

***JOURNAL 1944***

*JAMES W. BEE*

2/5/44

Percy Jones General Hospital, Battle Creek Michigan.  
and return. One day at Chicago with opportunities to visit  
Fields Museum, Planetarium and Aquarium. Flots 1-2-5-43  
of Michigan Ave from Grant Station. Traversed northern  
U.S. via Great Northern Railway.

Observed <sup>and heard</sup> for the first time this season the song of the  
Robin, Flicker and juncos, a call so rarely or never heard  
during the winter months. Associated with this call is  
the definite trend of the weather, particularly the cloud  
formation. Clouds now are held in cumulus outline with  
cold clear weather, with a shower now and then followed  
by sunshine.

2/26/44

Vancouver Lake via Burnt Creek or Lumber Creek to Lake  
hence south along shoreline to southern terminal of Lake  
hence south thru shallow lakes to Fruit Valley. Observed  
the following:

*Passer domesticus**Turdus migratorius propinquus**Colaptes cafer cafer*. In small groups of 4 or 3*Corvus brachyrhynchos brachyrhynchos**Juncos oreganus oreganus**Cathartes calendula gunnelli**Oxyechus vociferous vociferous*

*Megascops alayan alayan* - one bird calling vigorously  
at mouth of Lumber Creek. Practically all the  
Kingfishers observed on these trips have been seen  
at this point.

*Mareca americana* - 260*Anas platyrhynchos platyrhynchos* 40*Ardea herodias fannini* 15*Nettion carolinensis occidentalis* 400*Capella delicata* 2*Larus glaucescens**Larus canus brachyrhynchos**Haliaeetus leucosephalus alascanus* 1 imm and 1<sup>st</sup> adult*Fulica americana* 8*Dryobates pubescens gaudneri* 2*Dafila acuta tyzibhoi* 18

*Nannus humilis pacificus* 7  
*Spatula clypeata* 15  
*Chaulelasmus streperus* 1 pair  
*Nyroca valisineria* 13 ♀ and 38 ♂ in one flock in pond  
*Phalacrocorax auritus* 5 at <sup>s</sup>end of Vancouver Lake.  
*Euphagus cyanocephalus*  
*Sturnella neglecta* singing  
*Actinophorus occidentalis* 3  
*Branta canadensis* (24)  
*Merganser americanus* 6  
*Larus argentatus*  
*Phasianus torquatus californicus*

Colkins 1" long. Traps calling in chorus. Bald eagle feeding on east and south shore-line. At sundown confined operation over body of lake water returning after each flight to a slightly protruding pole formerly used as duck blind. about 1000' from shore line. Eagle tested geese, canvas back, teal, mallard. Cormorant stepped down from perched position of eagle resting branch up approach! The cormorant remained in close proximity of eagle but did not frighten. Gulls attack eagle when in flight, particularly when feeding along shoreline. Eagle refused to be too much concerned. This picture of the bald eagle at sundown with direct lighting is a most elegant subject.

3/5/44

Vancouver Lake as of above. Left noon and returned 8:00 P.M. leaving area shortly after dawn about 6:45. Have never observed such unusual weather conditions in that the over-head formations were bald cumulus with 3/4 shy in a threatening repose with occasional shower, a type of fast moving sky one would expect with accompany winds but the reverse was true in that the ground area was practically devoid of surface winds. Even the lake surface presented a mirror surface of the phantastic and mythical cloud formations above. The wild life seemed to be obeying the surface conditions rather than the vigorous air conditions above.

*Turdus migratorius caurensis* 8  
*Passer domesticus* -  
*Junco oregonus oregonus* -  
*Penthestis atricapillus occidentalis* 7  
*Accipiter cooperi* 1  
*Carpodacus mexicanus frontalis* - several singing  
*Sturnella neglecta* - several singing

*Colaptes cafer cafer* - several groups of  $\rightarrow 3 + 4$   
*Corvus brachyrhynchos brachyrhynchos*. Collecting in large groups. Direction of casual crow flight generally indicates direction of congregation. Vesperous calls can be heard from some distance.

*Melospiza melodia morphna* - several singing and defended territories

*Corthylio salendula gunnelli*

*Zonotrichia coronata*. 3.

*Anas platyrhynchos platyrhynchos*

*Chaulelasmus streperus* 2

*Mareca americana*. 600. This species frequently found resting on land surface in large flocks some 50 to 200 feet from water. When approached, generally leave with single impulse. Dominant species

*Oxyechus vociferans vociferans* - 18  
*nettion carolinense*. 500. Call single as contrasted to double call of Baldpate.

*Buteo borealis calurus*. 1

*Regulus satropa alivaccans*

*Sayula acuta tzigiloo*. 130

*Pipilo maculatus oregonus* 3

*Thryomanes bewicki calophonus* 2

*Tulica americana* 12

*Dryobates pubescens gardneri* 2

*Ardea herodias falmuri* 15

*Branta canadensis* 4

*Spatula clypeata* 20

*Nyroca valisineria* 8

Horned lark or pipit 1

*Haliaeetus leucocapillus alaskanus* 1 immature.

*Phalacrocorax auritus* 8

*Larus glaucescens*

*Larus brachyrhynchos*.

Counted all gulls of the various species intercepting line across south end of Vancouver lake on the northern afternoon flight. 176 gulls in 5 minutes. Time 6:30 PM at about 20 minutes before sundown.

*Phosoma torquatus calchui* 4

*Myiagrus nictator* - ? 1

*Euphagus cyanocephalus*

*Aechmophorus occidentalis* 1

*Passerella iliaca townsendi* 2

3/8/44

Pictures of Virginia Vaughan and Jeanette at the Vaughan Home.

3/18/44

Camp Bonneville, 18 miles east of Vancouver, swanite bivouac during early morning from daybreak to about 1 1/2 hrs later observed the following along creek edge in meadows.

*Ardea herodias fannini*

*Capella delicata*. In nuptial flight at daybreak; later calling in field in typical nuptial call.

*Bulbo virginianus saturatus* (sp. sp.?) Calling early morning.

3/24/44 (see inserted trips of 3/17/44 after 3/26/44)

Burnt or Leveuch Creek at end of 2-R and S. Street.

Outstanding in creek:

*Sifflia mexicanus occidentalis*

*Dendroica auduboni auduboni*. Many ♂ & ♀ feeding on ground in fields, some several hundred feet from trees or bushes.

*Accipiter cooperi*. 1 flew across creek

*Anas platyrhynchos platyrhynchos*. 2 pair in creek.

Swallows. (Sp.?)

Bald cumulus clouds today.

3/25/44

Cloud day. Outstanding cloud formation this day. Took following pictures at Leveuch Creek as of above.

(1-3-25-44) Picture of popular trees at P street and Leveuch and facing east. Picture (2-3-25-44) Ibid but facing south.

Picture no (3-3-25-44) in same area but hillside foreground.

This typical bald cumulus cloud formation remains for only a short period of time during the official change of spring. Is unquestionable the most eloquent sky of the entire year, as short as its duration may be. Picture no (4-3-25-44) in same general area shooting south with Leveuch Creek level in foreground.

