, Coughlin, Donohue, Farrington, Ford, Forshee, Frayn, Gallagher (Bernard J.), Gallagher (Michael J.), Gerold, Gholson, Gordon, Hallauer, Hansen, Henderson, Hillyer, Hoefel, Hofmeister, Holliday, Hoopingarner, Jeffreys, Jones (John R.), Jones (Mrs. Vincent F.), Kelley, King, Knoblauch, Kupka, Lester, Mardesich, Massie, Mayes, McPherson, Miller (C. C.), Miller (Clyde J.), Miller (Floyd C.), Mohr, Morris, Neill, Nunamaker, O'Brien, Olson, Paulsen, Pedersen, Powell, Rasmussen, Ridgway, Riemcke, Riley, Roderick, Rosenberg, Schumann, Shadbolt, Simmons, Sisson, Smiley, Smith (Ralph A.), Smith (Vernon A.), Stonecipher, Sutherland, Testu, Vane, Washington, Watson, Wedekind, Wenberg (Oscar), Wilson, Winberg (Andrew), Woodall, Wyatt, Young, Zent, Mr. Speaker --92.

Those absent or not voting were: Representatives Carty, Dillard, Eldridge, Johnston, Sandison, Siler --6.

Engrossed House Bill No. 6, having received the constitutional majority, was declared passed.

There being no objection, the title of the bill was ordered to stand as the title of the act.

HOUSE BILL NO. 14, by Representative Paulsen:

Providing an additional Superior Court Judge for Pierce County.

The Speaker recognized Mr. Paulsen.

Mr. Paulsen:

"I move House Bill No. 14 be rereferred to the Judiciary Committee."

Debate ensued.

The motion was carried and House Bill No. 14 was ordered rereferred to the Judiciary Committee.

On motion of Mr. Rasmussen, all bills passed today were ordered engrossed and immediately transmitted to the Senate.

#### MOTION

On motion of Mr. Rasmussen, the House adjourned to meet at ten o'clock a.m., Wednesday, July 19, 1950.

CHAS. W. HODDE, Speaker

S. R. HOLCOMB, Chief Clerk

100 70  
Seattle, 1115 Cherry St., June 24, 1952

Dear Click

Mrs. Anderson, who has Blackfoot blood & who has befriended me on several occasions, is an employee at the Yakima Indian Agency, near Toppenish. She has 2 volumes of the Lewis & Clark report which she is considering selling. When I learned of this I thot at once of you.

Many American ships are going out of commission, & being tied up. By the time I can qualify for a license the beaches will be thronged with out-of-a-job wireless operators. Fact is, there is a surplus ryt now.

But -- hellz bellz -- by that tym the Demos probably will have another war started, to bring national prosperity, only THIS time it'll bring 4,000 Ruski bombers, bellies full o "A" eggs, & they'll blow hell out o everything here -- maybe even t Yakima Herald!

Rogelio



Roger Chute  
1115 Cherry St. Apt. 8  
Seattle Washington



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

100 YEARS OF PROGRESS  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
1852 1952



Mr. Click Relander

YAKIMA HERALD

Yakima

Washington

Seattle

Oct. 21, 1952

Dear Click

at Christmas

~~During~~ the between-quarter vacation period, I hope to be able to see you, & have time for an unhurried gam.

I've been thinking about your book, & believe I have a plan that will ~~sell~~ the whole edition in a week.

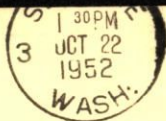
Am still in electronics school. Plenty tuf. Have acquired Third Fone license, which is exactly like having a diploma from a kintergarden - can't get a job with it, except in Alaska. Hope to acquire next hyer grade o license in coupla weex. Then to Alaska in April, &, on coming out, to Port Arthur, Tex., where is an excellent school. Then to sea, or maybe war.

My walnut budding this yr was big success -- 86%. Could have done better had I had better & more buds. Have obtained longer, wider & better rubber budding bands from Cfa. for next experiment. This yr I workt with t hardest o all species to propagate. Don't yet know how my buds in Yakima came thru.

Roger



Roger Chute  
1115 Cherry St.  
Seattle 4  
Washington



INSTEAD OF MANY  
UNITED GOOD NEIGHBORS



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Click Relander

YAKIMA HERALD

Yakima, Washington

Roger Chute  
1115 Cherry St.  
Seattle 4  
Washington



INSTEAD OF MANY  
UNITED GOOD NEIGHBORS



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Click Relander

YAKIMA HERALD

Yakima, Washington



USS "EXPLORER"

ADAK

ALASKA

24 APRIL 53

DEAR CLICK

ARRIVED HERE TODAY, A GALE O WIND FANNING US IN T PRAT AS WE LURCHT ALONG.

RUF TRIP. CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE DONE BY EQUIPMENT & GEAR GOING ADRIPT IN T PITCHING, & SMASHING. WE ACTUALLY WERE HOVE TO 24 HRS. ALL HANDS SICK.

I EXPECT TO BE HERE UNTIL SEPTEMBER. T SUPERSSCRIPTION WILL BE MY ADDRESS. HOWEVER, TAKE NOTE:

*I have 2 cabins at Mary E. Giles' place.*

- (1) MY PRESENT PERMANENT ADDRESS IS R - 1, OUTLOOK, WASHINGTON. TT IS NEAR SUNNYSIDE; MY MOTHER RESIDES AT T SAME ADDRESS.
- (2) T CATHERINE STREET ADDRESS, IN WALLA WALLA, WAS DISCONTINUED IN MAY OF 1951, AT T TYM I RETURNED FROM T JAUNT TO MEXCALTITAN. IT IS A WONDER THEY KNEW WHERE TO FORWARD UR LETTER.

I'VE BEEN ASHORE HERE. A MOST DEPRESSING PLACE. EVERYTHING HALF ABANDONED, HALF ROTTEN, PAINT PEELING OFF, EVERYBODY LISTLESS & MARKING TYM, T MACADAM STREETS FULL O BIG HOLES IN WHICH POOLS O MUDDY WATER WAIT TO BESPLASH T HAPLESS PEDESTRIAN WHO HAPPENS TO BE WITHIN SPLASHORANGE WHEN SOME VEHICLE COMES ALONG. SNOW COMES DOWN CLEAR TO T SEA. THERE IS BOO-KOO OF IT, TOO, AS SAYS T SOLDIER WHO SAW SERVICE IN FRANCE. STREAMS RUNNING FULL. SNOW ON T GROUND ALD WINTER LONG, A RESIDENT TOLD ME.

THERE ONCE WAS A CONSIDERABLE ALEUT VILLAGE HERE AT ADAK. KNOWING THE HABITS O THESE HUNTERS, & TT THEY HAD TO HAVE 2 THINGS (1) A GOOD KAYAK LANDING, & (2) FRESH WATER, IT IS EASY TO POINT TO T EXACT SPOT WHERE T VILLAGE ONCE STOOD. T GREAT BIG, SPRAWLING, UNBEAUTIFUL POST OFFICE NOW ARROGATES A LARGE PART O T AREA WHERE ONE END O T TOWN STOOD. ALL T NATIVES ARE GONE ----- "EVACUATED". PRESUMABLY TO ATKA.

IT IS COLD & WINTRY & RAIN IS FALLING & VISIBILITY IS 1 TO 2 MILES. SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TT STRAWBERRIES SOON WILL BE ON T YAKIMA VINES.

WILL TOMMY THOMPSON MAKE U A BLOOD BROTHER? HE SHOULD. U HAVE EARNED IT. IN FACT, ALL T TRIBES VERY WELL COULD AFFORD TO PRONOUNCE U T "UNIVERSAL BROTHER" OR T "INTER-TRIBAL FRIEND", & ALL ADOPT U AT T SAME TYM.

*Left 4 orphans.*

I HEAR TT MARY STURGIS BOYD, AN INDIAN, DIED ABOUT A MONTH AGO, ON A SUNDAY. HER MOTHER IS A YAKIMA NAMED ELSIE MENINICK SETH, WHO LIVES ON T NEZ PERCE RESERVATION NEAR SPALDING. ELSIE MENINICK MARRIED A NEZ PERCE, WHO SEEMS TO BE ESTRANGED FROM HIS WIFE NOW, INASMUCH AS HE RESIDES AT NESPELEM.

I WAS AT OUTLOOK ON T SATURDAY & SUNDAY WHEN PAHK-HYAH-TOOT ENTERTAINED. I WAS MUCH HURRIED, PREPARING FOR THIS TRIP, BUT, NEVERTHELESS WENT DOWN TO PROSSER & TRIED TO INDUCE A FRIEND TO GO WITH ME TO T FEAST. BUT HE WAS ILL. SO I WENT UP TO YAKIMA, & TRIED TO INTEREST ANOTHER FRIEND. NO SOAP. SO I DID T NEXT BEST THING --- NOT WISHING TO GO ALONE --- & TRANSPLANTED & GRAFTED TREES ALL SUNDAY LONG.

FAREWELL FOR NOW. I WISH U EVERY SUCCESS IN UR UNDERTAKING, & ONLY HOPE TT U DON'T COME OUT AT T SMALL END O T HORN, AS BIGFOOT SAID HAPPENED TO HIM. I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT TO U, CLICK, TT I HAVE COME TO FEEL TT -- EXCEPTING FOR A VERY FEW EXCEPTIONS -- INDIANS ARE INGRATES & SO DAMNED JEALOUS & SELFISH & SPOILED & SUSPICIOUS TT THEY ARE NOT WORTH DOING ANYTHING FOR. IT MAY BE TT T NEZ PERCE, & MERHAPS JOHNNY BUCK, ARE DIFFERENT. I HOPE SO. ROGER

*Harold Robinson  
usually has my  
up-to-date address!*



[duplicate placed in  
"Correspondence, Outgoing"]

*Click Relander*

ROUTE THREE • BOX 146  
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

Mr. Roger Chute

504 Catherine St.,

Walla Walla.

April 16, 1953

Dear "Rogelilo--

I'm sending this to your home address and hope it will be forwarded to you at Seattle, since I've lost your last address.

Our friends, the Na-Tee-Tite need some help and I know of no one better than yourself to do that. I'm halting my petty personal projects to spend a couple of days sending out these petitions. They should be returned within a week or 10 days.

The fight against halting construction of the dam is a hard one, but we can certainly impress upon the legislators the fact that they have not, now and in years past, been living up to the promises made by the Signers of our Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. I think that is the thing to impress upon those you approach with the petition.

Hope you are getting along well in your studies. I've many things to tell you when our paths cross, one thing of especial interest to you when I obtain your address.

Sorry I have to rush this but I just learned of this last night, spent several hours in historical research, worked long today and want to cover as much territory as I can tonight and get a few of these in circulation.

You no doubt know of the feast at Celilo this week end. I am planning to go there, although I do not know these people. I, like you, who know them well, are all for them. See you later.

regards

*Click Relander*

Now Tow Look  
Historian, called "Brother" by  
Wanapum Band of Priest Rapids

Yakima Valley Museum, Inc.  
Board Member

Fort Simcoe at Mool Mool Restoration Society  
Research Chairman

Historical Sites Advisory Committee,  
Yakima District

Washington State Historical Society

Academy of California Church History  
American Name Society  
American Studies Association  
Southwest Museum, Los Angeles  
Tulare County Historical Society, Visalia, Calif.



Leslie Apts  
434 Queen Anne Ave  
Seattle  
7 Jan 57

Dear Click

Seemed to me tt U lookt awfully weary, t other day. At our age, we should be careful, what with everyone dropping on t pavement from heart failure, lyk DDT'd flies. O course, most men will say: "But, hell!, feller, I just CAN'T AFFORD TO!" O course, they're mistaken. T truth is tt they can't afford NOT to.

Click, I do hope tt U don't knock Urself out. So many are doing just tt. Tt man is fortunate, no doubt, who -- lyk myself -- gets hit in a non-fatal spot. Had it been my heart, instead o my eyes, I'd have been a smelly skeleton away back in 1939. So I have reason for being grateful for my misfortune. Causes me to recall tt:

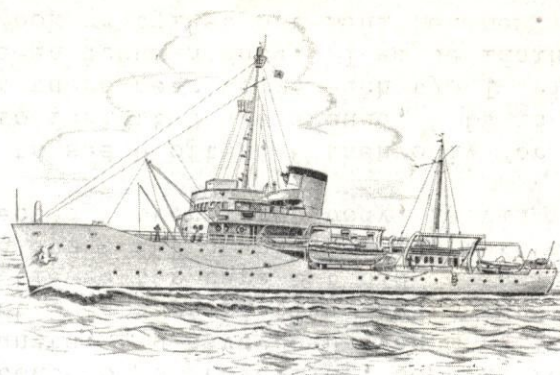
St. Paul is said to have suffered from an affliction o t eyes. Sometyms preachers attribute t difficulty to t great white lyt which poured down upon him as he neared t walls o Tarsus, causing him to tumble from t hump o his camel, & land in a pile on t sand. But perhaps it wasn't t lyt at all. Perhaps there wasn't any lyt. Possibly it was an APPARENT lyt, t effect having been produced by hypertension, which caused dizziness, & t loss o equilibrium. Then, as t yrs went past. Paul had eye trouble. He did a lot o praying about it, averring tt it handicappt him at his trade o tent-making, & tt it bunged up his stuff as a campaigning missionary. What happened, finally? Well, it is said tt, one tym when Paul was revealing his difficulties to t Diety in fervent prayer, hoping tt t Old Man would DO something about it, a stern voice came down from aloft, adjuring in this-here-wise: "Paul, shut up thy bawling clamor! THOU HAST HAD ENUF GRACE!" And Paul never brot up t matter again.

"Thou hast had enuf grace already." In other words, he was damned lucky tt t affliction was directed toward his vision, rather than toward his heart, in which latter event he wouldn't have been on eart at all. By t same token, I feel tt I, also, have had "enuf grace", & I'm not about to go grovelling, begging for more. I've been just plenty fortunate, & U have been even more fortunaterer, so myt it not be t part o an appreciative beneficiary to recognize this fact, & take a little better care o t old fisical self, which is t material house o t intangible spirit, before said spirit decides to quit t neglected & over-workt body, leaving it to t undertakers?

I don't get to see U often, & then only for a mement at a tym, but it is good to feel tt U are around, & tt in U I have a friend, alive, & ryt there near to me each tym I drive thru Yakima. Every month I lose an acquaintance. I am beginning to feel like a Wanapum, or Chingachook -- t last o t Leni-Lenapes.

Rogelio





U. S. C. & G. S. EXPLORER



Leslie Apartments  
434 Queen Anne Ave  
Seattle 9  
13 Jan 57

Dear Click

Ur book has arrived; thanx; it was t only birthday present I have allowed myself -- today I am 60 yrs old. And thanx for Ur generosity in awarding credit -- I had forgotten all about t incident. Much o what I knew about early runs o salmon, & native fishing sites, was learned from old Peter Wapato. He did not try to catch his supply o pil pil pish close to home, at Lake Chelan. Instead, he journeyed down t Columbia, to t White Bluffs area.

Awhile back I was on t bank o t Columbia at a place not familiar to me. It was somewhere opposite from Irrigon, or Boardman, Oregon. Anyway, I had gone there with a coupla men whose only interest was to dig up arrowheads & other artefacts to display to awestruck neighbors who thot it simply wonderful. So t fellow I was helping got down perhaps 2 feet, & altho it was obvious to me tt t material I was screening for him had been workt over previously, we found an assortment o stuff tt t previous excavators had overlookt: 6 arrow heads, 1 flint awl, 1 large Hudson Bay blue trade bead, 2 small H.B. trade beads, 2 or 3 salmon net sinkers, 6 or 8 decorative moccasin beads, 1 jadeite stone wampum bead, couple o thumb scrapers, & 2 long copper breast-beads, made o rolled sheet copper. Well, suddenly I heard t thousands-o-horsepower vibration o a big diesel, so knew tt one o those huge tugs was snorting up t channel with barges. Being a boatman, I wisht to see it. So I set down t screen & made a plunge down t bank, into t willows growing in t forest o tall cottonwoods. In 75 ft I came out at t water's edge, & t spectacle tt amazed me there was not tt o t big tug thrusting up t fast-water channel a pair o massive petroleum barges --- no! --- but rather tt o 5 Indian fishing-ramps, one below t other. T topmost (upstream) one was a corker. Biggest I ever have seen. Must have taken several generations o tym, during t periods when t Indians were there, fishing, to roll all those big rox into place. T other 4 or 5 ramps, farther downstream, were o t same size as t ones I used to see, & stand on, when I went to t Columbia to angle for boney fish away back there between 1905 & 1920. We boys soon discovered tt t best fishing was where these ramps were. T older men gave us all sorts o explanations concerning what they had been made for -- t ramps -- but not one o t stupid bastards really knew. My first idea was tt they were special canoe-landings, made by t Indians so tt they could bring their canoes to land without scarring & roughing-up their smooth under-surfaces. But it was t great abundance o net-sinkers, there on t shore, at every one o t fishing ramps, tt gave me t first true clue, & led to my eventual understanding o why t ramps were made, & for what purpose used.

Well, I made a special trip all t way back to t river, just to fotograf those 5 or 6 ramps. T day was cold & windy & dark & disspiriting. I went alone. Not until just 10 min before sunset did t sun break thru t clouds on t western horizon, & I made a couple o unsatisfactory exposures. To fotograf t thing properly a man would have to go there & swamp out t willows & cottonwoods which obscure t stone wall, camp over nyt, & next day make a number o shots as t sun travels around, shooting lyt down upon t scene from different angles. It must be done in winter, when t river is lowest, & when there are no leaves.

No wonder there was such rich digging for arrowheads & beads & tools at this place! Probably there was a permanent town there. No doubt t builders maintained constant occupation as protection against confiscation & interlopers & claim-jumpers. Must have been a whopper of a pemican factory there, when t chinooks were going up. Not too far from t great huckleberry mountains, either, during tt era after t Indians obtained Spanish horses. And as a fishing spot it is ideal -- a fastchute o swiftly descending water, forcing t salmon to hug t bank. Rogelio







## SPEAKER SYSTEM DESIGN

Problem: To design a speaker system on the sixth and seventh floors of the Y.M.C.A. for the use of the Radio School.

Data: 1. Amplifier to be in the Radio School office on the seventh floor.




2. (a) Speakers on seventh floor to be in parallel, connected in the most economical manner.
- (b) Speakers on the sixth floor to be in parallel off one transformer on sixth floor.

3. Seventh floor:

Location	Rating	Speaker to Amplifier
Code Room	5W, 16 	15'
Servicing II	5W, 16 	20'
Servicing I	5W, 16 	50'
Ham Shack	3W, 45 	50'

4. Sixth floor:

Amplifier to transformer = 300 feet.

Location	Rating	Speaker to transformer
Room 620	3W, 45 	40'
610	3W, 45 	60'
608	3W, 45 	100'

5. Good frequency response to 5000 cycles.

Required:

1. All necessary transformers and ratings.
2. All wire sizes.
3. Amplifier output and impedance.

4. Sketch of the lay-out.

P.S. U see, Click, prior to t coming o t great plaques, whose most vitatation was about 1797 or 1799, there were such thousands o Siwashas along t river it there wasn't nearly enuf natural fishing area to provide everyone with a place where he could stand & dip up a winter's supply o salmon. So those among t Indians who had t most savvy, got busy & MADE fishing places.

It is impossible to get any info from living men concerning this. They were born too late. Peter Wapato knew a little about it, because his father, Wapato John, was about t cleverest Injun on t middle Columbia, & had travelled everywhere. Even Lewis & Clark arrived too tardily to see t heavy population. Half t original number already were dead before they got here -- t same as in t case o t fierce people on t lower River Platte.

Not any o t Indians I have known -- not even t very oldest -- have had any concept o what t truly PRIMITIVE, PRE-HORSE culture was lyk. T Indian takes t horse for granted; he does not realize tt it was a boon brot by t White Man. T horse changed everything. Man, & HOW! I have a lot o material on what happened.

Do U realize tt NO WHITE MAN EVER SAW A PRIMITIVE BLACKFOOT, PIEGAN, OR BLOOD? It's a fact. Long series o snow-counts before Chief Mountain Chief was born, t horse came to t Piegans, & with tt everything changed. Thereafter they raided even into Mexico.

Rosello



AUG. 042000Z 57

DEAR CLICK

IMPOSSIBLE TO WRITE TO EVBODY A LONG PERSONAL LETTER. NOT  
ENUF TYM, & ALSO NOT ENUF EYESYT TO SPARE.

THEREFORE, GOT OUT THIS-HERE BROADSIDE, WHICH I TYPED IN 5 COPIES.  
U BEING AMONG T TOP 3 O MY ACQUAINTANCESHIP; I AIM 1 O THESE GUIDED  
MISSLES IN T GENERAL DIRECTION O UR ILLAHEE. MAKE USE O IT IF U WANT TO.

WE SEEM TO HAVE REACHT T END O OUR PENETRATION O T ARCTIC OCEAN. AT  
LEAST, CARGO IS GOING ASHORE. MUCH ACTIVITY, BUT ALL UNEXCITED & ORDERLY.  
VY GOOD PLANNING & MANAGEMENT. WELL, MOST O THESE FELLOWS HAVE BEEN HERE  
BEFORE.

ALL HANDS APPREHENSIVE, BECAUSE THINGS HAVE GONE MUCH TOO WELL. & T  
PREDICTION NOW IS ABROAD TT WE ARE TO BE IN SEATTLE AGAIN BY T LAST O  
AUGUST -- POOR PAY-DAY. SURELY HAS BEEN AN EASY TRIP, THUS FAR -- MORE  
LYK AN EXCURSION ON A LAKE THAN LYK GOING TO SEA. OF COURSE, U KNO & I  
KNO TT ALL TT IS NEEDED TO CHANGE T SITUATION COMPLETELY WOULD BE AN  
UNSEASONAL BLIZZARD, WITH NE GALE, WHICH WOULD DRIVE T GREAT ICE-PACK  
DOWN UPON US. CRUSH US LYK A TIN CAN, SHOVE T BATTERED WRECK CLEAR OUT O  
T SEA & UP ON TOP O T TUNDRA, & LEAVE T INCONGRUOUSLY DEFORMED MONSTER  
THERE FOREVER, A WONDER TO T PASSING WILD FOWL, A NAVIGATION POINT FOR  
FUTURE MARINERS, FOX WARRENS BENEATH.

*El Sagahundo*



M/V "HONDA KNOT"

AT SEA

ARCTIC OCEAN

AUGUST 041955Z 57

DEAR FRIEND CLICK, NYKAH HAIYOO KLOOSH TYEE TILIKUM!

THIS IS A GOOD SHIP, COMMANDED BY AN ABLE MASTER, & WELL-FOUND. OUR CREW IS, FOR T MOST PART, EXPERIENCED & COMPETENT. T CHIEF COOK IS A MARVEL, & T SECOND HARDLY LESS. MY ASST OP IS 100% OK. T WX (WEATHER) HAS BEEN BETTER THAN WE HAD ANY RYT TO EXPECT. AND T VOYAGE IS SURPASSINGLY INTERESTING. THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE FOR A MAN THAN IN A GOOD SHIP, & I'M DAMN GLAD I'M HERE.

WHEN WE LEFT SEATTLE THERE WERE 10 OF US, COMPRISING A CONVOY. WHEN WE NEGOTIATED UNIMAK PASS, NEAR UNALASKA & DUTCH HARBOR, WE WERE JOINED BY 10 MORE VESSELS, EXACTLY LYK OURSELVES. IT WAS A SPIRITED SPECTACLE, T SYT O T DARK WATERS O T TUMULTUOUS BERING SPECKT WITH T DEPLOYED NAVY-GRAY FORMS O T BRAVE LITTLE DIESEL SHIPS THRUSTING DETERMINED BOWS NORTHWARD AGAINST T WHITE-TOPT HAYSTAX ROLLING SOUTHWARD FROM SOME ARCTIC BLIZZARD. IT MADE ONE CONSCIOUS O AN UP-SURGE O EMOTION, TO VIEW THIS WHOLESALE HAPPENING, THIS BIG PEEERADE.

AS WE SLUGGED NORTHWARD, THRU UNIMAK PASS, I HAD ANOTHER GOOD GAWK AT FURIOUS SCOTCH CAP -- HADN'T SEEN IT SINCE 1940 -- WHERE T GREAT TIDAL WAVE DESTROYED T ENTIRE LYT HOUSE INSTALLATION, KILLING ALL T CREW EXCEPT 1 MAN. HE HAPPENED TO BE ON TOP O T TALL CLIFF. T WATER REACHT HIM EVEN THERE, KNOCKING HIM DOWN & SWEEPING HIM FARTHER UP T SLOPE, THERE TO DEPOSIT HIM IN A POOL O BRINE AS IT RECEDED TO OCEAN LEVEL, FAR BELOW.

THIS OPERATION (DEW LINE SUPPLY) COMPRISES 94 CRAFT. IT HAPPENS TT I AM IN TT UNIT WHICH IS TO TRAVEL FARTHEST NORTH & EAST --- HURRAH FOR IT ! WE ARE TO INVADE T ARCTIC OCEAN MORE THAN 1700 MILES EASTWARD FROM POINT BARROW (WHICH IS T PLACE O DANGEROUS ICE CONCENTRATION, CONSTITUTING, THEREFORE, A KIND O DARDANELLES), THRU T FAMOUS "NW PASSAGE", BEFORE DISCHARGING OUR CARGO UPON T DESOLATE BEACHES WHERE T TUNDRA COMES DOWN TO MEET T ICE.

FROM T TYM O OFFLOADING ONWARD IT WILL BE A RACE AGAINST TYM & T SUDDEN COMING O WINTER: WE MUST HASTEN, TO TRY TO RETURN TO POINT BARROW, THERE TO FORCE OUR WAY THRU T GREAT ICE FIELDS BEFORE THEY FREEZE SOLIDLY FOR ANOTHER 9-MONTH WINTER. OUR BIG BREAKERS CAN SMASH THEIR WAY THRU ORDINARY PAN-ICE, BUT TO CRACK HEAVY PRESSURE-RIDGES, & LOW-TEMPERATURE (HARD) WINTER-ICE IS QUITE ANOTHER TMING. IF T BREAKERS CAN HAMMER AN ALLEY O ESCAPE THRU T SQUARE MILES O JAMMED-TOGETHER BERGS & FLOES, THEN OUR SHIPS WILL STRING ALONG BEHIND THEM, LYK OTTER YOUNG TRAILING THEIR SWIMMING MOTHER, AND KEEPING NEAR TOGETHER SO TT T ICE CANNOT CLOSE IN BETWEEN T SLOW-MOVING (1 MILE PER HOUR) VESSELS. ONCE CLEAR O T ICE, WE SHALL GO SCAMPERING SOUTHWARD, TAIL TO ALL BLIZZARDS, REJOICING.

BUT SHOULD T ICE OBSTRUCT T EXIT, BLOCKING T ESCAPE, THEN WE SHALL BE COMPELLED TO VAMOS TO EASTWARD, RETURNING THRU T NW PASSAGE, TO BAFFINLAND, GREENLAND, LABRADOR, NEW YORK, PANAMA, CALIFORNIA, & HOME. I ENTHUSIASTICALLY HOPE SO ! U KNO ME -- T MORE T BETTER! LET'S SEE, & LEARN, & EXPERIENCE ALL POSSIBLE WHILE YET THERE IS LIFE & T COURAGE TO DO, FOR DEATH & OBLIVION LIE IN LETHAL AMBUSH NOT FAR AHEAD.

ALL GOES WELL HERE. AM SATISFIED WITH T SHIP & ITS COMPANY. JUST AS LAST SUMMER'S BOYAGE WAS T WORST IN ALL MY HISTORY, SO T PRESENT IS T BEST. T VESSEL IS WARM & CONVENIENT & WELL-FOUND & WORTHY IN A HEAD SEA. T CHIEF



2.

also  
COOK IS A CHILEAN WHO IS AN ARTIST IN T GALLEY: REAL RARE ROAST BEEF AU JUS, DELICIOUS STEAKS -- ALSO WITH PLENTY O "JUS" -- & NEW ENGLAND BOILED SALT-COD NOT ELSEWHERE TO BE EQUALLED. T BAKER IS A CANTON CHINAMAN, NATURALIZED, WHO IS A DING HOW HUM-DINGER. T BOSUN IS AN OLD-TYM 3-MAST-SCHOONER SAILOR WHO NOT ONLY KNOWS HIS SEAMANSHIP, BUT HAS TT LONG-GONE WIND-SHIP CHARACTERISTIC: HELPFULNESS. T OFFICERS' MESS IS SO CONTINUOUSLY A BANQUET TT WE ALL ARE THREATENED WITH FATTY DEGENERATION O T INNARDS.

WELL, WE PASST NUNIVAK ISLAND ABOUT A WEEK AGO, WITHOUT STOPPING. TOO BAD -- I HAVE AN ACQUAINTANCE THERE: PAUL IVANOFF, HALF ESKIMO, A CONGENITALLY OPTIMISTIC & PERSONABLE MAN WHO IS ESTEEMED BY EVERYONE FOR MILES AROUND. GENERAL FACTOTUM O T ISLAND, HE IS CHIEF O T VILLAGE, U.S. COMMISSIONER, U.S. POSTMASTER, OPERATOR O T RADIO TELEPHONE STATION, & DURING T YEARS WHEN T LOMAN BROTHERS WERE OPERATING THEIR REINDEER VENISON BUSINESS, HE WAS THEIR NUNIVAK AGENT. PAUL IS SAID NEVER TO NOTICE T COLD; HE TAKES IT FOR GRANTED; HE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN ASKT WHETHER HE LYKT WINTER OR SUMMER BEST, & WHY; TO THIS SURPRISING INQUIRY HE ANSWERED SIMPLY: "WINTER; NO GOT MOSQUITO TT TYM!" NUNIVAK IS T EXTREME SOUTHERN REACH O T INNUIT ("ESKIMO") AT PRESENT.