3/26/44

This afternoon at 3:15 P.M. at Barnes General Hospital recorded cloud condition of the sky. Typical for this time of the season. all shots to the south. nos (1-3-25-44), (2-3-25-44), (3-3-25-44) and (4-3-25-44). nos 2 and 3 are composite. The last three days have been remarkable in, that the meteorological parade of the sky has been of identical sequence; that is, mornings overcast

and rain. At approx 12:00 the skies open every abruptly from a completely heavy and overcast sky to one of clear blue with bold cumulus clouds surrounding. This open sky is undecidable and characterized by sharp outline of cloud formation and absolutely clear blue reaches beyond. The uppermost surface of these clouds are outstanding, with binoculars trained upon these upper surfaces one finds an entirely new world for exploration with the high blizzard appearing cirrus hugging around the frigid peaks of the cumulus. This window remains for about 45 minutes or so and then closes was abruptly as it originally opened with overcast skies resuming their dreary repose. One must be well organized to avail of these few minutes for photography. Later in the day the skies clear again as of the noon phase but the clouds are not as bold and impressive. Toward evening the skies may nearly completely clear with a few lacking cumulus over the eastern Cascades and a few remaining tags in the western skies to offer background for a colorful sunset. Watching clouds will always be a pleasure because one always finds a new setting at most any one moment with never a repetition of subject.

17 mar 44 (insertion date)

2nd St Nelson Vaughan and myself availed ourselves of the late afternoon to invade the old stamping grounds of Vancouver Lake. Nellie's first trip to the Lake after a period of 1 year.

Observed the following:

*Ardea herodias fannini* 11  
*Chaulelasmus streperus* 2  
*Mareca americana*  
*Nyroca valisineria* 15  
*Larus c. brachyrhynchus* ~~brachyrhynchus~~  
*Larus delawarensis*  
*Larus glaucescens*  
*Thryomanes bewickii calophanus*  
*Anas p. platyrhynchos*  
*Fulica americana*  
*Nettion carolinense*  
*Scolopax auduboni auduboni*  
 Swallows (?)  
*Colaptes cafer cafer*  
*Aryabales pubescens gardneri*  
*Melospiza melodia morphna*  
*Oryzopsis vociferous vociferous*  
*Cornus b. brachyrhynchus*  
*Spatula chrypta*

*Turdus m. laureus*  
*Passer domesticus*  
*Phainopepla nitens torquata*  
*Ait sponsa* (2)  
*Penthestes atricapillus oregonus*  
*Corthylis calendula gunnelli*

Afternoon hike accomplished late at about sundown at the south end of the lake area.

3/26/44

Vancouver Lake. Hansen accompanied. Bold and definite cumulus clouds as of yesterday in sequence. Left hospital 5:00 P.M. arrived at south end of Vancouver lake at about 8:00 P.M. at sundown. Observed the same species as of the hike of 3/17/44 minus the three following:

*Myrica valisineria*  
*Dryobates pubescens gairdneri*  
*Aix sponsa*.

In addition to the other birds observed recorded the two species not represented on last trip.

*Branta canadensis* (sub sp. prob. occidentalis)

*Chen hyperboreas hyperboreas*.

The single snow goose was found in company with 230 of the Canadian Geese. As we approached the south end of the lake the geese had already started to work into the inland grasslands at the south end of the lake. By the time we arrived on the scene they had collected in one large mass about 600 feet from the lake and were feeding. When they left they did not tarry but gained altitude and flew in a westerly direction leaving the environs completely. No favoritism expressed as a native bird will display. These birds would indicate to me to be migrating forms. The single snow goose appears to be very much at ease with the other birds and about the same size in direct comparison. The great blue herons were found sleeping on dryland in the fields and seemed to disregard us as long as they were in near proximity to the geese. In other words the geese seemed to lend a degree of confidence to the heron as long as they remained. Normally a heron would leave the area long before they did today.

4/2/44

Availed myself of full day off and made the Table Mt. ascent. This 3,740 foot peak lies north of Bonneville in the Columbia River Gorge, and is readily discernible from Bonneville proper. Itinerary included Bonneville (north), lower foothills to Beaver Lake at base of road leading to observation Park, hence up drainage to ridge lying east of Cedar Creek, hence up Cedar drainage to falls, hence west to divide of sharp ridge between Cedar Creek & Hamilton Creek, hence up this rantage ridge to base of Table Mt, hence up south west ridge to top of Table Mt, after spending after-noon on top trekked north along ridge separating Greenleaf Creek & Hamilton Creek. At low divide near head of Greenleaf drainage left ridge and followed

down logging trail to bottom of Hameltan Creek, hence down Hameltan to Evergreen highway on Columbia River Gorge proper. Entire route via deer trails. No man-made trails leading to the top of this Peak. Table Top mountain is without a question the most advantageous point of the entire Columbia River Gorge. Not only for the Gorge but my direction to the north where Adams, St. Helens and Rainier stand out boldly in the northern horizon. The top of Table mt. is, as the name would indicate, a flat surface, and bordered by precipitous slopes on west, north & east slopes. The north slopes still support virgin forest, otherwise the surrounding country is burned area. The south-east corner of the top is characterized by decidedly precipitous and perpendicular walls. The upper limits characterized by columnar lava formations. These fracture systems make for ready mass exfoliation of the slope. The low lands below would indicate that they had received a goodly share of the eroded mountain, however the erosion of Eagle Creek across the Gorge may have contributed greatly to the land accumulation north of Bonneville. Eagle Creek again may even have been the guiding factor in carving this south-east slope of Table mt. The top proper is delightful in many respects, particularly the range of grasses and fairly well shaped trees particularly for such an exposed mountain top. Snows still remnant with soils supersaturated in many places. Noted the unusual congregation of juncos<sup>(14)</sup>, robins<sup>(12)</sup> and flickers<sup>(9)</sup> here. Something unquestionable impressed these birds as I was being impressed. To the north a Sooty grouse call at 5 calls in set repeated at 9 second intervals. In the afternoon a Golden eagle soared by to the west. Also a Cooper hawk (?) soared up perpendicular cliffs to top. Enroute to top observed the following:

- Bonasa umbellus salini* - Singles and groups of 2 & 3 in damp sections of the slope, particularly along creeks. 12 birds in all.
- Salix currucaida* - 1 birds just below peak
- Zonotrichia sparverius sparverius* - 1 bird, low.
- Buteo borealis calurus* - near Bonneville
- Dryobates villosus harrisi* - 5
- Anas platyrhynchos platyrhynchos* - Beaver pond
- Aix sponsa* - Beaver Pond.



2 species Kinglet.

*Cyanocitta stelleri* 4*Salasporus rufus* - Nochaungal

Coyote - Tracks pellets on all trails at frequent intervals.

Deer - Several groups in evidence but only observed one feeding about 1000 from top on south side adjoining knife ridge. Many fresh rubbing trees.

*C. thartes aureus septentrionalis* - 2 probably a pair as they were observed several times during the day and at varying altitudes.