T GOVERNMENT IS CONDUCTING A MUSK-OX EXPERIMENT ON TT ISLAND. IT BROT T INDOMIN-ABEE BEASTS DOWN FROM T ARCTIC, & LIBERATED THEM THERE, IN COMPANY WITH THE CLATTERING REINDEER. MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ASHORE ON NUNIVAK TELL ME TT T MUSK-OXEN ARE INCREASING. ALSO, TT T ANIMALS ARE MOST TERRIFYINGLY FIERCE --- & NOT DIMINUTIVE OR SHETLAND-PONYISH AT ALL, BUT BIG & MENACING.

A COUPLE NYTS LATER WE SLID PAST ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND ON A FLAT-CALM SEA -- WE HAD CROSST T ARCTIC CIRCLE & WERE NORTH O T BELT O STORMS. WE COASTED PAST SE POINT, WHERE ARE NO PEOPLE. MOST O T INHABITANTS ARE AT GAMBLE, WHICH SITS ON T TIP O NW POINT. TT IS WHERE T ECHAK FAMILY O ESKIMO ARTISTS LIVES. YEARS AGO I CORRESPONDED WITH CALVIN ECHAK, NOTED IVORY-CARVER, BUT SINCE HIS DEATH, & TT O HIS SON MOSES, I HAVE DISCONTINUED. THEY ARE PRESBYTERIANS, ABSOLUTELY HONEST, & I KNO O NO-ONE WHO TRIES SO HARD TO DO WHAT IS RYT.

ON N POINT O ST. LAWRENCE STANDS T ANCIENT VILLAGE O SAVOONGA -- PERHAPS T OLDEST ABODE O MAN IN ALL T NORTH. T SANDS THEREABOUT ARE RICHLY IMPREGNATED WITH PERFECTLY-PRESERVED ARTEFACTS O T STONE-AGE & IVORY-AGE CULTURE: HARPOON HEADS & ARROW POINTS; BUTTONS & TOYS; SLED-RUNNERS & SNOW-BLOCK-CUTTING KNIVES; FISH-HOOKS & SEWING AWLS; OOLOOS (WOMAN'S KNIVES) & WALRUS-HIDE-HARPOON-LINE TOGGLES. ALL THIS IVORY IS SO INCREDIBLY OLD TT IT IS FOSSILIZED, & HAS TAKEN ON BLACK, BROWN, YELLOW, & EVEN RED COLORATION FROM T MINERALS & CHEMICALS O T SANDS & MUDS O T SEA. FOLK MAKE SEASONAL MIGRATIONS FROM GAMBLE TO SAVOONGA, TO VISIT T PEOPLE WHO CHOOSE EVEN YET TO DWELL THERE, AND ALSO TO DIG INTO T MIDDEN UPON WHICH T ARCHAICS HAD THEIR ABODE, TO UNEARTH T JEWEL-QUALITY WALRUS IVORY SO INSISTENTLY IN DEMAND BY VISITING WHITES. IT MYT WELL BE SAID TT IVORY-MINING IS ONE O T INDUSTRIES O T ISLAND.

SOON AFTER LEAVING ST. LAWRENCE WE ENTERED T ICE. AT FIRST ONLY PANS & BERGS O SMALL DIMENSIONS DOTTED T HAZY SEA. AS T ICE-DENSITY INCREASED, SO ALSO DID TT O T HAZE, UNTIL WE WERE ENVELOPT IN A CLAMMY SHROUD O FOG, DRIZZLE, & RAIN. ALTHO PROGRESS WAS SLOWED TO A CRAWL, THERE WAS NO TYM WHEN T ENTIRE CONVOY WAS HALTED. WHENEVER A SHIP BECAME JAMMED IN HEAVY ICE, ONE O T BREAKERS WOULD GO TO ITS ASSISTANCE, SMASH A CHANNEL FOR IT, & LIBERATE T CAPTIVE.

WE ANCHORED AT POINT BARROW, CLOSE TO SHORE, OPPOSITE T AIR STRIP, 2 OR 3 MILES NORTH OF T VILLAGE. NO DOUBT T NATIVES KNEW BEFOREHAND TT WE WERE TO TARRY ONLY A MATTER O MINUTES, FOR NONE CAME OUT TO US, THRU T ICE, IN SMALL BOATS. TT WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT TO ME, WHO HAD HOPT TO BE ABLE, SOMEHOW, TO OBTAIN FOR A ROCK-LOVING FRIEND SOME SPECIMENS O T BLUE FLINT WHICH OLD



3.

CHARLEY BOWDER, IN 1884, SAW T INNUIT SPALLING INTO KNIVES, LANCE-HEADS, SCRAPERS AND OTHER CUTTING TOOLS & IMPLEMENTS. CHARLEY WAS AN EXCEPTIONAL YOUNG MAN -- AN ADVENTUROUS SAILOR -- WHO WAS SENT NORTH BY THE PACIFIC STEAM WHALING COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO TO TRY TO DEVELOP CERTAIN SEAMS OF BITUMINOUS COAL FOR FUEL FOR T COMPANY'S FLEET OF STEAM-AUXILIARY WHALING SHIPS. ARRIVING IN T ARCTIC 15 YEARS BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE GOLD RUSH, CHARLEY FOUND T ESKIMO STILL LIVING BY PRIMITIVE STANDARDS, FOR T ONLY MEN FROM T SOUTHERN WORLD TT THEY EVER HAD SEEN HAD BEEN EXPLORERS, WHALERS, & FUR-TRADERS. THE HARPOON BLADES AND ARROW HEADS MADE BY T INNUIT FROM THEIR EXCEEDINGLY HARD BLUE FLINT WERE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE FLAKT BY T INDIAN TRIBES O T INTERIOR.

POINT BARROW IS A PLACE O MUCH HISTORY. TRAGEDY & PRIVATION WERE ITS TWIN CHARACTERISTICS DURING CENTURIES O TYM. FIERCE WINTER STORMS, DRIVING T ICE FIELDS BEFORE THEM, OFTEN CUT OFF T NATIVE PEOPLE FROM FOOD SUPPLY. STARVATION & T TERROR O UNLIT WINTER LODGES DURING MONTHS O ~~SHIPPING~~ SUFFERING & DEATH, WERE T PRICE FOR ASYLUM IN A REGION TOO INCLEMENT FOR INVASION BY HOSTILES FROM T SOUTH. THEN, WHEN T WHITES CAME, SHIP AFTER SHIP WAS CAUGHT IN T ICE-PACK, CRUSHT TO SPLINTERS, & T CREW COMPELLED TO ABANDON T WRECK IN EFFORTS TO CROSS THE FLOES & UP-ENDED PRESSURE-RIDGES TO LAND. BECAUSE OF THE NORTHWARD CURRENT, WHICH SWEEPS T ICE ONWARD TOWARD T POLE, MANY WERE UNABLE TO TRAVEL TOWARD T LAND AS FAST AS T SEA WAS CARRYING THEM AWAY FROM IT. ONLY WHEN STRONG WINDS DROVE THE ICE TOWARD T SHORE COULD T HARDIEST SAVE THEMSELVES, BUT WHEN THIS OCCURRED, T ICE FREQUENTLY BROKE INTO HEAVING BLOCKS AND BERGS, THROWN ABOUT BY T ACTION O T WAVES, & T FUGITIVES WERE THROWN INTO T SEA. EVERY SEASON HAD ITS TALE O SHIPWRECK, O DISASTER, O DEATH ON T ICE, O DEATH IN T BLACK WATER.

INLAND FROM POINT BARROW IS A PHENOMENON OF NATURE: A LIVING SPRING O PETROLEUM, FROM WHICH A SMALL STREAM O OIL FLOWS AWAY, UNTIL FORMING A LAKE O OIL. LONG AGO T INNUIT TOLD CHARLEY BOWDER O T EXISTENCE O THIS BLACK FLUID. HE WENT TO T PLACE, & EVENTUALLY FILED MINERAL CLAIMS UPON IT. HIS CLAIMS -- AND ALL OTHERS -- HAVE SINCE BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE UNITED STATES, WHICH IS HOLDING T RESOURCE AS A RESERVE SUPPLY OF FUEL FOR THE NAVY.

WELL, AS I WHACK OUT THESE WORDS ON T VETERAN UNDERWOOD MILL IN T RADIO SHACK O "HONDA KNOT" WE HAVE ARRIVED AT OUR DESTINATION. OUR COAST GUARD BUOY-TENDER IS SNORTING AROUND US, PUSHING T BEAUTIFULLY WHITE & GLISTENINGLY CLEAN BERGS AWAY FROM T SHIP, SO TT T LST, LSM & SMALLER SHORE-GOING CRAFT CAN COME ALONGSIDE TO RECEIVE CARGO. IT IS A MAGNIFICENT MORNING, COLD & CRISP, WITH T SUN SHINING DOWN HEATLESSLY -- LYK A BRYT JANUARY DAY IN WALLA WALLA COUNTY. THERE ARE GREAT ACCUMULATIONS O WINTER ICE HERE, AND IT ALL IS VERY BEAUTIFUL, IN COMPARISON WITH THE MUDDY AND DISCOLORED FLOES & GROWLERS ALL ALONG T POINT BARROW COAST. NO DOUBT T NEXT DAY OR TWO WILL BE A PERIOD O FURIOUS ACTIVITY, WHEREIN THERE WILL BE NO OPPORTUNITY TO WRITE AGAIN.

T SHORE LOOKS INTERESTING. SURELY THERE IS GAME IN ALL THOSE HILLS & PRAIRIES. GOOD CLEAN AIR, GOOD CLEAN WATER, GOOD CLEAN COUNTRY -- A GOOD PLACE FOR A MAN. NO SMOG, NO POLLUTED RIVERS, NO FILTH OR MAN-MADE STENCH O ANY SORT IN THIS VAST REGION, WHICH STILL IS BEAUTIFUL, AND UNSPOILED -- T WAY T CREATOR MADE IT. OLD SANTA CLAUS KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE MOVED OUT O "CIVILIZATION" & GRABBED OFF A HOMESTEAD FOR HIMSELF IN A COUNTRY WHERE GOD'S WORK HAS NOT YET BEEN "DEVELOPT" --- & RUINED. WONDER IF OLD SANTA COULD USE A WIRELESS OP?



[Lonely Road]

New Orleans

R.O.U.

408 Baronne Blg

305 Baronne St.

20 May 58

Estimado caballero y fino amigo Click:

Tnx fr Ur long, informative, uninhibited, inspiring, engrossingly interesting, & news-loaded letter, which arrived yesterday.

Ur new writing-scheme appeals to me in -issimo degree. It is a great idea. Did U lay t egg Urself? -- tt is, invent t plan spontaneously? If so, then U are a self-starter indeed.

This new approach to popular writing is not only novel, & a relief from t old techniques, but it is ideally suited to Ur style, Ur experience, Ur bent. It has limitless elasticity, for U can include within its unidentified bounds all o whatever U wish. It does not contemplate hy literary style, or classic precepts, but is aimed directly at t common reader -- o whom there are millions with 2-bit pieces in their jeans & slacks & overalls. It should make U both famous & rich, for U are a much better man than those others who have harvested tens o thousands in that market.

Ur experience in newspaper work has given U countless characters to develop. Ur interest in anthropology & history provides U with settings & circumstances galore. Ur newspaper style o writing is t one ryt form for conveying to t ordinary reader, in a manner tt is both familiar & understandable to him, t strings-o-thot, t motion-picture-lyk "shots" & "scenes" & "situations" & "crises" wherein U portray, & develop, U characters. Indeed, such stories as U contemplate would be "naturals" for t movie industry -- U'd have t scenario all laid out for t script-writer; evthing schemed out.

Papagos. I did all ryt with t big, dark, impregnable personalities o these strange Pimas (for tt is t family o which they are a part). No doubt U know their history better than I do -- how they discovered t American overland troops, in 1846, straggling disspiritedly & without hope across t desert; t Papago scouts came back to Teuk-SOHN, where t Catholic <sup>curas</sup> o San Xavier had been "christianizing" t Pimas for a century, & reported what they had seen. T priests were all for making war on t "invaders" (t priests knew abt t War); but t medicinemen said "NO!", for they had a legend or prediction or profesy to t effect tt from t East would come men who would free them from slavery; t medicinemen detested their successful rivals, t padres; many o t Papagos (unconverted) wisht to see an end o absolute rule by t priests; t Papagos went against t wishes o t priests by sending out food & water & fresh horses to t poot-out army. T soldiers arrived at San Xavier. Impresst by what had happened, t General wrote back to Wash., D.C., telling Army G.H.Q. how t Papagos had saved t expedition, & urging tt, in future, this tribe be given every possible consideration, inasmuch as -- had t Indians fot t U.S. troops, t army would have been routed, it having been without water for hrs & hrs. So (for ONCE!) t Govt exerted itself in genuine thankfulness, according to t Papagos an immense area, wherein autonomy was complete excepting only for 1 thing: T chiefs could not put anyone to death without trial in t courts o t Great White Father. T Papagos are relatively poor, but they are well-fed & well-dresst & healthy & happy & numerous. They are far more fortunate than those peoples who have had t misadventure o having petroleum discovered on their tribal holdings. I could talk to U a week abt t Papagos, & t various other Pimas, such, for example, as t remarkable Opatas. But no tym now.

Sex in a Beer Barrel. A harsh name, & crass, but it may sell wonderfully. Titles, for pornografic presentations, are outsyd my personal experience. But I believe tt U can think o a general title, to use on all Ur series o boox, tt would have a wider appeal, & elicit interest & demand from a class o readers tt would instantly reject any name so frankly snatchy as "SEX in a Beer Barrel". Now, t name "Barrel-House" has lilt & swing to it; it is not objectionable to anyone; U myt use Barrel-House as a central word, & construct Ur general title, for t series, by prefixing & suffixing upon it.



Ur character, Injun Joe, is a dandy. T theme, tt t more White old Joe becomes, t more he longs to be Injun again, is just swell. This vehicle, tt U have discovered, makes it possible for U to present TREMENDOUS filosofical ideas. T sort o things tt U & I talk about, when together, but which NOBODY actually writes down in such a way as to get it to t public. U have a wonderful concept, Click, & it'll make U famous.

Shadey Lawn. How come tt name? I think it is a weak name for so strong an environ-ment. It'd be more apropos were t joint called "Wagon-Yard Bar", because it first was built when t local out-o-city-limits brewery had its wagon-yard there, & t teamsters used to go in there to drink, & fill their guts with Free Lunch. I think Ur "Shadey Lawn" too damned sissified; too much lyk a name for a Yakima undertaking parlor.

If U choose, U can have t saloon on t edge o a big town, where t first gas works was constructed in t pre-electricity days ("On toity-toid street, daown by de gas woiks" as they say on t East Syd o NYC), & because t saloon was originally built to regale t steel-workers who built t gas-woiks, & evbody in those days was impresst by t big steel receptacle tt was made to contain t gas under pressure, t bar was named "Big Tank Saloon."

Or U can have it on t river bank -- no better place for evil environment & evil happenings than a river-bank water-front! Then U can ring in stern-wheelers & side-wheelers & ~~MMM~~ paddle-wheel tow-boats & scows & barges & floating tanks.

Suggestions. U ask me for ideas, gimmicks, notions. OK, then. Here is 1 tt occurs to me: One tym, in Guatemala, I got off t road, at nyt, on t shore o t great lake called Atitlán. (I didn't know, in those days, tt "Atl" means "water" in Azteca, which is, in fact, one o t dialects o t great Snake Language o Nev., Ariz., Idaho, Utah, etc.) Came to a large Indian town. Tololá, by name. Put up at an ancient "casa de huespedes" (rooming house) tt was a wonder to see; went out into t street & participated in a wedding ceremony, where all t principals made us welcome. Tt nyt I was awakened repeatedly by t pealing o 1 great bell. Tremendous bell. Wonderful to hear. Many, many overtones, each o which could be heard alone. Most musical bell I ever heard; a thing never to be forgotten; t sole bell o Tololá. Nobody ever used a single giant bell in a story -- insofar as I know. U could have a bell in one o Ur stories. Give it any sort o history U wish. Perhaps it was stolen from t mission at Loreto, or t one at El Mulegé, or t one at San José del Cabo, by t English pirate named Weeks, for whom Alexander Selkirk ("Robinson Crusoe") was navigator, & t pirates may have brot it up-coast far enuf so tt, by successive stages, each stranger than t other, gold-seekers or some bug-house missionary, brot it to Ur saloon, where it may have been employed for a village fire-bell, or to ring certain signals (lyk t bell on St. Paul, T Pribilovs), or what U will. But a bell, a bell with wondrous tonal quality.

Another thing: Look up t history o t town o Ainsworth. It was on t Snake River, near t mouth, on t Pasco syd. Ainsworth came into being when t N.P. built t steel bridge across t Snake. Ainsworth was t construction town. It was a terrific place. In 1905 there ~~were~~ were 4 or 5 old buildings still there, among these a store, & there were a couple o old men, or, at least 2 or 3 or 4 persons, still living there. It was on t down-stream side o t bridge, on t Pasco end. I think there is a tank-farm there now. But tt was a place o terrible violence. It seems to me tt there still is 1 human alive who may know a little about t place: Mrs. Cherry, resident in Burbank. Seems to me tt she was born there -- either there, or at old Fort Nez Perce, at t mouth o t WW. Ainsworth antedated Pasco, I believe. Pasco developept after t railroad shops & round-house were set out in t desert there.

Another locale tt U could exploit is Wallula. Not t first town, which was on t Col. R., at & around old Fort Nez Perce, but t second town, which came into being when t O.W.R.R. & N. built up t Columbia, establisht t junction with t Dr. Hunt railroad (at Hunt's Junction, now no longer even remembered by more than 5 men), & made a division point out o Wallula. It was there tt t 2 passenger-trains-per-day passed each other. T 2 trains left Portland Oregon & Spokane, respectively, at abt t same tym in t evening; they met, & passt each other, at Wallula. There was no more wild & fierce & violent place in all t wild & wooley West than Wallula. I saw t last days o it myself.



U could make good use o a jail. An old-style jail. Singular events, around a jail. Lyk t tym another man's wife snuk a rifle out to t hoosegow in t blackest o nyt, & got it insyd by auguring a 3-in hole thru t wall, then poking t gun thru, muzzle first. T hole wasn't big enuf, but Big Bill Thompson, who had been announced on wrestling posters as t "Bangor Bull", got hold o t octogan barrel, hove on it until it cut its own channel thru t wall, busting off t stock & smashing both trigger-guard & trigger. Molly had intended boring more holes, to make t opening larger, but Big Bill kept croaking at her to shove t damned thing thru there, saying tt he'd do t rest, & tt if she kept fooling around all nyt t deputy would come around & catch her at it & spoal t whole thing. So -- now -- all he had was t useless barrel in his hands, & it made him furious. He became lyk insane, for he did so want to kill tt deputy. He was filled with rage, & with tt came redoubled strength. He poured t water from t pitcher into t stove, drowning t driftwood fire. He folded his chunk o canvas, tt served for bedding, laid it on top o t stove, climbed up there, & with t gun barrel pried t roof loose. When he got his head & shoulders between t wall & t roof he hove upwards with all his myt, ripping t 2 apart. But t terrific weight he placed upon t stove caused it to collapse, & he came down against t wall, t up-jutting spikes from t 2 x 4's in t wall jabbing into his chest & holding him there. T roof came down on top o him, & there he was, in a trap o his own making. Molly ran for help, but by t tym she located Speckled Tom in t shanty o Judy Revere, & brot him back to t skookumhouse, t Bangor Bull had been dead half an hour. One o Ur characters could muse upon this, as tho he had been a witness. There is no limit to t possibilities o Ur idea, Click.

Dead Salmon. In Ur Joe Leather sketch U say "clogging t sand spits & weighting t air with t reeking stench o putrid death." Click, t odor o salmon, when they decompose on a river bank, is entirely unlyk a dead horse or dead cow or dead man. It is not very objectionable. Stink, yes, but not so nauseously. And I never in my life saw a "sand spit" clogged with salmon carcasses. They drifted up along t shore (t ones tt floated, & t sturgeon did not swallow whole) where they arranged themselves in long lines, one below t other, as t river fell. Each successive run was recorded by t lines o bones, left by t ravens, t crows, t magpies, & t seagulls tt came in large flox to feed at t bountiful table set annually for them by Nature.

Attorney. This is a corker. I'm glad U are putting this one in. Only a few months ago I heard about a Seattle woman who completely robbed her husband -- took everything he had. She set out to have a hy tym. She met a smoothy, who loaded her with what females lyk best -- flattery -- &, in 2 weex, he swindled her out o every damn cent she had stolen from her husband. Then she contacted her ex-husband AND WANTED TO COME BACK. He gave her t horse laugh, & told her to go down on t Skid Road & fuck for a living.

So-long for now, Click. Another tropical downpour is in progress. T humidity here is so great tt one feels sticky & dirty all t tym. Good-luck, & I feel sure tt U are on t trail to a big kill this tym. Congratulations!

Rogelio, el Vagabundo.



## Amigo Click

Few minutes ago, while sorting old mail in search o a certain airmail letter fm Manila, I came upon an unopened letter fm Elmer Kimmel, with enclosed notes fm Thelma, & also announcement-sheet presenting "Strangers on the Land". Hardly necessary to say tt I am unable to explain how this letter, postmarkt at Toppenish on Feb. 5th, has escapt attention these 4 moons.

Anyway, was pleased to hear concerning U, even if not FROM U. For some tym I've supported a growing suspicion tt U are "mad" at me fr something or other. T mere fact tt I do not kno WHAT makes no difference, provided tt U think tt U DO. Tt is t way it is in life, in t society o tt destructive snovobeech (as Bloody Mary said, in t original book fm which South Pacific pic was made) who is devastating all God's world, & rapidly bringing himself face to face with world-wide starvation. Yeh. T Logos will not be denied, & Nature maintains a system o chek & balances. Mankind's ingenuity has, until now, overcome typhus, bubonic, smallpox, diptheria, measles, tuberculosis, clapp, syph, yellowjack, malaria, appendicitis, scarlet fever & many many other diseases tt formerly kept t genus in check. But now there are no controlls, & t birth-rate soars, so t Great Hunger nears, BECAUSE IF NATURE IS THWARTED IN ITS USUAL REGULATIONS, IT WILL HAVE RECOURSE TO OTHERS. Man has defeated Death in a thousand battles, only to lose all in t final one. T Logos will not be mockt.

Well, apparently Ur characteristic optimism, & indefatigability, still distinguish U fm t average o newspapermen. Tt is well, & I felicit U. Newspapers, & those who make them, hold a modest position in my catalog o appraisals, especially since t wreck o Capt. Warren Chute's ketch, at sea, off Blunt's Reef Lightship, in February a couple o yrs ago. He (& others) sent me t newspaper "stories" tt were publisht as true reportings o t gale, t dismasting, t capsizing & (after awhile) t tryting o t vessel, t long hrs o total disability at sea, bailing fr dear life, t discovery o t wreck in t middle o t 5th nyt by a north-bound tanker which called t USCG & obliged by standing by, so tt t Crescent City small-size cutter was able to find t wreck in t tall seas, etc etc. These "stories" were stories indeed. T wild-eyed reporters (not one o whom knew a thing abt nautical things, as was proven repeatedly by their loutish & ludicrous efforts to employ salty terminology) let their imaginations replace facts, so tt what t "freedom o t press" presentd to t reading public was a variety o over-wrought & contradictory lies. Not one o t publisht pipe-dreams even approximated t truth, so just what does t American public benefit fm t "freedom o t press" to publish ANYthing, unrebukt?? I interest myself in Readers Digest, & in a Spanish-language paper or two (t reporting o American news is superior to tt in any USA paper, excepting only t Christian Science Monitor), & I NEVER spend 1 dime for these frantic, frenzied, scare-head SF sheets.

Flew to Madrid, fm NOLA, 1 March 62; weather too cold; went to Valencia, then to historic Cartagena (still too cold to please me), so took bus fr Gibraltar. As it turned out, t bus took me wrong way, & I unloaded at magnificent man-made little port o Alicante, lovely in t way Río de Janeiro is, but jewel-size. Huge Moorish alcazaba on top o a 1,000-ft hill ryt beside t harbor, old cannon still sticking out their noses & frowning down upon t peaceful citizenry far beneath. Saw a banana-ship there; talkt to a sailor who was letting go a spring-line; he said they were fm Las Yslas Canarias, & he answered my next question by saying tt they were pulling out RYT THEN; so I jumpt aboard, & went along, & explored (mostly afoot, packsack on back) Gran Canaria (exceedingly arid, 75% o t tillable soil unused because no water-storage yet) where I saw camels, thousands o goats, interesting fisheries, & lived fr a tym with a family o peasants (fm which have recently

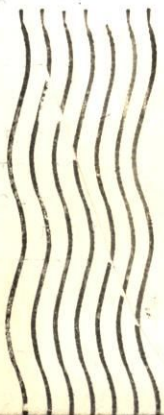


recd touching letter, inviting me to return. Then I sailed to Tenerife, t big isle, aboard which is t famed volcán, El Teide, which all Americans mis-name "Teneriffe" -- even MISSPELLING it ! After some weex on these 2 islands, returned to Cadiz, & went up t Mediterranean coast to Barcelona, & t Spanish Riviera, returned to Barcelona, made side trip to Andora, then crosst t country to t west, thru Zaragoza, to Valladolid, Salamanca, Avila, Madrid, flew to Portugal, flew to Gander, Newfoundland, then Boston, NYC (where spoke to "youth groups" under sponsorship o Esther, daughter o my old seagoing friend, Capt. Geo. S. Dexter, commodore o t Chile Oil Co fleet o tankers; flew to NOLA, got my baggage, Santa Fé to L.A., got my truck out o storage in San Pedro, drove to Seattle, was on Puget Sound until July, when returned to Prosser. Tried coupla tymes to see U, but always without success. Went to San Pedro in Oct. had name on beach-list long tym without getting out, so on Dec 1, flew to Honolulu & strait on to Kauai Island. Rented a car, & travelled every road on t island, camping anywhere I chose, & where there were no roads I hykt in -- in this way attaining to remote & unvisited Kah-la-KAU, abt which incredible valley, walled in by 4,000-ft-tall "pali", Jack London wrote t wonderful story: "Kúlau, t Leper"; I met Hano Hano Pa, last man to abandon t ancestral home on Kalalau; he knew Kúlau, more than 50 yrs ago; said London didn't tell t story truth.

On New Yr's eve, flew to Maui; stayed at Kihei with Capt. A.W. Littchen, whose wife is lovely Tahitian beauty; walkt all t way around t NE end o t island, & had t wonderful good fortune to be caught, on t road, exactly in t center o t windward exposure, in t record-making cloud-burst o early January. Stupendous spectacle. No use in trying to describe it. Three days later returned in automobile of "Tahiti Bill" (whom I discovered, living alone, hy on t leeward shoulder o Haleakalá), & there wasn't 1 damn drop o water coming down those valleys & gorges !!

So-long, Click. Good going be Urs.

73 El Vagabundo



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UNITED STATES FOUR



SF Sun., 16 junio de '63

Overcast - "hy fog" - glum, disspiriting, n.d.g.

Amigo Click: Tnx fr booklet, recd 3 or 4 days ago, at t tym I made hurry-up jaunt to Oakland, Walnut Creek, Danville, & beyond, there to repossess my stored Chev truck, & hy-tail it to Antioch, & thru all those riverbank towns, to Walnut Grove & Thornton. Click, as yet haven't read t writing, but, on t return fm t auto-jaunt, & while awaiting Greyhound Stage in Walnut Creek, I read t first 2 pages. Most excellent writing. Le felicito, Jefe de los Yaquima, por haberle distinguido una vez más. Seems to me tt it is t finest writing U have done. But -- hades! -- I have no write to say tt, without qualification, because, in fact, I've not had opportunity to read Ur daily contributions to t news sheet. So-o-o, actually I know nothing abt it. But, anywhoooo, what I read in "Strangers in t Land" was most pleasing to me. To me. To my sort o taste. I myself aspire to tt quality in writing, perhaps tt is WHY; & perhaps a sugar-beet-grower myt not fancy it at all. I dunno.

Well, Strong Buffalo (or whatever Ur EE-yah-KEE-mah name means), today is t last o t 10-day interim "vacation" -- tt is, t First Course has been completed (at t Electronics School) -- & tomoro t Second Course (xmtrs) begins. Man, OH MAN! How I need tt course! All t war-tym ships, still afloat & in use, have t hurry-up-manufactured RCA & MacKay radio gear aboard. It all was made to be torpedoed & sunk t first trip, & tt was abt all it was good for. No, tt is not true. It served well enuf in those days, for (as U kno) t ships went out with t xmtrs SEALED. Silence was t rule, lest a submarine plug U. // After t war was over, t sets still were adequate, because there were then only a fraction o t xmtrs on t air, tt nowadays infest t ether thicker than canadian skunk-fur. In 1946, when U tuned in KPH, U heard him & ONLY him, because he had no near naybors. T same with any other station. A receiver didn't need much "selectivity", & they certainly didn't have much, either. Well, all tt is lyk t "Hy Water o '94" -- ancient history, now. When U tune in a station nowadays U hear 3, or 5, or 8\*. On 8 mgs U hear WLO (Mobile) & KPH (Bolinás) both on exactly 8714. Ur war-tym rcvr, never very good, now is NO GOOD AT ALL. U have to work lyk hell, & live under constant strain, due to t inadequacy o equipment. But "inadequacy" isn't all, for t gear also is WORN OUT. A telegrafer aboard ship is not half so much an operator as a repair-man & technician. So, it's tuf. And fr tt reason I'm a school-boy again, trying to improve my understanding o circuitry, functions o components, trouble-shooting procedure, t clever employment o meters. Second course terminates abt July 17. Don't kno what is to happen after tt, but, anywhichway, my name & number now (after 16 months ashore) is tops on t "list".