Audubon Warbler - several

*Spizella naevus* 2*Passerella iliaca* - several hundred yards from running H<sub>2</sub>O.

Lizards active; insects and butterflies.

Made - While pausing to eat a sandwich found the leaves to be moving not over 2 feet away. As the male would move progressively forward and laterally would observe an occasional <sup>green</sup> leaf to disappear among the <sup>seed</sup> leaves. By placing foot on working male was able to extract it from its superficial rummaging among the leaves and lay it expose for closer inspection. At no time did it become visible except when taken from the ground habitat. Recorded several pictures from the top, but as the day was hazy will not expect too good a result except as a record. After a day's consideration of this area am inclined to believe that these once beautiful conifer forest were wilfully subjected to fire with the intended purpose of making the area more accessible for lumbering purposes. I know of nothing that reflects the ruthless destruction of a natural resource than these extensive burned canyons. It is peculiar that great congregations of people can congregate in canyons used for summer homes without continually creating fires among this <sup>tree</sup> densely populated sections. In field from 9:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M.

Pictures nos. (1 to 22-4-2-44)

4-4-44

Observed a junco oregonus oregonus singing from a utility wire near a Douglas fir tree. This bird reacted by spreading its tail in fan fashion at each execution of its two syllable call. Have never heard this particular call having ever been issued before. Several new calls from familiar birds have been heard which are not peculiar to Utah forms for the same species

Vancouver, Washington

April 5, 1944

Received a letter from Dad this date concerning his investigation of the golden eagle in Utah on a trip he made April 1, 1944.

"Photographing in color with a movie camera the golden eagle and its nesting and procuring additional data on its nesting habits was the urge to visit two formerly located nests of this interesting species. The thermometer showing a maximum of 60 degrees and a minimum of 36 °F. for the day previous, indicated from former records that the eagles were nesting. It has been but a week since temperatures were of freezing degree, preceded by heavy snows.

"A 16 mm 3.5 Bell and Howell camera in the hands of J.D. Daynes was relied on to record the events. After providing a keg of water and two sleeping bags for emergencies together with our grubstake following, we were quite prepared to forget the day of the month, month of the year, the war of our various concerns of life. Sausage, lunch meat, eggs, bread, honey, jam, preserved figs, olives, coffee and apples with candy and cookies for munching.

"An examination of the car showed a flat to delay slightly our going. We were soon rolling down the valley toward Santaquin (Utah Co.) and thence west and north along the west side of Utah Lake to Goshen Pass, one of the nesting sites we were to visit. Six crows were feeding near a trash dump near the highway as it enters Spanish Fork. Thoughtless gunners had been afield as was witnessed by fine specimens of Cooper and ferruginous hawks picked up at the edge of road near Utah Lake. They were gathered for measurements and recorded as follows. Note the difference from measurements in Bailey's handbook of Western U.S. The specimens were quite firm and not flayed which may account for a shorter than normal length measurement. The ferruginous hawk was in melanistic phase:

	Length	wing	tail	tarsus	beak	l. large toe
Coopers	15 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> "	12 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>14</sub>	6	3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	7/8	2
Ferruginous hawk	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> "	16	8 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	3 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	15/16

measurements in inches

Two golden eagles, the one resting on a rock at the crest of a hill and the other in flight were observed at the mouth of the draw in which was the first nest to be examined. Was it possible they were the pair whose nest we were to visit and hadn't as yet begun modification? Our ardour was somewhat dampened as we proceeded up the draw.

"We delayed our visit to the eagle ledge to inspect an outcrop of low cliffs peculiarly worn by weather to afford numerous holes, niches and cove-like recesses. An incubating horned-owl was seen in one of the holes. Her nest was approx. 6 feet down and twenty-five feet up in the cliff. She sat for awhile staring at the intruders, then left before the cameraman got into action, revealing three eggs, one of which was pipped. The male which roosted about 75 feet distant in the same cliff, was thought to be a good subject for a picture. He, too, was unwilling to be photographed, leaving like a flash as I approached his crevice home before the camera could be put into action.

"Parking the car some little distance from the ledge which held the eagle nest, we took a circuitous course on our approach to the nest from the south, using the cliffs as a blind until we came to the small cirque where was located our first objective of the trip. An occasional investigation with the aid of binoculars disclosed the nest to have been worked on the present season as the top layer was lighter in color and not as rusty looking as the rest of the structure. Though no bird could be discerned on the nest as we ascended the slope, a suspicious dark spot at times thought to be the head of the eagle then again a shadow of a niche in the ledge readied us for camera action and none too soon as the eagle arose and took to wing as we rounded the edge of the cirquelike formation some 30 feet distant. Our hopes were not too virulent that the camera had given us a discernable record. We were more at ease photographing the nest and eggs.

The nest was, as formerly made note of, a mass of sage and rabbit brush and rubbish such as baling wire, magazines, newspaper and cardboard. Its seasonable repair showed a nest cup lined with hay and cedar-bark.

and rimmed with rabbit brush. a juniper twig lay at the outer edge of the nest as though placed by the male as a nuptial offering. Standing at the base of the nest we were unable to look over same and it was necessary to stand about a foot up on its base to observe the contents, two beautifully marked eggs, a joyous sight for an oologist.

One egg was quite unmarked on the larger end, and except for blood stains. The small end showed brick-red blotches and wash. The other egg was marked over its entire surface with the large and heavily blotched and dashed. Measurements of the two eggs were as follows: 2.915" x 2.28" and 2.85" x 2.24.

The nest was none too secure on the narrow shelf on which it was placed and when leaning against it one could feel it give under slight pressure. A heavy wind or added seasonal repairs could easily dislodge the structure and cascade it to the foot of the cliff where much nesting material comparable to about half the volume of the nest, lay. The nest is an east exposure, about 12 feet up and 20 some odd feet down in the ledge.

The incubating eagle glided away on our approach making a circuitous flight to observe the intruders, then away not to be seen again during our stay. An eagle which we presumed to be this birds mate was seen searching for food over the slope of the contiguous area of the lake. Could the pair of birds observed previously at the mouth of the draw be the young of the nesting birds and be spending their adolescence near the old home?

A hasty meal enjoyed and we were dusting our way toward eagle nest number 2. Passing a shepherd and his flock lazily working their way southward along the gentle slope of the sage covered lake shore we so wished film was more easily procured that we might use a length on such subjects as these. The composition seemed perfect with rolling sheen of the flock in motion, the rippled lake with its shadow patterns, the snow covered Wasatch Range in the distance all topped with ideal cloud canopy.

We were soon miles north of nest no. 1 and weaving

our way through cedar dotted gulches to rest our ear at the old Saturday Saint Church's only quarry. From this point we were to trek westward to the base of Lake Mountain and ascend by way of a ridge to just under the summit. This mountain is an offshoot of the Oguvuk Range, one of the older Utah ranges and is probably 8,500 feet high. It derives its name from its guardianship position to Utah Lake.