A few nyts ago I took a long hyk, tt took me to La Misión Dolores. Within a few blox o tt lovely but entirely unappreciated building, while striding along t sidewalk, I heard t chant o a Lakota war-song issuing fm a cantina. Went in. It was thringed with Injuns fm at least a dozen tribes. T bar-tender's wife was a California, flat-faced, salmon-gorging, siwash. I sat down on a bench along t wall, next to a good-looking breed who turned out to be an Okla Choctaw -- one o those "too-laters" who was born after t distribution o land. T singer was a very tall man, abt 50, part White, & also partly drunk. Good singer. Near at hand a young fellow, perhaps 20, was ridiculing t singer. Choctaw told me tt this smart kid was t Lakota's own son -- "just a no-good punk, what hangs around his dad, living offen him, & at t same tym dispising t Old Man." T other Injuns were jealous o t Lakota, too -- as always happens when a truly good man is among inferiors. I went to t bar, where t Sioux had festooned himself, & askt him to sing t "Owl Song", but he was pie-eyed, grinned, ~~but~~ and did not understand. // Well, there is more to t story, but I've run out o tym, just now.

\* Other stations, or nearly t same frequency.



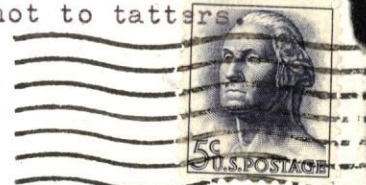
Twice I drove out to Ur private address, away out on t Natches Road, but each tym U were away. Couldn't believe tt U had enuf room there for both Urself & Ur library.

Say! Recently I read Sir Walter Ralieggh's acct o t battle between t small British man-o-war called "Revenge", off Flores Island, in t Azores, in 1588 (I think it was), when some 6 small British vessels were surprised while at anchor (with many o their crew members ashore, buying & stealing food supplies -- t crews were in dreadful condition, due to scurvy, t "Revenge" having only 100 men able to turn to, t other 90 lying sick & rotting below dex, on t ballast) by 53 great 3-deckers o t Spanish Armada, tt suddenly came booming around a point o land, full before t breeze. One English ship had so few men aboard tt it could not possibly get up sail, so its few crew-members sank their vessel, & stood across in t small boats to t other vessels -- which were most thankful to have them. All t British ships put to sea except "Revenge", which had Admiral Sir Richard Grenville aboard -- most indominable & intrepid man, He was unwilling to sail away fm land, abandoning there t men who were foraging, so he waited as they came rushing out to him in small craft, until t big Spanish ships were ryt on top o him. Then he stood out into t sea a short distance, but his little 1-deck shp was totally becalmed when a galleón, having 33 guns on each side (5 dex), 8 guns forward, & another battery aft, sailed down on him from t windward, & came to close quarters. Tt galleón had 800 marines aboard, in addition to t regular crew. "Revenge" had not 1 soldier, nor even a full crew, & all its men were in some degree sick.

T battle lasted fm 3 pm until nyt, & all thru t nyt, & thru t next morning -- 15 hours. "Revenge" sank t first galleón ryt there, but immediately was engaged by other Spanish vessels, 2 or 3 at a tym. One o these galleónes was set afire, & her capt sailed her ashore. A 3rd was shot thru with "crosse bar-shot" so tt she made water faster than she could be freed, so t skipper sailed t wreck into t nearest harbor, where she sank. And so on & on. "Revenge" took 800 heavy shot. Her masts & bowsprit & all her rigging were shot to tatters.

RADIO OFFICERS UNION, AFL-CIO  
2315 VALDEZ STREET, ROOM 225  
OAKLAND 12, CALIFORNIA  
PHONE: 832-1339

Her gunwales & superstructure were mowed off even with t deck. t men with whom t battle had begun were killed, & all t rest wounded. Many many efforts to board her had been repulsed, & in tt fyting all her



pikes had been broken. Then she ran out o powder, & lay there, helpless. Admiral Sir Richard Grenville gave orders to t Chief Gunner to blow up t ship & all in her, but there was no powder left wherewith to execute t order. T Admiral had been hit at t start o t fyt, lay unconscious some hrs, then revived & took command agn, directing t battle; but in t a.m. he was struck by a musket ball & downed again, & as he was issuing orders to destroy t vessel, he was hit a 3rd tym, in t head, by another slug o lead.

Most amazing fyt I ever heard of. One little 1-decker against 53 enemy, many o them 3-deckers, having 5,000 soldiers aboard to do t boarding, yet t little "Revenge" sank many more tons o them than t entire British fleet (tt had been anchored there) amounted to. Why, t 1st galleón sunk was o 1,500 tons !! No men in t world lyk tt any more, Click.

% Frank MacCowan

Rogelio

Box 176

Holtville, California



Roger Chute  
Radio Officers Union  
2315 Valdez St  
Oakland 12  
California



Click Relander

1212 North 52nd St

Yakima

Washington



98902



As U see, Ur letter has arrived. It was held in Oak land a week, because t Agent knew I was due over there.

What U say abt a 2nd Priest Rapids Dam is all new to me. Also, don't know a thing abt t "pool" o which U speak. What did they do -- put a dam across some valley, or canyon? Where is it, fm t first dam? U kno, tt may be an important thing to those o us who live in t lower Yakima, because it may result in t development o a rich fishery fr bass & croppie & perch & catfish tt will be within reasonable reach o those o us who cannot go to Grand Coulee oftener than once a yr. I'm interested.

Am out o touch with t Yakima situation. Have practically lost interest in all Salish affairs, now tt Chief Kah-NY-neh, & Chief Toi Toi, & Luke Kowapoo, & Geo. Spino, & Chief Charley Johnson, & Yellow Hawk t Nez Perce warrior, & John Moses t Nez Perce singer & dancer, & t crippled grandson o Kamiakin, & nearly all t other old-tymers, have died. Don't attend t root feasts at t Mission any longer. Everybody is dead.

And I myself am playing out, too. Do not ever again intend to undertake any hyk such as tt to Kah-lah-LAU. Only 18 miles, along t trail, but just abt t same as 45 miles on a Forest Service trail. In some places, no trail at all. In others, a trail 4 inches wide, covered with deep & deceptive grass, with sheer drop-off 50 or 150 or 350 or 650 ft, down to t waves smashing against t base o t cliff, in deep, black water. U kno, Click, I myt some day return to Kauai, in June, & have some fisherman take me & my outfit around t island to kalalau, because in summer there are times when a boat can land at a certain cleft in t rock, just south o t valley. It is entirely possible o live in there, under conditions o maximum healthfulness, provided tt a man had tools, medicines, guns, seeds, nails, wire fencing, mosquito screen, & so on -- at least several tons o gear. Must have a real good, water-tyt & bug-tyt tent, as a starter. Erect tt a coupla miles up in t valley, & use it as an out-camp while actually living in t great sea cave at t mouth o t river, until getting things going. There is no limit to what a man could do there, provided tt he had t energy & strength (were not too old & decrepit), & provided, also, tt he had t money with which to buy t gear & equipment tt he myt want. For example, there are so many small streams, with so much fall, tt he could install a 20-ft waterwheel almost anywhere along t 6 or 7 creeks tt combine to constitute t river, & have electric lyts & power unendingly. Many fruiting trees, left by t departing Pa family, & others, still are there, & it takes only 1 yr fr a papaya to come into full bearing. T main thing is tt there are fish there. Were a man to go there while Hano Hano Pa still lives, he could go to Hano Hano & obtain all t info abt where t fish are, & how to get them. I have listened to incredible accounts o t things Hano-hano did, when a young man, & how he would swim to precarious rock ledges, & perch himself on t face o a cliff, lyk a nesting murre, & watch until seeing what he wanted, then suddenly let fly his huge cast-net, & catch 8 or 10 groupers, big as Yakima R. salmon, at a single throw. He could swim with such power tt he was lyk a 1½-hp outboard engine -- could sustain great weights while swimming, carrying his heavily-leaded net, & his sackful o fish, out to his pow-pow, which he had left riding at t end o a fish-line, as an anchor!

Well, t thing I most wish to do in t immediate future, is to go to Los Galápagos. If I can contrive t matter, shall go. But -- o course -- there will come a day when I shall be cut down, & be unable to do anything, & I cannot sensibly expect to be free to go on lyk this much longer, being beyond 66 ryt now. That is why I'm in such a hurry -- so much yet to do, & yet to see. And I have a leaky brain -- can't remember any more. Cannot retain what I learn. Learn things one day & actually forget all abt them in 48 hrs. Well, no use grieving abt it. It seems to happen to most people. At least, tt is what t oldsters tell me. And they also tell me tt I have undertaken t impossible: Tt never before, in t history o shipboard telegrafy, has any man commenced, at t age o 55, t study o radio-operating. It is my own fault, for at t tym I began t schooling, Col. Howard told me tt I never could become a good op. "U aren't even half dumb enuf," he said. "To be a good op U must have a 1-track mind, tt runs in a groove, & thinks o nothing but what U are doing. U never will be able to do tt. U will be thinking abt 5 or 6 things at t same tym, because radio, as a subject, is not nearly sufficient to satisfy Ur kind o intellect. U aren't half stupid enuf, so U'll never make a good operator." Ikno now tt t Col was ryt.

But, WHAT T HELL !!! If I can make 2 or 3 trips a yr, & go to interesting ~~places~~ places, & harvest enuf wampum to tide me over to t next voyage, & meanwhile be able to go to Valpariso, or Guayaquil, or t Juan Rernandes islands, what's wrong with THAT?



Monday, June 3

Dear Roger:

Very, very glad to hear from you, and do you get around!

I guess the main reason I haven't written is I've had no address. Of course ~~xxx~~ that's a poor excuse, because I could have contact ~~ex~~ Mrs. K. Anyway, thanks for the address.

I've already sent you a copy of Strangers on the Land. Doesn't appear to be such a "gigantic" production, but it runs 63,000 to 65,000 words which was more than Drummers and Dreamers. And the problem was to lay down something at a price that people would pay for it. This present day idea of charging \$5 and \$10 for books with as "many words" in them is part of our present trend, at least here in the states. And things keep going higher! So we had so much to pay for printing a deal, a budget to stay in and we did it. Of course the Yaks aren't interested in making a business out of printing books so as long as we got the cost of printing back that's what counts.

The printing wasn't too extensive and at the rate it has been going will be exhausted in another couple of months or so. It if course is the same old story, and it is different than the south. There the Negroes want to "integrate" and they won't let them. But of course they have little I suspect. Here they want to "take over the Indians" because they have land and as you know, especially timber. So it is the same old story. I don't think Strangers on the Land will head it off, the take over, but it will certainly document what is going on and will be "on the record."

I envy you the opportunity of so many journeys to unusual places, and your knack of observing what is going on, your way of getting next to the people with whom you are in contact. That, my friend, is a real accomplishment in itself.

They have just finished filling Wanapum Pool above the second of the Priest Rapids project dams. Quite a lake I understand, and here under water now for all time unless something happens, historic land and where our friends the Wanapums once roamed.



Roger Chute  
Radio Officers Union  
2315 Valdez St.  
Oakland 12  
California



Click Relander

1212 N. 32nd Ave

Yakima

Washington



(98902)



Amigo Click:

I now recall H U askt me, in the letter, concerning where to go for trout. Seems to me H there should be available to you, as counsellors, a number of experienced & skilled anglers, right there in Yak. Secondly, there are a couple publications, available at sporting goods stores, which provide up-to-the-minute info. Finally, "Spokesman-Review" used to have a column, written by a cracking good angler.

Inasmuch as U have a heart-condition which may limit the activities, U would not wish to go into the remote areas of the Canadian Selkirk, where I occasionally penetrate. Arduous, much cold wind, cold rain, nearly impossible to make a fire unless U are a skilled wet-weather woodsman. A few people try it, get part way in, become discouraged, & come rushing out again — eating raw food.

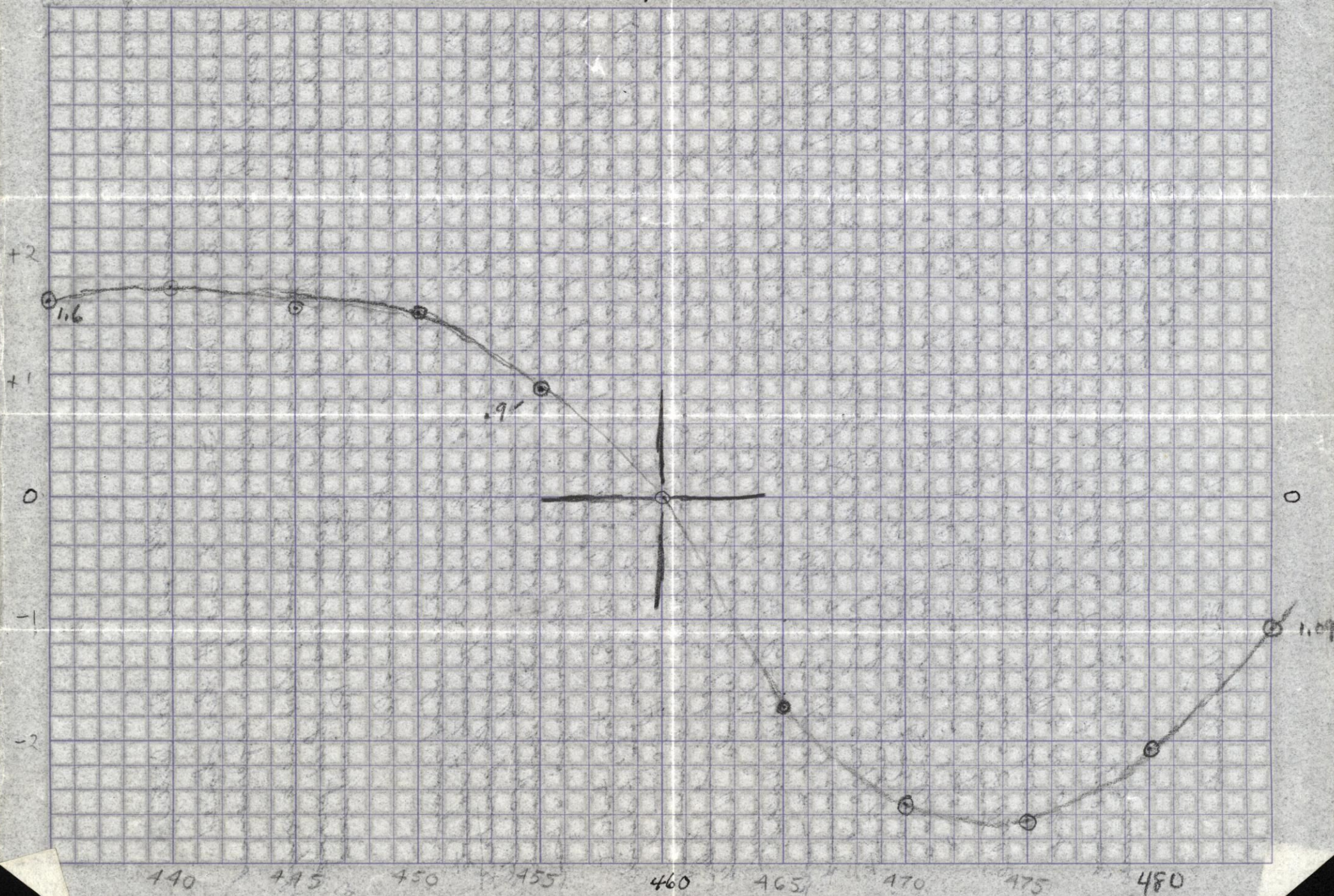
There is a new area available: Go to Lewiston, take the Lolo Pass road, when U get up on top, 75 or 100 m from the divide, stop & hunt up forestry men & find out where to go — U have to hike in, headed S or SE, 8 to 50 m. Unlimited fish in there — yet — but a hell of a country to get into unless you are able & determined & tief & know the woods. U can't do it, with any satisfaction to Uself, in less than 2 weeks.