It was but a short time until we realized fully that our assignment was much of an undertaking. The heavy snows of the north slopes were difficult to negotiate and at times out of the predicament to again fight our way up the steep ridges. When passable we kept to the south slope, avoiding the deeper drifts. About half way up the ridge, a cottontail rabbit left its cover just ahead to trip lightly over the snow surface to a pass beyond. Its sure-footedness was quite in contrast to two awkward bipeds. Its pattern against the white background of snow could be distinguished readily and one could visualize why in the presence of a hawk, raven and eagle, that these mammals choose for self preservation to hide out during the day. This habit does not offer complete protection, however, as the great horned owl is on the alert at night to secure for itself a meal from such a ball of fur and flesh. Shufeldt juncos and spurred towhees were active on the slopes.

Gaining the second of four hogbacks we had left half of the descent behind us and had come out onto a more inviting terrain where we could keep to the north slope on a more gentle ascent and climb without encountering the heavy drifts previously met up with. Our waning strength was taxed to make time lest we arrive at the nesting tree after the setting of the sun, too late for pictures. Alternating between crested snow areas and the rocky going of the drier areas, we continued to the third hogback. From this point to the fourth, then out on top to a point above the gulch where we located the eagles nesting trees, our gait slackened and our strength was taxed. Coaching and promises that our goal was just around the next

bend, kept G.D. on his feet and he was using every ounce of his strength and will power. The top was finally reached, we had negotiated some 2,500 feet of difficult terrain in the three hours climb to see the sun sink over the mountain before we could put the movie camera into action. Below us was the rugged juniper covered ridges and gulches; in the middle ground, Utah Lake and Provo Valley; beyond was a mountain patterned with cloud banks. Rock Island of Utah Lake was readily discernable as a flaw in a diamond. In the gulch below was the eagle nesting tree.

We had seen previously, an eagle flying toward the area in a direct line from the east and as we were evaluating the different methods of approach to the nesting trees, a pair of these birds flew up and out of the gulch and rounded the ridge to be lost to view. Could the male bird have taken notice of us and hurried home to tell of our lurking and insist his mate leave the nest and area until the intruders had gone their way? Conjecture was indulged in.

Below us lay a complete coverage of deep snow. Only between shadows of the trees was it slightly crust-ed. To save G.D.'s strength it was thought best for him to remain on the ridge until the nesting tree was located that he could ~~sure~~ pursue a direct route of it. As I lunged forward, found the going difficult with alternating sinking into the snow and scrambling out via hands and knees with the aid of two sticks pressed against the surface of the snow to gain momentarily a position near the top to repeat over and over the same process.

The fir tree where the eagle nest was, was seen through an opening. Instead of a nest there was a space void of limbs except one broken one where the nest was formerly woven around. The nests bulk had been increased from year to year until the branches of its host, a 65 foot fir tree, became unable to support against stress and strain of mountain gales its 6 x 5 foot of bulk. When the trees embrace was rendered untenable the eagles castle cascaded to the earth below.

A difficult situation confronted us. Had the eagles repaired an old nest, unused for years past, further

up the mountain or had they changed to their alternate nest below us. G.O. had already begun the descent. To retrace our sinkings, scramblings and lungings back out on top was a physical impossibility. Shown the, some 400 feet, the alternate nesting tree could be seen. There appeared to be a new nest approx. 10 feet above the old nest which had measured 8' in diameter. The upper nest showed recent repairs and we concluded it was in use especially as loose fresh branches were on the snow beneath the tree. The eagles had remained away and were not seen during our investigation.

G.O. complained his legs were frozen. In his endeavor to make less difficult the going, he had slid part of the way filling his pant legs and socks full of caked snow chilling thoroughly his bare fatigued limbs. An alternate patting and pressure massage restored the circulation and minimized what later proved to be localized frosted areas. For temporary protection, gunnysacks were taken from the haversack and wound around his legs to above the knees. The wet trousers were then pulled down over the socks, with his remark "There seems to be some feeling coming back".

The nest remained to be examined and the thrill was to be G.O.'s who climbed to it. With difficulty because of the nests bulk and location against the trunk of the tree, a position was reached where the eggs could be seen. The nest was about 3 x 3 feet in size and had been used one season previously as indicated by a single layer of rusty conifer boughs. The recent addition consisted of several inches of recently plucked fir and juniper boughs neatly cupped to hold the eggs. One egg was quite unmarked on the larger end except for stains. The smaller end was lightly marked with brick red blotches and spots. The other egg showed the same color blotching, the more and heavier about the large end. Measurements were 2.90 x 2.34 inches and 2.86 x 2.285 inches.

The examination completed and eggs collected we made as much time as possible to precede the darkness which was fast approaching. G.O. was still

in difficulty. His chilled, frosted, fatigued limbs were insisting that he sit down while his will power said "keep going"; keep moving and restore circulation. A coyote called and an owl's hoot added to the tenseness of the predicament. At long last we cleared the canyon's mouth. Darkness fell. An accommodating moon led us to the car to give us an opportunity to retreat from the chilly night air, to cover our wet knees and legs. We trusted we might reach home without mishap there to assign our tired bodies to food and rest and our experience into reminiscence of an oologist.

Vancouver, Washington

April 8, 1944

The following letter from Dad dated April 8, 1944 of his observations of the bald eagle on a trip in the Fillmore area of Utah.

"Reports from Mel Hatton, a cattleman of Fillmore, Utah, to the effect that he and his father had observed, west of town, the bald eagle; that, Game Warden Black had seen these birds near the volcanic cones of Clear Lake region; that a rancher and native of Holden, met up with at a local service station, recalled that a pair of bald eagles had roosted, for several years (last seen about 3 years ago) in the cottonwoods on his farm, west of Holden and had wintered nearby, leaving in the spring together with other sight records of people of the nearby area, induced J.W. Daynes and the writer to attempt the establishment of a nesting record of this rare species for Utah.

After considering the sacrifice necessary to part with our very limited war rationed gas and tires for this purpose, we concluded the investigation of the area about Clear Lake may assist to clear the record and determine this eagle's status as a nester of that section of the state. We left Provo at 5:30 P.M. in a steady but not excessive rain. This sort of weather prevailed until we reached Hevan where the rain ceased. Dark clouds hung low. We arrived at about 9:00 P.M. at Fillmore after an uneventful trip through sparsely settled ranch and farming areas.



a modest cabin was rented and the proprietor was told we would be back later.

In order to save time for our next day's reconnaissance, we had decided to drive 29 miles south to a canyon south of Kanosh where was a formerly determined golden eagle nesting site. The car was parked on the old road some distance from the modern highway. Making our way through inky cedars and thick infested sage areas, we proceeded toward the draw in which the nest had occurred previous years. At night strange mountain areas look the more strange and to describe our advance as 'feeling our way' would be stating it mildly. A few old landmarks such as an outcrop here, a juniper covered knoll there, a sage flat, an old trail which we thought we remembered to be about the same distance from the road, determined us to be in the right gulch.

After groping to find the less brushy trails and protect our limbs against the 'nasty' abrupt little gullies, we rounded a turn in the gulch which brought us within sight of the eagles nesting cliff, faintly outlined against the sky. On reaching the cliff, J. D. and I brushed up its side to the resting shelf (see former notes for a description of this nest). When within four feet of the cup I observed the form of the eagle silhouetted against the ledge. She stood up, hesitated for a moment then glided into the dark of the night. Reeps told of a family. J. D. held the two downy young in the dim light that I might see them. We hurried away to give the mother an opportunity to hasten back to cover and protect her children from the chill of the night (10:15 P.M.).

On our return to Fillmore, conversation lagged as the already lengthy day became longer. Coffee and a snack was suggested to minimize the clamminess of the cabin in which we were to spend the remaining few hours of the night. Enough is enough - not for an oologist. A decision was made to go to the home of Mel Hatton and if lighted to intrude for the purpose of establishing our shortest route to Sugar Loaf, our first objective of the morning. After various trails and errors we finally parked at his gate. Lights were burning. We had scarcely entered when his good wife proceeded to cut a luscious

chocolate cake and power tumblers of creamy raw milk, as we ate and drank, Mel proceeded to map our days (now 1:00 A.M.) itinerary. Such gracefulness is only met up with in the out-of-way places, determining the brotherhood of man as beginning on the peripheral areas and not at the core where one more often is snubbed, suspicioned and ridiculed and faced with a door, rudely shut, with apologies, we bade them good night. The covers were soon over our high hopes for a successful search, on the morrow, for the nest of the bald eagle.

A light breakfast and we were on our way by 8:00 A.M. (April 9). A skiff of snow during the night scarcely dampened the highway and we were soon rolling past extensive lava flows which had the appearance of having been laid down in not the too distant past. A dozen raven were seen gleaming on the short grass areas flanking the highway. An occasional hawk was observed on the wing searching for food. Several large nests in the top of juniper trees contiguous with the highway were examined. None except one was occupied, the cup of which had been neatly completed and ready for the eggs. On our approach a ferruginous rough-leg flew from its rim. Clear Lake, 22 miles from Fillmore, could be seen in the distance. Our directions told us to proceed northerly 1 mile along its shore, thence northeasterly through the junipers to Sugar Loaf.

Clear Lake is supplied from springs which rise from the underground water tables of the area. When converted into a fish and waterfowl area, a series of artificial lakes were created by the use of dikes and dams which control the depth of the lakes and the coverage of waters. This lake or rather series of lakes is on an important waterfowl migration lane and properly managed can become a resting and feeding area for our hard pressed waterfowl, marsh and shore birds. The large-mouth black bass, carp and chubs are said to be the fish of the waters. During our short stay at the Refuge, we observed the red-breasted merganser, coot, Treganza blue heron and several flocks of ducks in flight, too far for positive identification.

we found Sugar Loaf to be more than a round knoll as described to us; instead, a volcanic cone extending probably  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile into the heavens and above the desert terrain. The south rim had sunken to form a high bench which led up to the east, north and west rims which in turn were flanked by precipitous and rugged lava masses. These masses were pot-holed and in many places showed an extremely fluid condition at time of cooling. The going was rough and made necessary circuitous courses to avoid areas where gully-like operations had been formed by wind and rain. As we climbed the rough lava shelves and conglomerate cinder masses, a golden eagle was observed flying low over the edge of the bench - rather disappointing as we had hoped to find the bald. A pair of prairie falcon fussed as we invaded its nesting terrain and a ferruginous rough-leg hawk was seen at the edge of its nest.

Continuing on the central area of the bench, we observed on the east rim what we thought a petrified forest. As we gained the higher levels, we discovered what we thought to be petrified trunks of trees to be concrete abutments. The abutments formed a considerable circle and were flanked by a smaller circle of some within. The whole surrounded a concrete cellarlike building, reinforced and neatly constructed. On the side of the hill below was an outdoor fireplace and near a concrete cistern. What prompted the construction and desertion of such a structure in this out of way place, necessitating the building of an expensive road to the crest of the volcanic rim? Was it to be a temple of worship overlooking the desert? Had an observation or signaling station been planned? Could a monument to World War no 1 casualties have been undertaken by the Civilian Conservation Corps? We were non-plussed.

Later, on inquiry, we were informed money was procured from eastern investors by eastern promoters to build a power house for the generating of electrical energy. A hill was chosen "where the wind never quits". The abutments were to support a circular track on which was to be mounted a windmill device generating power for the turbines to be placed

in the centrally located building. The work was partly finished. The promoters quietly stole away. The local people carried to their farms the abandoned materials. The abutments now stand boldly silhouetted against the sky to confuse visitors and as monuments to those credulous investors who hoped to reap great profits from the sale of cheap power to the towns of the nearby region.

Continuing northerly around the rim of the cone we reached over difficult terrain, the summit of the north rim. Below us and near the talus slope an eagle was seen to alight on a volcanic mass which we later found to be a continuation of the west volcanic ledges immediately above the talus. A glance at the immediate area decided us not to be in eagle country and far below was the likely nesting site. Descending to the area where we observed the eagle to alight, we began a systematic search of the masses. So numerous were the holes and niches <sup>thought</sup> that suitable for an eagle's nest, it was with difficulty we made the examination.

Leaving the upper area of the ledges a descent was effected to the talus slope. Scanning the face of the largest mass, probably 350 feet in height, G.D. discovered two eagle nests. The eagles had not used the many favorable holes but had placed their nests on shelves in a more exposed situation, probably on account of their difficulty in landing and taking off from constricted niches or pockets. The lower nest was approx. 200 feet up and showed disuse while the upper nest some 100 feet higher in the ledge showed a new capping of tumble-weed and rabbit brush. We did not attempt to reach a position to gain a view into the nests and we doubted if it were possible, overhanging and difficult approach were the obstacles. We were quite sure the upper nest was in use. Its recent repair would indicate this point. The golden eagle flew over to reconnoiter later as we were photographing the nesting cliff, showing concern of the area. This determination and lack of any evidence dispelled our hopes of finding a bald eagle on the cone.

Returning to Clear Lake Refuge, we met up with Deputy Game Commissioner Ashman who was questioned as to the occurrence of the bald eagle on the Refuge. His answer was negative. There is a possibility the bird nested in one of the numerous juniper trees. This is quite unlikely as the warden who visits the Refuge two or three times weekly would have observed such an imposing bird. The occurrence of the bald eagle in the valley during the winter months may indicate a nesting on a not too far distant locality. We deleted the possibility of its nesting on a smaller cone to the south or Tabernacle mountain further southward as these areas are subject to much disturbance by visitors, and further from the lake area.

We had delayed our dinner in order to place back of us our main objective, the determination of the bald eagle's nesting on the Clear Lake terrain. Fried sausage, Mrs. Bee's home-made bread, mother Daynie's luscious bottled dew-berries, cheese, potato chips and coffee well satisfied two husky appetites.