It is my belief H for older men, the Pot Holes Lakes, Equalizing Reservoir, & O'Sullivan L. offer the simplest & most readily reachable angling. If U fail to get trout, U cannot very well fail to hook a whole bucket of perch & croppie — which certainly are better food. One or 2 meals of fried trout (or salmon) are all I want in a month. Red-meated fish are strong (contain a rank oil) except only the blood-red Dollies of Kootenay L., in B.C. Among pan fish & croppie in tops, & in O'Sullivan L. they abound superlatively. From my own standpoint, the one & only objection to the waters of the whole Grand Coulee area is: Too many damn-fool drug-store & pool-hall "sports", red-hatted, trying to pretend to be what they obviously are not, cruising around in tenderfoot house-cars, revealing their inanity by carrying along with them the 3 curses:

1. Portable radios
2. Gasoline stoves
3. Females



460





New Orleans



25 Mar 64  
Litho by Hoffm Press, Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.  
Published by the Association of Handicapped Artists Inc. Buffalo  
from an Original painted with the mouth by G. Fowler  
3801/63

Amigo Clicko:

Arr hr 9 Mar., been esconced in t saym old flop-house ever since, doctoring. Not going to hav surgery at this tym, say t saw-bones, wherefor -- so soon as t dentist seats a crown on top o t tooth & tt he is going to grind down today, I shall jump on SPRR, go to LA & San Pedro, obtain old Chev truck fm storage, & begin liesurely jaunt toward Walla Walla, Pawco, Prosser, Yakima, Seattle, Port Townsend, & maybe up to NW B.C. this summer, fr a last go at t trout. Am too old, & over-weight, & not t saym drive as o yore, but if I don't do it NOW I never shall do it. // Was out at Lake Pontchartrain all day yesterday, talking to different old-tym yacht skippers (all o whom began seafaring in wind-ships, o course) & pickt up a lot o strange lore. T last skipper o t noted square-rigger "Josef Conrad" is out there, now master o t 2-masted schooner-yacht "Windjammer II" which was built down in Maine abt 5 yrs ago, by an ancient yard tt still had in safe-keeping t plans used 100 yrs ago fr coasting schooners. So this ship was built on those plans, to original scale, & so she is a work-boat type, strongly fastened & heavily plankt, tt will endure 150 yrs, & she is always care for as she is being magnificently maintained. How I shall be in possesing a 36-footer built





Dear Roger:

Dec. 15

Hope this finds you well and enjoying your travels. Got a note from Thelma K not long ago, said you were ~~the~~ in the valley, might have been when I was over in Montana and down in Wallowalas, hiking, fishing, camping, recovering from polio water. Alex Saluskin got beat at ~~Tribe~~ General Council election Saturday night, first time off tribal staff since 1930. Young part bloods gradually moving in, intent on termination, secret ballot, amendment of enrollment act, getting hands on share of reservation timber. And so it goes. Hope you have a prosperous New Year with lots of travels to strange and unusual places. Our best to you, and do let us know when you will be in town again. (We may be in new home by then, all depends upon acceptance of offer)

Very best to the best

single-ness-o-purpose & monopolism o mind. 73, Click. to reach next port. Beats fishing all to hell, in it's o sailing alone, & t concentration demanded if one is medicine --- Click and Ginny --- such as t daily peril tition as U enjoy, needs must be superlatively potent surcease t'm self-inflicted-consternation & -condemna- medium o which I am to achieve t saym clearly before me, & any remedial measures, thru t For t reason t I have no female, nor other endearment necessity o thinking too deeply (or introspectively). they amuse U & engross U attention U are spared t later -- t hobbies -- amuse U, & entertain U, & while Ur local prestige, & Ur pay-check, & Ur toys. These All this must sound nutty to U. U have Ur woman, & handed, in a small ketch. Well U may -- & so do I!!! sider -- in my dotage -- venturing to see, single- t radio-telegraf racket, U may wonder t I even con- Inasmuch as I'm becoming too old to continue flying certain wooden craft, & thereafter glass it. RT!!! have devined t my secret purpose is to acquire a Wherefurr, having confest t much, U will shrewdly IS T PARTICULAR FAYS O T SUBJECT TT INTERESTS I.M. ces have been made in t glassing o wooden hulls, & TT It was t trouble with it previously. ALSO, big advan- not crystallize, or become brittle, or split, or crack is more elastic; & ductible, & flexible, so t t it does plastics used in building "glass" craft -- t new stuff important advances have been made in t chemistry o t as worthily/ Well, t men in t repair yards tell me t



Emigo Click

Caleb Carter, fm Lapwai, showed up. He is down & out, he having failed to pay t taxes on his lands after he took out citizenship. Result: T Sheriff sold him out. So nw he has no land at all, & is just abt destitute. Somehow or other -- by bumming rides -- he gets around, but he nw is threadbare & gunnysacky in appearance, & no longer loox t tribal-councilman t<sup>h</sup> he has been. / Never saw Jim Sauk after tt first day. / Went out to t Fort, & had an hour with Alex Saluskin. Says he has a Govt book containing historical info anent t practice o killing medicinemen who failed to effect cures. Every little helps. / Attended Indian chnrch, in t White Swan long-house, Watson Totus officiating. It was, in all major respects, t same ceremony as I used to witness is t long-house o Pahk-haiah-toot. Rather tuf on Mrs. Totus. / They tell me tt Jim Looney's widow is Wasco. May be, but because o t things (descriptive) tt U told me, I still suspect tt she is Tenaino. They were t fytingest tribe down there, & altho small, & completely surrounded by Wascos (except fr t river, o course), they held their own against everyone. Had a lingo nobody could learn. Were isolationists. / Met a woman who lookt much lyk t Spinos, & was staring at her when she walkt up & said: "It's Roger, isn't it?" Inez Spino, t only daughter o George & Maud, insofar as I kno. She has married tt Canadian Indian, Morning Owl, who is a principal drummer & singer at White Swan. / Robt Jim told me t<sup>h</sup> he has 3 sons & 3 daughters. / Went out into tt grove o mamoth old apple trees agn, & found another spring, much larger than t one near where we walkt. Judging fm t loox o t soil thereabouts, Indians have campt, & build cooking-fires, in tt area during all t few centuries t Mongoloids have been here. They make t natural error (it flatters their silly pride) tt "We have been here since t beginning o tym". Well, they haven't. In fact, they have been here only a second or two, as far as anthropology goes, and less than a millionth o 1 second, in geologic tym. They just don't know any better -- don't understand these things. Besides, there were men hr long, long before these present-day pie-faced Siwashes ever wandered into this free-fish country.

Between Yakima and t Toppenish/White Swan road, perhaps half way fm t cemetery where one leaves t "Track Road" & t junction with t Toppenish/White Swan road. on t ryt hand syd, stands 1 lone apricot tree, close to t hyway fence, tt is loaded with apricots. I didn't see it in tym to stop, but if & when I negotiate tt road agn, I shall halt, go in to tt place, & ask whether or not they smudged tt tree. I believe tt t answer will be "No". In tt case, this tree will represent a fenominally hardy type. Should put a bud fm it into Ur peach. / I may be heading towqrd Seattle pretty soon, & in tt case I can bring up some bud-stix, & put a variety o plums & apricots into Ur peach, so then U will have t wood ryt on Ur own ranch, & when U get seedlings started, or otherwise obtain root-stox, U will be in position immediately to bud these with buds taken fm Ur own peach tree.

Arrived hr, I found tt just 3 or 4 days absence had altered t appearance o t growing t<sup>h</sup>ings, especially the scions in the blackwalnut trees. T first thing tt I did this a.m. was to get t step ladder & go to each o t grafted trees, & put things to ryts in each instance. They will shoot upward lyk sky-rockets, fm nw on.

Enroute home I stoppt at Lew Shattuck's place & put t 2 wild-plum seedling trees, tt I budded there last Aug., in shape. Campt overnyt in wild sagebrush area, near there, where a ditch o irrigation water passes thru. Always see rabbits & magpies & crows there, & 4-footed people travel thru t place at nyt. Good camping spot -- no ~~humans~~ ~~humans~~.

Detoured via Grand View & returned to ranch where obtained cherries a week ago. Climbed t same tree, & got 40 or 45 pounds more. Dead ripe, now, & a few turning to raisins. Twice as sweet as a week ago. On Cherry Hill (Granger) they are beginning to pick stemless Lamberts fr cannery today. Also, 1 man is already picking apricots. I wouldn't want any o those, because t first o t crop always is exorbitantly priced, is tasteless & not fully ripe, & is o inferior varieties. T best fruit always is t mid-season sorts.

Near t White Swan long-house I found some greasewood bushes tt were nearly trees. Some were 11 ft tall. I harvested some seed, which is enclosed herein, inasmuch as Jennie evinced interest in t different sorts o wild sage, & said tt she wisht to plant some. Well, I never have seen a greasewood larger than those at White Swan.



Ryt near t long-house I came upon a hen feasant lying in t very center o t road. Stoppt, jumpt out, pickt it up, found tt it still was warm, tosst it into t truck. Between Granger & Outlook I pickt up another, just lyk t first. So, when I made camp, I heated a pot o water, scalded them both, de-feathered them, & filled my big Griswold cast-iron fry-pan with feasant. Still have a breast left. / This morning a man brot me 2 large hunks o lingcod -- he had been at Newport during t 4th, & had made quite a catch o assorted species. So, today at noon, I built up a fire, put my grill upon it as supported by 2 brix, &, when t fire had burned down to ashes & coals, barbecued t fish (only 1 o t 2 pieces) Mexican style. Pescado tatamado, or, Pescado Asado Sobre las Brazas. Smoke taste. Much to be preferred to t cookery o t South Sea Island cannibals.

Thank U fr info anent dates o White Swan celebration —  
exapting fr U. I'd never have known it was to be.

R.



Tup Tut      Don't kno t day or date -- does it  
matter, when there is no routine?

Amigo Click:

Went up to Fort Simcoeh, & had couple hours talk with Alex Saluskin. Could not, however, broach ALL t matters I wish to discuss with him. Next tym -- if there be a next tym.

Enroute home went over Cherry Hill, at Granger, where t Lambert harvest, fr t canneries, was just beginning. Found no suitable opportunity, thereabouts, fr glomming onto inexpensive pick-it-Urself fruit, so returned to Ford's place, at Grand View, & harvested another 40 pds fm t same tall tree as before. Almost raisined, now.

Had letter fm Union dispatcher, in Oakland, who says tt he believes tt t man who bumpt me out o t M/V COOS BAY assignment will not remain in t vessel vy long. So perhaps t ship will come up on t board agn, & THIS TYM I'll have a better number, & perhaps can obtain t nod. With this in mind, I may conclude matters here pretty soon, & wander down to San Pedro.

This morning I layered another "Buffalo" grape-cane fr U. Now, these layers tt I put down fm nw on, won't have much tym wherein to grow roots. But don't be disappointed if, when U dig them, they are not "bearded lyk t pard", Take them anyway, & treat them as tho they were simple cuttings: Plant, give plenty o water, and they will take ryt off, & develop roots in a helluva hurry, because they already have had t bark stimulated with t root-growing elements in t soil. So remember that, & take them home whether they have lotsa whiskers or not. I should have suggested to U, when U were hr, tt U leave me a few tags with Ur name written on them. If U think o it, U myt enclose 3 or 4 when U write agn.

I was surprised at how great a change had occurred in t grafts & buds & trees generally during t 3 days I was away. When I am hr every day, looking at each plant 3 or 4 or 5 tymes, t increment is not noted, but when a 72-hr hunk o it comes all at once, then it astonishes one. Some o t Persian Walnut grafts tt U viewed when hr, have grown 6" in t interim. They will grow another 2 ft, if t frosts hold off until late. But I shall not be hr to see tt.



Mr. or Mrs. Chas. J. Daufau  
c/o Restorium  
Bonners Ferry, Idaho



Mr Roger Chate  
1110 Yakima Ave  
Prasser, Wash





Aboard Ketch "Dubloon" Southwind Yacht Club  
Wilmington, Calif. 15 Nov 64

Hello, U 2 fellows: This is my first day aboard here. Many tasks yet to do before we shall be ready for sea. Tomorrow I am to start in on t new backstays, parcelling & sewing them - both on t main & mizzen - will require 10 days or more.

The plans are changed. We are not to go to San Diego, but shall sail for hr directly. And we are not to go with 4 or 6 others, but shall travel alone. I lyk it much better.

I pulled out o Prosser 2 days ahead o sched - got fed up with t rain, cold, dark skies, discouraging wx. Had rain & fog & cold wind (& snow in t mts) all t way to L.A. Glad to reach cute little house o Bettie Stevens, in San Valley - she was in t yacht "KING O SPORTS" # I took to Acapulco in 1947, & was t grittiest person aboard & t only I could trust & t 1 to whom I gave t life-line when 'I had to dive under t vessel, off San Blas, to cut t manila anchor-brooy off t propeller, with 7-ft sharks in plain sight. She was terrified, but kept her head. She was far far far ahead o t 2 cowardly men aboard, 1 o whom was Pando Barnes' son Bill, who was then Bettie's husband. Well, we had a great tyme, re-living it terrific series o adventures & misadventures.

T Gladrons gave me fine welcome aboard here. They are snowed under with work, & I'm going to be at work every daylight hour from now on.

Brought supplies for fm Yak Valley: Red Delicious, Yellow Delicious, 200 pd Sunnyside rutabagas, 60 pd Sunnyside honey, 1 case Anchorage salmon, 1 case sardines, 6-gal case o Coming ripe olives, 1 sack Tup Tuit carrots, 33 containers o jam & preserves, misc canned goods, Modesto grapes for cousin Les Swopes' vineyard, 1 case processed white figs for 4 fig growers down o Fresno, & soon & on.

I had to dig 3 grape vines for t Kimmels, & plant them on t Kimmel place, altho t vines were not dormant & it was all wrong. No choice was left me - it was do it then, or not at all.

Go down to my cabins whenever t thaw comes, in February, & dig the vines & Black Currant off-shoots. It is t ryt tyme.

Tux for article on t morphodite, Mr Helen Twinklemann, or Mrs. Hank Twinklewoman, or whatever this queer creature is called. She has a wife, U Kno, & has fathered children. What a misfortune!

We are to sail Dec 6<sup>th</sup>, but won't get away until later. We myt even be here for Cmas. Nothing gets accomplished on tyme aboard here, but t work, as done, is very well done.



Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1964

Dear R:

Now that the election is over and I have a chance to attend to other things, including other work around the office....

Enclosed, tear sheet you may have seen from Sunday Herald. Quiet a kick from several standpoints. Sure you'll enjoy it. Also, it stimulated a flood of telephone calls etc. to paper concerning person they called Henry, Herman, Hank etc. and lots of stories.

Trying to get things in shape so Ginny and I can take off for EC Friday where we are to meet her mother Saturday and return to Yakima. More rainy weather today, still not cold so suspect things are about status on the trees and vines, but suspect cold snap is on its way. Meanwhile we will sit tight until we hear from you. Ginny's mother will be with us about a month, maybe not quite that long I suspect.