Now 5.00 P.M., we hurried to refuel, fix a leaky tire and spend the remaining daylight birding the country north of Yuba Dam and Reservoir. Our last undertaking was without success. The favorable shore cliffs were never reached and darkness caught up with us on the examination of a few hawk nests on our way to the reservoir. Raven and ferruginous rough-leg were present during our search. No active nests found. Reached home at 9.20 P.M. with the thought we had probably added to the limited available knowledge of the life history of the bald eagle of Utah.

Kodakrome movie film used on the above trip.  
Eagle nesting cliff in shadow - bright sky - 3.30 P.M. 4.5 5.6  
Cedar tree - bright 11:00 A.M. 8.

Vancouver, Washington. April, 16, 1944.

[INSERT] 440416-21  
Photos from dates 3-25-44, 4-2-44  
4-16-44, 4-25-44



1-4-2-44



2-4-2-44



1-3-25-44



1-3-25-44



3-4-2-44



4-4-2-44



2-3-25-44

3-4-16-44



















4-3-25-44



5-4-2-44



3-3-25-44



7-4-16-44



8-4-16-44



1-3-8-44



















4/16/44

made the Hamilton mt. ascent today. This mt is gained by graded trail from Beacon Rock Park in Columbia River Gorge. The trail traverses typical forests and steep slopes, culminating at a sky meadow and vantage point wherein one can observe the full length of the Columbia gorge. The top can be gained in another short jaunt but there is really no advantage of continuing on beyond the sky meadow as all views can be received from the lower elevation. The top has an advantage in that it allows one to see farther to the north. The bald and precipitous lava cliffs add to the charm of the surroundings. The ascent was via the west ridge thru the burnt over area. The logs were so covering the ground that one found extreme difficulty in traversing the area. The logs were peculiar in that they all trended north south. To make the going even more difficult was the complete entanglement of underbrush, dense enough to cause one to fight and swim as if in water. Few deer in this area but mainly no ridges where <sup>natural</sup> trails had been exposed. Discovered a lizard that was lying in plain view and completely numbed by the changing cold weather of the morning. After having been carried in the hand for 15 minutes was able to regurgitate in a labored manner. Outstanding birds were raven, golden eagle and pileated woodpecker. The latter but calls exactly like the flicker but with added volume and slightly more deliberate quality of tone. The picture

(page 22)  
 faintly indicates the bird perched at the upper -  
 most reaches of the centrally placed conifer. It remained here for a few minutes and then continued on its way. During the course of the day had another most unusual experience with this bird and the raccoon. First observed the bird to fly into the top of an old Douglas fir tree, one of those trees which has had freedom of development with lateral outreach -  
 upon branches, whereupon it commenced to call and drum upon an old limb. My next moment was favored with the slow and deliberate movement of the raccoon as it worked its

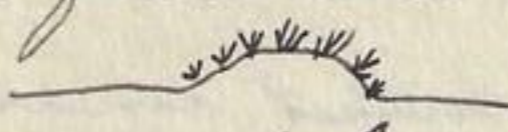
upwarded nearer the pileated woodpecker. Its manner of approach would indicate that it was in pursuit of the bird but as it near the top it stopped, and becoming adjusted to the flat surface of a deformed growth of the tree, commenced to clean its fir and face with apparent ignorance of the falling bird. Finally left the bird & reason still in their favorable interrelationship. Pictures 2-3-7-8-4-16-44

from sky meadow looking down and up the gorge with characteristic cloud formations in the canyon. The long linear S.E. formation of clouds along the south crest of the canyon wall was so characteristic for the day. Water near upper limits of mt. Beautiful water falls enroute. Observed the following on mt. Chipping Sp, red tail hawk, rufous hummer, crested jay, knight, turkey vulture, junco, varred thrush, swallows. Started from base of powerline at noon and spent the day leisurely making my way up slopes. Left sky meadow at 6:00 P.M. - fork of trails (canyon + ridge) 6:15, Bridge at falls 6:22 P.M., power line 6:38 P.M.

4/22/44 to 5-11-44

D.S. to Worcester Massachusetts. Itinerary including Great northern to Chicago, hence to Buffalo, Albany, Springfield, Worcester, hence south from Springfield to N. York City, hence south to Washington D.C. and Alexandria, hence to Harrisburg, Johnstown, Pottsville, Newark, Columbus, Dayton, Indianapolis, St Louis, Kansas City, Topeka, Denver, Provo, Pocatello etc to Vancouver.

4/23/44

awakened 5:30 A.M. Sun up at 6:00 A.M. Arrived Spokane 7:10 A.M. at 5:30 A.M. were passing thru what I would presume to be a section of the scabland. at this time of the year the area is a refreshing green as compared to the dry hot and scorched picture of mid-summer. most characteristic feature is the brown bunch grasses occupying the small knolls . The intervening area between the knolls are green and brown-like appearing with short ground hugging grasses. Apparently the grasses of the knolls are not utilized for grazing purposes. Ponderosa pine and aspen evidence as we neared Spokane. Columnar fracture system in volcanic layers. Several depressions supported lakes with few ducks. Former Creek and river bed channels supporting lawn like grasses without any evidence of creek beds proper. From Spokane to Glacier National Park found a gradual change of topography beginning with low



continuous and evenly dissected mountains with rivers large and clear. As one approached Glacier he finds the mountains becoming more outstanding and single in appearance. The entire area is heavily timbered without much of a variety of zones. The lower limits support pleasant river valleys. At 9:20 found *Tuleca americana* feeding at mouths of springs entering river, mallards in pairs, *Corvus b. brachyrhynchus* averaging 1 per 5 minutes, few *Charalasmus streperus*. Observed the wind to react in varying degrees upon the river surface according to the barriers, angle of direction and lateral canyons entering the main river canyon. Arrived Sandpoint 9:20 A.M. At this point can say that the river valley is more attractive down canyon but the new and more dominant snow covered mountain easily make up for the loss of the other feature. 10:30 Beyond Bonner Ferry near canyon. Few mallards and *Clypeata* in river, good course canyon with steep canyon walls with strata dipping 45°. Osprey nest at 10:40 in canyon near river. Sand bars outstanding in composition. 10:52 Strata now perpendicular, few more *Clypeata*. 11:30 Tray. Few miles out of this town one finds a deep river bed with elegant cascades and falls. Evidence of former river valley of former river valley.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{old valley floor} \\ \text{recent valley floor} \end{array} \right.$  1:00 Libby, Montana, Good range to west and decidedly near the town. 2:00 Snow covered northern looking to north. Valley broadening with gravel benches. monoclinal to west with uniform dense black timber. 3:00 Stryker. Large lakes, excellent range to N & E. 3:34 White Fish. Lake and ranges excellent. 4:30 First view of Glacier Peaks. nice bench lands with outstanding recessed of conifer. Longfellow, Sunlight, Blackfoot, Simpson, Mt Battlement, Mt Nichole. Beaver very common along entire water course. 6:30 Summit. Exceptional little snow. no drifts this year but 17' ones last year. Crow at divide

*Rana platyrhynchos platyrhynchos* in pond near summit. Range of Peaks outstanding. 1-4-23-44

Glacier Nat Park

4/24/44

Early morning near Bellevue, many ephemeral lakes but few ducks. made census of ducks in numerous lakes from Tagus to Berthod. Starting from about 15 minutes west of Tagus to

440424-26

Berthold arriving at latter station at 11:08 A.M. The objective was to list all lakes and the number of ducks inhabiting each lake.

Lake	Bird life
1	8 Fulica, 4 maruca, 2 Pintail
2	3 Spatula, 2 Dafila
3	2. Recurvirostra
4	2 Anas p. p.
5	no bird life
6	1 Anas p. p.
7	1 Dafila
8	no bird life
9	no bird life
10	no bird life
11	1 Dafila
12	2 Dafila. (20' from train, 1 Spatula, 2 Anas p. p.
13	no bird life
14	no bird life
15	1 unidentified ducks
16	4 unidentified ducks
17	4 unidentified ducks.
18	12 Dafila
19	3 Fulica
20	2 Fulica
21	3 unidentified ducks.
22	no bird life
23	2 Anas p. p.
24	no bird life
25	no bird life
26	no bird life
27	2 Dafila
28	no bird life
29	1 Fulica
30	2 Dafila
31	1 Dafila
32	no bird life
33	3 Dafila, 2 Anas p. p.
34	2 unidentified ducks

During this same interval of time a space recorded the nests of the *Corvus brachyrhynchos* in the fringe of trees on lee side of snow drift fences paralleling railroad track. Each tree group was from approx 50' to 500' in length. If more than one nest is found in the immediate group, is indicated by number. Many of the birds were in the immediate vicinity of the nest,

some pair at the nest with one bird sitting 2 or 4 feet away of the incubating bird. For interpretation of numbering:

1  
1  
3  
2  
2-3  
1  
1  
2-1-3-2-2  
1  
0  
1-1-4-1  
1-2  
1-1  
2-1-1-1-2-1  
1  
1  
1  
1  
1-1-2-1-1-1  
1-1-1  
1-1

2-2 - two territories of two nest each in single tree group.

Did not observe any Pica nests in this area. Few Cutlertail have found sufficient underbrush for habitation in this artificial snow barrier arrangement. The Crows have been a most common and cosmopolitan bird so far.

Arrived at Desloves at 10:18. Common birds here are,  
*Sayula acuta tzilzhoa*  
*Anas platyrhynchos platyrhynchos*  
*Mareca americana*  
*Fulica americana*  
*Spatula clypeata*  
*Anas*  
*Euphagus cyanocephalus*  
*Sturnella neglecta*  
*Phasianus c. torquatus*

First gull at Langely.

Continued across continent to Worcester, Country agreeable thru N. England states. Long enough in New York City to see City from top of Empire state. Arrived Washington D.C at 4-26-44. Left Alexandria 4-28-44. While in Washington stayed with Max & Florence. Both very kind in presenting me to the City of Washington D.C. in a most royal manner. While at the National Museum met Dr. Aldrich, Dr. Friedman and Miss Schantz, respectively of the U.S. Fish and

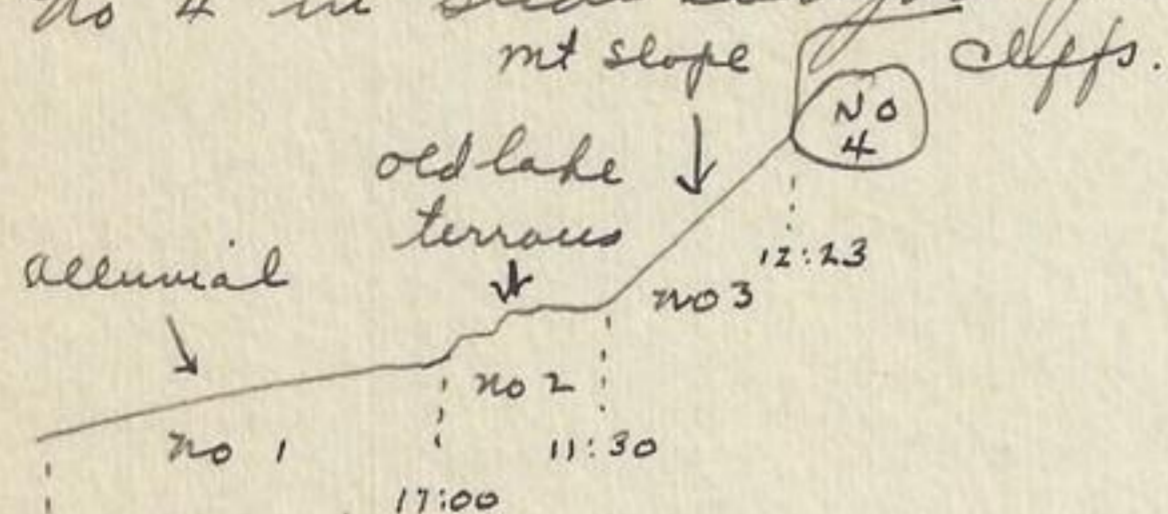
Wildlife, National Museum & Secretary Society Mammalogy. Flound  
 thru St Louis, Kansas City. Topeka at 4/30/44 with Mel & Burnett,  
 leave Denver. met Mr Robert J. Needrock at Denver Museum. He  
 relates how Jay Emerson flew to Denver to see four sp of racy juncos.  
 Needrock now working in Am Merganser. noted that *Vireo gilvus swainsoni*  
 and *Vireo solitarius plumbeus* had names misplaced in scientific exhibit.  
 At National Museum Dr Aldrich call Mrs Roger Peterson to find that Cpl  
 Roger was restricted for not signing properly in camp registry book. Roger  
 in camouflage at Belvoir Camp. Lives at 1206 Mt Vernon Blvd Apt A,  
 no 30 Bradford Lane. Arrived Utah 5-3-44. During stay in Utah  
 made 2 trips as follows. 5/5/44 Cedar and Rush Valley with Dad.  
 Crossing Cedar Valley from seven mile to Fairfield via short cut observed  
 the following: 1 raven, 1 sp hawk, 5 small sparrow like birds, 3  
 horned lark. Observed during afternoon. Years ago recall of seeing  
 many more hawks in this same area. The birds observed in  
 the east edge of Rush valley from 4 miles north of 5 mile pass to south  
 along range from 5 mile pass to end of mt, and from artemisia flats  
 to upper limits of mountain (south of 5 mile) are as follows.