Sorry I had to "divide" my mind when you were here, but being ready to move in at the workshop and pick up election coverage, trends etc. with some intelligence, and things like that, frequently compels me to devote more than just at office time to news.

It has been so rainy I've not been able to do any more outside work such as putting ground in shape etc. but have most of it ready (as for vines). Haven't got the fertilizer, mulch etc. on hand yet I hoped to have had laid out and may be somewhat handicapped in that what with other calls for time, talents and what have you. But our program here is a slow one. I hope it is sure. Meanwhile we have been putting around inside putting up other pictures etc. And there's plenty of that yet to be done.

Hope you found things ok when you returned to Prosser and that there was good news awaiting you. If you've taken off now, guess this will catch up with you. And when I know where to write, letters will follow. Meanwhile hope you get a good laugh out of "Helen" "Hank" or what is it!

Enjoyed your visit here and hope it is repeated, often. If the refrigerator happens to be short when you arrive, because we've been curtailed on shopping time, we've always got "dog" and "cat" to fall back on.

The best from both of us.

Dick

Had inclement trip, all the way down here. Rain or drizzle or fog or snow all the way, & half a gale on arrival in San Fernando valley. So I moved right along, not tarrying overly long anywhere enroute. Just the same some strange things happened. Shall rejoice when at last we put to sea, & stand bravely down the coast, spinnakers bellying, before a lusty nor'wester. Hoooo-ray, lads! Turn 'er loose & let 'er go!

73

New book on Galápagos: "Floresana Adventure", E.P. Dutton Co, 1961, by the well known Margaret Wittmer, who we are going to visit.



San Pedro

18 Dec 64

Dear Click: Just found t enclaced letter. Had failed to post it.

Sailing - date has been retarded tym after tym; it now is set fr Dec 27; I believe we shall sail then, because noted Costa Rican educator has arrived hr (5 hrs. by jet) to sail home in Dubloon, so it puts t spurs to t Capt., who seems unable to get things organized. HE gets no help fr his wife, who is one o t meanest o t Devils' daughters. She is low-born, uneducated, rude, exceedingly selfish, & her beady snake-eyes dance with envy & malice lyk those o an angry sow. Everyone detests her as much as they esteem t Capt. & everyone agrees it she will ruin t trip fr all on board.

Were there any other way to get to both Cocos & t Galápagos I'd have quit "Dubloon" 3 week ago. But those places are exceedingly difficult to reach — practically impossible, except by private vessel.

Well, Merry Omas & all that. Good fortune & good health. Drink a gallon o good northern cider fr me — this California stuff isn't good even fr vinegar.



~~but we have been  
having quite a bit of  
rain. It ~~try~~ tried too  
snow today but no  
luck.~~

~~Drop in and see us  
when you are close.~~

~~T.P.~~

Merry Christmas!

Happy New Year!

and as always...

Best Wishes!

~~Shurston Mary~~



Manzanillo 10 Feb 65 Splendid wx - at last!

Now is t rgt tym to dig + transplant the trees + currants + grape vines - whenever a chinook comes + warms things up, but before t sap starts up.

This has been tnf trip. T Capt is a green horn who has done nothing to maintain his vessel during t 8 yrs o his ownership. Consequently, something breaks, or parts, or goes adrift every day. Every damn day. No wonder he wanted an experienced seaman with him. But, in addition to all this, he makes violent errors in judgement. He thinks navigating t ocean is a picnic, + he can't learn otherwise. He is a most kindly + friendly man, but no seaman. His woman is a hateful bitch, lazy + selfish + whenever people are around she brags as tho she were t whole show. As a matter o fact t ship would be much better off without her. When we are at sea she is constantly seasick, humped in her bunk by a constipated porcupine, a venomous expression o bilious wit upon her smug pug mug.

We entered Cabo San Lucas practically in distress: Mainsail split across t middle; bilge pump dead + t hull making 4 gals an hour; entire binnacl carried away from its pedestal; rudder mechanism broken. We were 30 miles to sea when it broke - t Capt had stupidly run away out there despite my protest - so when t accident occurred I know who it was had to put on t lashing. HE rushed about excitedly shouting "Down with t sails!" Then he suspended a 10-gt pot from t weather quarter, as a sea-anchor! Well, its too long a story to



writes by hand, but, anyway, I  
unspooled a fathom o' scrap cable,  
with t' hard steel wire thus obtained  
I put on a very good lashing, &  
then I wouldn't surrender t'  
wheel to t' lubbers, but used helms  
very carefully, & kept t' wheel 23  
hrs out o' 29 & got her in.

Every day brings a crisis. We  
came in hr with broken crankshaft  
in t' electric-lyt unit. Be stuck  
hr 10 days or 2 weeks, while parts  
are flown down fm L.A. I may have  
to go to Guadalupe by train to  
obtain air express, also make  
some purchases o' things not  
obtainable hr.

So-long. Good luck. 73

Roger



CORREOS - MÉXICO

TARJETA CARTA



Mr. Clark Relander

3701 Commonwealth Road

Yakima

Washington

Estados Unidos

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Mr. Chet Relander  
3701 Commonwealth Rd.

Yakima  
Washington

98901



1322 S. Patton Ave

San Pedro

8 apr 65

Arrive Chick:

Arrived here last night, afoot from Wilmington, pack on back. Found Mable at home - she has been here 2 wks, after 2 months at Porterville, attending to properties there. Last night her sister Emma was visiting her, also noted engineer-husband, they being enroute to New Hampshire via Volkswagon.

Rec'd bucketfull o mail at Victor Samson's office, all o it re-forwarded, backwards, from Acapulco, to which port I never arrived, inasmuch as I quit "Shubloons" at Munguillo. Was there a total o 2 months. Made a few friends, & many acquaintances. Learned much natural-history lore, & acquired a little more fluidity in Spanish.

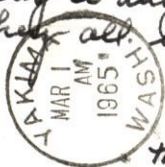
Everyone writes to me o how dreadfully cold it is up N, so I shall not start for Prosser & Yakima until wx warms up. May go over to Porterville & Visalia, to scout around in t foot hills there a bit.

Warren Chute writes characteristically tersely from t wee port o Albion, saying o t this is to be his final yr o salmon-trotting, & t he intends building another Ketch this fall & winter. Says he wants to talk with me. Maybe he wishes me to join him. When in San Diego yesterday I went to t sail loft o Bob & Bill Henderson, who once were great small-craft mariners, & who worked for Warren Chute while he was constructing t big schooner-yacht there at Shelter Island before t Hendersons began making sails. They declare t Warren accomplishes t work o 3 men, & t no 1 man is adequate to be his assistant, & t while he was building t lovely schooner a committed came to him from t other yacht-builders, begging him to slow down, because his tremendous



accomplishment in so brief  
a time had rendered them  
ridiculous, & their employers  
were dissatisfied with the  
amount of work they had  
done! This is not half the  
story, but enough for now.

I glad I were able to find the name on  
the tags at the camp-site at Tup Tui.  
I was able to dig down for the roots guarantees  
that they all will grow. I am glad that I  
obtained the grape plants,  
& rejoice that I now possess  
these excellent varieties.



When I see I-all shall impart details  
concerning the violently perilous &  
also otherubial bug-house  
voyage, which was the most  
of any I've ever participated in — &  
I've been in some lulu.  
Anyway, I got home  
alive, & what they do  
with the vessel for the  
on is their own affair.

I do hope that the newly-grafted small  
walnut trees did not have their grafts  
destroyed by the winter's blizzards. There  
was a 100% "take" (first try in my 29  
years of experimentation) & it would be too  
bad to lose them all.

Good luck in all the projects.  
Hope to see you in May.

73 Roger

Click Relander,  
3801 Commonwealth Rd  
Yakima, Wash, 98901

Mr. Roger Chittenden  
% de Nuev Club  
Acapulco, Gra.,  
Mexico.



Moore Hotel, Room 703, 2nd Av. & Virginia, Seattle, Washington.

Estimados Amigos:

1 January 69 11p

On Friday, Dec. 13th, during a furious SW gale, when SS Seattle was off Nootka Sound on t W coast o Vancouver Island, I left my quarters, on t officers' deck, & started for t officers' messroom, in t house back aft. It was 5 pm. I descended t 14 steps o t steel ladder, arrived in t "shelter-deck" beneath t focsle-head, & attempted to cross t large open area there. When in t center o it, t bow shot upward & at t same tym rolled far to port. I managed to stay on my feet, but slid 5 yds toward t scuppers. Next instant t bow dropt sickeningly into t trof & rolled 45 degrees to starboard -- a total arc o 80 degrees. This deep & sudden plunge robbed me o gravitational weight, & therefore traction. I did not fall, but was thrown 30 ft or more to starboard, quickly gaining acceleration. I knew tt if I went clear across t deck, & struck t starboard bulkhead, I would be killed. So I tried hard to reach t 2 steel l-beams tt supported t focsle-head at t after end o Nr.2 hatch. I succeeded in this, but at t instant o arriving at t nearest l-beam I was travelling thru t air at terrific speed.

Struck t first l-beam off-center; broke my glasses, partially crusht ryt hand, injured left foot, spun around & slammed backwards into t other l-beam, fell to t deck unconscious, sustained king-size charley-horse on ryt thigh, injured left elbow & forearm which pufft up grotesquely at once, hard-boiled goose-egg on back o head, slid to & fro on my back (was wearing heavy-duty Norwegian rubber deck-coat) with t roll o t vessel until regained consciousness, unable to move because o cerebral shock & exquisite pain, nearly suffocated because all breath gone, & unable to breathe at all --- someone had stabbed a bayonet thru my back, paralyzing my lungs. Let's skip t rest.

They carried me ashore, at Anchorage, on a stretcher; ambulance to Alaska Injun Hospital; bandages; examinations & tests; X-rays next day; taped my chest to immobilize 3 broken-off ribs in my back; 3rd day flew me to Seattle; Marine Hospital; more X-rays & tests; "NFFD" slip (Not Fit For Duty) issued; Doc pronounced dictum: "Go to bed fr 2 weex!"; am to report to him, in person, on Jan. 10th. Amen.

Mountain o mail has accumulated. Unable to scribble by hand with this bum fist, so bot ancient Underwood, t keyboard o which is unlyk tt o t veteran telegrafer's "mill" aboard ship, ergo must shift fr caps, & t numeral &



punctuation are "standard keyboard" -- so-o-o, am having to learn all over agn. But, anyway, progress is being made, & eventually most o my correspondents & friends can be informed o what happened to cause so much "demora", as t Spanish say fr "delay".

SS Seattle is due in port in 4 days; next after tt on Jan. 15th. Hope to be Fit For Duty by then, so as to repossess my job, & get in on t chimacun potlatch agn. This 3rd unexpected & unwanted "vacation" will even farther procrastinate t date when I shall be able to retire. Can't be helpt.

Ever since t collision-at-sea (Aug. 7th), & consequent drydocking for reBabrication o t bow, plus other extensive repairs & alterations, t ship has been more "sharp" & "crank" than ever. It up-rears, now, lyk a breaching whale, then plunges downward, as tho to sound, & rolls as much as 47 degrees -- occasionally more! T discomfort o being aboard, especially in t forward house, has worsened. Danger to life has correspondingly increased. Every voyage more or less cargo is damaged, destroyed totally, or lost overboard.

U see, they changed t distribution o t ballast, thereby lowering t level o t center-o-gravity. Tt was a grave error.

This Seattle-Anchorage-Kodiak run o ours, even under optimum conditions, is reputed t most violent in t world. But now tt t brass-hats have multiplied t hazard, it may be tt redoubled difficulty will be encountered in crewing t vessel. Bad news travels with celerity, especially via scuttlebutt.

Well, Chutes dont give up easily. I'm going back into t ship, & tuf it out to t end. However, I DOO HOPE, with maximum fervor, tt t "end" will be t date o my retirement, & not some premature calamity-at-sea, wherein t pounding & beating & wrenching will cause t tired old hull to split open during a storm, admitting t murderous, bitter, brine. ! Ojalá que no! I'm much too old & spent to relish any mid-winter "adventure" in an open lifeboat in t bone-chilling gales, & haystack-seas, o t never-sufficiently-to-be-damned Gulf o Alaska.



ROGER CHUTE, R/O, SS SEATTLE  
SEA-LAND, INC.  
BOX 8000  
ELIZABETH, N.J. 07 207



MR & MRS CLICK RELANDER, 3701 COMMONWEALTH, YAKIMA, WASHINGTON 98 901



	Wed.	Thurs	Fri.	Sun.
10-	6	6	6	4
4	22 hrs weeks			

~~2~~

~~18~~  
~~18~~  
~~18~~

21 hrs weeks -

Emilio +  
Host =

~~2500~~ | ~~2500~~

Robert Linco Program

Interosier =

Investment Study =



SS SEATTLE, AT SEA, TRANSITING T SARGAZO SEA, 21 APR 69, 7P

HELLO, U 2 FELLERS!

JUST NOW WE ARE SCOOTING THRU HUNDREDS O FLOATING WEED PATCHES. TWO DAYS AGO, BEFORE WE REACHT SAN JUAN, T U.S.C.G. SENT OUT A "XXX" WARNING, STATING TT THERE WAS A LARGE OIL-SLICK AT SUCH & SUCH LAT & LONG. AFTER AWHILE THEY CAME UP ON 500 AGN, TO ANNOUNCE TT T "SLICK" HAD BEEN IDENTIFIED AS A MASS O FLOATING VEGETATION, HAW!

THIS BIG SHIP (TOP-HEAVY THO IT IS) IS SCHOONING ALONG HERE AS STEADY AS A CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL --- OR A MORMON TABERNACLE, T POPE'S OUTFIT NOT BEING ANY TOO STABLE THESE DAYS! REGULAR OLD-MAID HICK-TOWN SOUTH-DAKOTA SUMMER-TYM PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED OCEAN-TOUR. WHEN I GET BACK ON T ICE-BREAKER RUN TO ANCHORAGE (IF I EVER DOOO, WHICH NOW SEEMS MOST UNLYKELY) I'LL BE SEASICK FR T WHOLE O T FIRST 3 DAYS WIM OUTSIDE TATOOSH. ABSOLUTE FACT: SINCE WE DEPARTD OAKLAND WE HAVEN'T ENCOUNTERED A WAVE TT A MAN WHO WAS WEARING MULE-HOBBLES COULDN'T HAVE STEPPT OVER. IN T P.M., RYT HERE, THERE IS T HABITUAL EVENING TRADE, & TT RAISES GOOD BIG RIPPLES, BUT NOTHING TT COULD BE CALLED A SEA. FEW YRS AGO I CROSST LA BAHIA DE VISCAYA, IN T BOISTEROUS AUTUMN, & ALTHO WE EXPERIENCED HAYSTACK SEAS, T CONDITIONS WERE NEVER SO VIOLENT AS ON TT NEVER-SUFFICIENTLY-TO-BE-DAMNED ALASKA RUN. YET, AS BETWEEN TT & T DEEP TROPICS, I'D ELECT T ICEBERGS. REALLY DELIGHTFUL INNUPRIAK (ESKIMOS) UP N, WHEREAS IN T COCONUT ZONE THERE ARE MILLIONS O HIDEOUS CANNIBAL NIGGERS. THEY ARE BRUTES, & SOME DAY U'LL FIND IT OUT -- IF U DON'T KNO IT ALREADY.

U EXTEND AS AN INDUCEMENT FR MY GOING ON A F.B.I. IVORY-HUNT TT T YAKIMAS WOULD BE GRATEFUL FR RECOVERY. THIS ASSURANCE BRINGS TO MEMORY SOMETHING TT BIG FOOT ONCE SAID TO ME, IN APPROXIMATELY THESE WORDS: "AND NEVER EXPECT ANY THANX OR EXPRESSIONS O APPRECIATION FM THESE INDIANS --- THEY CONSIDER THEMSELVES ENTITLED TO EVERYTHING TT THEY CAN CONTRIVE TO EXTRACT FM T WHITEMAN; THEIR REACTION TO SERVICES RENDERED IS TO PROVIDE ONE WITH FURTHER TASKS."

I HAVE WONDERFUL FRIENDS AMONG T MAORI, WHO BEGGED ME TO STAY IN THEIR RESPECTIVE VILLAGES "& LIVE WITH US FOREVER." EVEN RATU MELE BOGILEKE, TUI NI YASAWA & BULI O 4 OTHER ISLANDS, TEMPTED ME WITH ALMOST T SAME WORDS, ADDING, AS IRRESISTABLE INDUCEMENT, T TYM-TRIED & OFT-PROVED SEDUCTION O SEX: "I GIFF U NICE WIFE, YOUNG ONE! (YES, I KNEW WHO HE MEANT -- HIS DEER-EYED NIECE, MARGARETA, WHO HERSELF HAD BEEN MAKING IT PLAIN TT SHE WAS EVERY NYT AVAILABLE, & IT WAS SHE WHO PUT T KING UP TO ALL THIS -- BLAST HER SHAPELY BUTTOCKS!) MY BOYS MAKE U NEW HOUSE -- BIG ONE, HY AS COCO PALM! MAKE HIM IN MAYBE TWO, TREEE WEEK! U STAY HERE, & LIVE WITH US ALL-TYM." AND T INNUPRIAK HAVE INVITED ME TO GO TO THEIR DISTANT VILLAGES, ON NUNIVAK, OR T LOWER YUKON, OR NEAR CAPE HOPE, TO STAY ALL SUMMER, OR ALL WINTER; & OLD JOHN SECOND-CHIEF TOLD ME TO COME NORTH FM ANCHORAGE & STAY WITH HIM IN HIS LAKE-SYD LODGE, WHERE, HE SAID: "KETCHUM PISH EFERY DAY! KETCHUM PISH WINTER-TYM MORE GOOD AS SUMMER TYM! U COME! PLENTY RABBITS, GROUSE, MOOSE & DUX IN SEPTEMBER. U COME!" BUT NO YAKIMA OR KLIKITAT OR CAYUSE OR UMATILLA EVER HAS INVITED ME TO HIS HOUSE, LODGE, OR CAMP.

NO, T KAYAK U MENTION WAS NOT A GIFT O MINE. KNO NOTHING ABT JT. DID NOT GO ASHORE AT ALL IN SAN JUAN; WE ARRIVED AFTER DARK, & LEFT EARLY THIS MORNING. UNABLE MAKE CERTAIN PURCHASES, WHEREFORE I MAY MAKE 1 MORE TRIP, GAMBLING ON T POSSIBILITY TT WE MAY ARRIVE DURING SHOPPING HOURS. SHALL RETURN TO TUP-TUT BEFORE ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE ALONG T ATLANTIC COAST -- T DREADFULLY HOT-&-HUMID SUMMER-SEASON O JUNE-JULY-AUG.

AS WE STEAMED UP T OLD ROAD O MORGAN, LAFITTE, GAVENDISH, BLACKBEARD TEACH, & T HUNDREDS O OTHERS, THRU "MONA PASSAGE", A TINY BEACH-BUILT SLOOP STOOD BRAVELY ACROSS OUR BOWS, & PROCEEDED, CLOSE-HAULED ON STARBOARD TACK, TOWARD T WINDWARD ISLANDS. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN 4 TONS, MORE LIKELY 2. OUR CAPT. TURNED TO ME & SAID: "SPARX, WHY DON'T U GET URSELF A SMALL CRAFT & GO WANDERING THRU ALL THESE WONDERFUL ISLANDS? U'D BE JUST T ONE TO DO IT!"



Jan., 13, 1969

3701 Commonwealth,

Yakima, Wash. 98901

Dear Roger:

Nice to hear from you, even though the news was not of a happy nature. From what I read and hear, I quite agree with you that the Alaska run must be pretty rugged most times of the year, even on occasion in summer. You have had a lot of close calls on your voyages and Ginny and I hope you get to complete your "tour of duty" and reach retirement without anything serious falling to you. I think you were fortunate and even getting off as you did, it no doubt has been quite painful for an active person. So Ginny and I hope the worst is over now.

Last fall we spent a couple of weeks on Vancouver Island and went over to Alberni and then on over to Ucalet and then on up to the end of the road, Tolfino. The weather was fine then but the sea looked pretty rough much of the times. Wonder of wonders we encountered very little rain and I guess that's about the one time of the year it doesn't rain. We holed up on the Georgia Strait side, went up to Campbell River and the jumping off place above there for Alaska. It was a very enjoyable vacation. I think there is a great potential in that country and it appears the Canadians are just awakening to the resort possibility/

Not too much new around here. Ginny has a horse now and we've got the upper part under irrigation and a nice pasture started but no fence up yet. No one wants to do much in the line of hard work now days.

As you must know by now, we've had a pretty good start on winter and this one looks like it will be a doozey. I don't know how low it got about 10 days ago down around Prosser and the walnut grove, but it hit 10 below here and I think it must have been nearly that cold down in your bannana belt. Hope it didn't finish off the walnuts, and that we don't have more severe weather than that. we've got a month and a half yet of what usually is, as you know, the worst.



Amigo Click:

When I backt t truck outa Ur driveway yesterday, & started fr town, I heard first a scraping sound, & thereafter a regular tap-tap-tap, with each revolution o t wheels. Surmised tt I had a large nail imbedded in t tread o 1 o t tires, so -- immediately after passing over t viaduct -- I turned ryt, into a syd-street, & was astonisht to find tt, when I did this, t tap-tap-tap ceased. Parkt in shade o a tree; got out; lookt at all t treads; no nail or other noise-producing object or protuberance; got back in; drove in at Circle L filling station; lookt at all 4 tiers agn while t bloke was pumping gas; nothing. Thot it myt be due to some bearing being dry, so maneuvered into TEXACO station in Union Gap, & had t car greased. That did it! When I drove out o there, & headed toward Toppenish, not a sound. Nothing lyk figuring things out fr oneself, exulted I, elated with my hy I Q. Then, suddenly -- HADES! -- more racket then ever set up, & I not only heard it dismayingly loudly, but also I could distinctly FEEL it. Damn! What to do?

Well, perhaps it was a journal, tt made more noise & vibration at low speed than at hy, so let's try speeding up. I did so. Tt cured t noise, & I sped along at 50 without a bit o irritation. But by t tym I was ~~appro~~ approaching Toppenish I could hear t racket again, & it annoyed me. Then, suddenly, I saw a feasant lying dead in the center o t road, & I stopt, backt up, stopt agn, got out & retrieved t feasant, re-entered t truck, & started out. HOLY COW, WHAT A RACKET!! It now was 10 tymes louder. Backing up must have done it. I had to slow down to a crawl, & poke along on t shoulder. Must try to reach Elmer Kimmel's shop. If only it would hold together tt long! I was only a few miles away, nw. Suddenly t noise grew much worse, & had new elements & harmonics in it -- sounded as the someone were fileing a saw back there. Decided metronomic bumping. Then -- BANG!!! T ryt rear tire blew out.

T hyway was hot as a stove. I had to get down on my belly, flat on tt hot-cake griddle, & try to adjust t hydraulic jack. No soap -- truck too low. Walkt to nearest Injun place, found hunka 2x8, carried it back to truck, sawed it in 2 pieces, laid these in front o flat tire, drove truck up on top o it, then could get t jack underneath, elevated t car, saw tt t inside bead o t wheel had burst out, allowing t tube to blow out under t edge o t tire. It was t pusht-out bead, rubbing & hack-sawing t metal parts down there, tt had made all t noise & bumping. I pried t cover off t flat wheel, & with t lug-wrench began unscrewing t 6 nuts. They had bee set up with an air-hammer, & I could break loose only 2. So I got out a hy-class tempered-steel box-wrench tt I had shown to Mrs. R. only ttday, & by putting all possible pressure on this, them whaleing away with t hammer, I finally got t wheel off. Was soaking wet with swet. After more than an hr, got t spare tire on, & went down to Kimmel's, where had a good wash in cold water fm his faucet. Put 2 o those apricot buds into his tree tt already has 4 or 5 kinds. Then drove to Prosser, & at wrecking yard obtained wheel fr \$5 (which was \$3 off his regular price) & a used tube fr \$1, & t man assembled t outfit fr me, & I came home via Fisk's, where had a much-needed bath & changed into clean garments. Got out hr, to t ~~cab~~ cabins, rather late at nyt, so turned on t outside lyt, & sat out there on a box, eating a can o tomatoes & bread-&-butter. End o day.

Before breakfast this a.m. I put 10 buds fm tt apricot into my barren Canadian prune tree. Ryt after tt a rain squall came along, drizzle fell fr half an hr, t sky stayed cloudy, t wx is not very hot, so I believe tt t buds will set. Oh, yes! Last evening, just before having t bath at t Fisk place, I put 2 buds into a dandy seedling peach, abt 4 or 5 yrs old, tt is growing in their black-currant row. T bark was juicy & just ideal, so both buds will grow -- U ryt away, too. Fabulous soil, down here.

All my walnut grafts are growing lustily. Required 2½ hrs work to do t additional pruning indicated, & tie up t 2-inch-per-day-growing shoots, so tt no sudden squall could snap them off -- they are growing so fast tt they are brittle as asparagus shoots.

Must try to get a nap. Had bad nyt. Too much excitement, or heat, or worry, or something. Long day, 5 a.m. until 11 pm.

Well, this overcast wx should help t transplanted lettuces to get a start. After they get going, thin them out to 2 or 3 plants per bunch.

Pickt half a gallon o black currants this morning. Shall take them in to town, to a woman who is an excellent cook, & who will know how to exercise tt magic which will convert them to delicious jam -- & than this black currant thereexists no berry more apropos.



YNE - Seattle  
OLS

100  
sheets

1  
Carton

4  
Cartons

PRICES PER 100 SHEETS

9.80	8.95	8.10
11.75	10.75	9.70

9.00	8.25	7.45
10.80	9.90	8.95
9.45	8.65	7.85

BRISTOL

8.95	8.20	7.45
10.75	9.85	8.90
9.65	8.80	8.00
11.55	10.55	9.55

add \$2.00 per 100 sheets to the

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE - Seattle  
PLAIN EDGE COVERS

1  
Package

1  
Carton

4  
Cartons

PRICES PER 100 SHEETS

SORG EMBOSSED COVER

Leather Embossed Finish

White	5.85	5.10	4.40
20x26-130M	12.60	11.00	9.45
23x35-280M	11.70	10.20	8.80
26x40-260M			

Colors	6.25	5.45	4.65
20x26-130M	13.40	11.75	10.05
23x35-280M	12.50	10.90	9.30
26x40-260M			

100 Sheets to Package-500 Sheets to Carton.  
Less than 100 Shts. add \$2.00 per 100 Shts to pack-  
age price.

CARRARA COVER

Vellum Finish

White	44.50	38.95	33.40
Crystal Finish			
White	48.50	42.45	36.40

23x35-201M-100 Shts. to Pkg., 500 Shts. to Ctn.  
26x40-260M-100 Shts. to Pkg., 500 Shts. to Ctn.  
35x46-402M- 75 Shts. to Pkg., 375 Shts. to Ctn.

SUNRAY OPAQUE VELLUM COVER

Vellum Finish

White	37.40	32.75	28.05
Ivory and Tan	38.20	33.45	28.65
Colors	39.00	34.15	29.25

625 Sheets to Carton

Less than package add 500 cwt. to package price.

135-P

June 20, 1957



BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE - Seattle

**DUPPLICATOR COPY PAPERS**

500 1 4  
Sheets Carton Cartons

**Ditto**

**HISPEED "B" DUPLICATOR**

WHITE

PRICES PER CWT.

Sub. 20 ..... 45.85 41.90 38.00

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE - Seattle

**PRINTING BRISTOLS**

100 1 4  
Sheets Carton Cartons

**Linton's**

**QUEEN BRISTOL**

SMOOTH AND VELLUM

BLUE WHITE

PRICES PER 100 SHEETS

22 1/2 x 35-250M ..... 9.80 8.95 8.10  
-300M ..... 11.75 10.75 9.70

**Linton's**

**LINETONE BRISTOL**

BLUE WHITE-SMOOTH AND VELLUM

22 1/2 x 35-250M ..... 9.00

-300M ..... 10.80

COLORS-ANTIQUE

22 1/2 x 35-250M ..... 9.45

8.25 8.25 7.45  
9.90 9.90 8.95  
8.65 7.85

**Linton's**

**ROLLSTONE FOLDING BRISTOL**

PLATE FINISH

WHITE

22 1/2 x 35-250M ..... 8.95

-300M ..... 10.75

COLORS

22 1/2 x 35-250M ..... 9.65

-300M ..... 11.55

8.20 8.20 7.45  
9.85 9.85 8.90  
8.80 8.00 9.55

For less than 500 sheets add \$10.00 per cwt. to the 500 sheet price.

Less than 100 sheets add \$2.00 per 100 sheets to the 100 sheet price.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE - Seattle

**PLAIN EDGE COVERS**

1 1 4  
Package Carton Cartons  
PRICES PER 100 SHEETS

**SORG EMBOSSED COVER**

Leather Embossed Finish

White

20x26-130M ..... 5.85

23x35-280M ..... 12.60

26x40-260M ..... 11.70

Colors

20x26-130M ..... 6.25

23x35-280M ..... 13.40

26x40-260M ..... 12.50

100 Sheets to Package-500 Sheets to Carton.  
Less than 100 Shts. add \$2.00 per 100 Shts to pack-  
age price.

5.10 5.10 4.40  
11.00 11.00 9.45  
10.20 8.80  
5.45 4.65  
11.75 10.05  
10.90 9.30

**CARRARA COVER**

Vellum Finish

PRICES PER CWT.

White ..... 44.50

Crystal Finish

White ..... 48.50

23x35-201M-100 Shts. to Pkg., 500 Shts. to Cin.  
26x40-260M-100 Shts. to Pkg., 500 Shts. to Cin.  
35x46-402M-75 Shts. to Pkg., 375 Shts. to Cin.

**SUNRAY OPAQUE VELLUM COVER**

Vellum Finish

White ..... 37.40

Ivory and Tan ..... 38.20

Colors ..... 39.00

625 Sheets to Carton

Less than package add 500 cwt. to package price.