Sayp Thrasher - near deserted house, other on mt.  
 Pronged Jay - many groups of 6-8. singles.  
 House Finch - near deserted house  
 Swanson Hawk - 2 single, 3 pair near nests, no eggs  
 Ferruginous Ruff Legg - pair at nest, no eggs.  
 Mourning Dove - few  
 Loggerhead Shrike - several,  
 Rock Wren - several  
 Canyon Wren 3  
 Mt Bluebird 2  
 Vesper Sparrow 3  
 Horned Larks 40  
 Virginia Warbler 15  
 Prairie Falcon 3, 1 nest of 5 eggs collected.  
 Raven - 2 nests of 5 and 6 young birds, latter photo  
 Hummer - 2. with color (mt south  
 of 5 mile pass)  
 Lizards & horned toads mating. (1/2 way down  
 valley)  
*Eutamias dorsalis utahensis*. few.  
 Deer 3 in low hills among juniper.  
 Turkey Vulture. 1 near crows nest  
 Am. Golden Eagle. 1 " " "

at Jordan river on return next day recorded, Curlew (20 pair),  
 western grebe and others. Mr Wolfenden reports Sandhills  
 first arrived in a group of 27 then left N.E. others followed

in smaller groups of 8-10 during the week. 440428-29 <sup>while crossing</sup>  
 cedar valley at the same point of Fairfield to 7 mile Res  
 found the following. 1 golden eagle, 1 raven and several  
 small birds. during entire trip found only one Citellus. It was  
 about 1 mile west of Fairfield.

The second trip while in Utah was on the 4<sup>th</sup> mt on  
 the 8<sup>th</sup> of May. divide the course into four sections. no 1  
 from base of alluvial to base of terraces, no 2 from  
 base of terraces to base of mt proper, no 3 mt slope to cliffs,  
 no 4 in Slide Canyon proper.



Birds in no 1 are:

- 8 meadowlarks
- 12 brewer blackbirds
- 2 House finches
- 4 Robins
- 2 English Sparrow

Left base of terraces at 11:00 A.M at beginning of zone no 2.  
 and recorded the following. 2 meadowlarks, Chipping sparrow,  
 2 Virginia warblers, magpie nest of 2 eggs, two magpies near,  
 8 Virginia warblers, Rock Sq in oak tree, 1 spurred towhee,  
 Rock Wren 11:20 A.M 1 quail, 1 Golden Cr Kinglet, 2 magpie.  
 Arrived base of mt proper at 11:30 at Hackberry. 11:35 1 Virginia  
 warbler, 3 spurred towhee, 2 Virginia warbler, few lizard,  
 Sceloporus 1 Rock Wren. 11:45, hummer, western flycatcher (?) &  
 spurred towhee. 12:00 farthest point north on trail. Hummer,  
 fresh deer tracks. 12:15 top of 4. Hummer. Arrived at  
 Eagle pass at 12:23 A.M. Continued up to next prominent observat-  
 ion point about 400 beyond along trail where I remain until 2:00 P.M.  
 with the purpose of checking on Clark Crows. Recorded the following  
 birds & mammals.

- |  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Marmota at Eagle Pass - 100 down slope on valley exposure. |                 |
| Rock Wren  |                 |
| Canyon Wren - frequently called                            | Utah jay        |
| Redtail - nesting on cliffs                                | Woodhouse jay 1 |
| Spurred towhee   | Eagle. 1        |
| Pine siskin  |                 |
| Cutamias   |                 |
| W.T. Swift   |                 |
| Flucker  |                 |
| Magpie   |                 |
| Hummer   |                 |

Left 2:00 & arrived zone 1 at 2:30  
 On returned trip found mourning dove,  
 Quailcatcher & S.T. Towhee near zone no 2.  
 Counted 38 Sceloporus on return trip.

May 11, 1944. Barnes General Hospital, Vancouver, Washington.

Arrived today at Barnes General Hospital from detached duty to Worcester, Mass. Saw Max enroute. Organized for departure to Camp Barkeley, Texas.  
*May 28, 1944 (see page 39 for letter)*  
May 28, 1944. Camp Barkeley, Texas.

Arrived Camp Barkeley the morning of the twenty sixth. Already there is promise of this date shading the memorable day of June 1941. Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to justify a statement but can at least say that this camp has all the ear marks of the thing they call the real army. The last few days have been characterized by a rapid succession of changes, many of them incidental to normal processing and reclassification. However, I feel that now I am permanently enough situated to register an address that will stick for a few days at least. Then again, nothing is stable in Camp Barkeley. Assigned to ASFTC Co A, 62 Medical Training Battalion. Have not as yet absorbed enough of Barkeley, except some solar rays, to justify recording my reactions, however, I do find it a sort of a neutral collecting grounds where some eighty thousand slightly dissatisfied soldiers have collected and whose pleasure it is to criticize and attack the army and its policies. It really is a tough spot and they may be justified; I don't know. It makes me realize for the first time the broad gap between the general army feeling and my somewhat emphasized outlook of optimism. The fine and dignified outlook does not, however, make Barkeley a less rugged institution. It will still take my chances with the brighter side of thinking. Dr. Frazer's idea persists with most of the fellows, quote "to take a good look so I won't have to return again". Personally am anticipating an interesting and worthwhile experience.

The camp amounts to an overseas testing and proving grounds for mental and physical limitations of soldiers. If one cannot take it in either of these respects, it will surely be expressed before they get thru with you. The Adjutant General informs his officers that every man in a general Hospital, who currently meets all physical qualifications for foreign service will be stationed overseas by the end of June this year. Barkeley is the first stage in this processing act. Upon arrival and before I had a change to unpack

found myself literally surrounded by Utah fellows, some from Provo, Springville Vernal, Price and Murry. They were so pleased to have a friend and someone to back up their arguments on the glories of our state. I naturally felt it my duty to put in my nickels worth. The geographical divisions of the U.S. still offer a broad field for argument. Later met Parker Thomas, formerly of Spanish Fork and Provo. A few minutes conversation disclosed some rather startling facts. First of all he was acquainted with practically every one in Provo. I was very gratified for such important and stimulating information. Was further informed that he worked with Chief Anderson and Merrill Christopherson thru the Nevada Council, he being a scoutmaster and some field executive of that area. Very nice I thought and really getting close to home. As the conversation progressed found out that Elmo Hardy, zoology graduate at Brigham Young and a close friend of mine, married his sister. By this time was anxiously anticipating the moment he might bring the Bee family into the picture. He did hit close when I found out that he has assisted Dr. Jones in the field with immunizations of cattle etc. Knew Jack Reynolds very well. Elmo is a Major in India and works in the field of malariology, comparing reaction of malaria on experimental animals.

Transgressing to pick up a few details of events enroute to Texas. Naturally leaving Barnes was just a trifle difficult, and I confess was attended with a slight pulpatation of the throat, but that is the natural thing when one is so completely severed from the parent organization and from such truly fine friends in Vancouver. I am confident that when this old world has readjusted itself I will once again be able to return to places I have so enjoyed and to be among friends. My simple philosophy assures me that those things one so loves will never desert one. Those fine memories of the northwest have added substantially to a background which places me above anything that I could ever suffer in my army experiences to come. The trip to Texas from Vancouver remains a most vivid picture. There were three rather outstanding impressions along the way; two of them decidedly positive, the third negative. The latter as one would suspicion --the actual landing

at Camp Barkeley, in a torrential rain storm with sand blowing off the ephemeral pools of water.

The impression of Mt. Shasta and the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico more than contered the delightful reception in Texas. Shasta will forever remain a vivid picture in my memory. I always seem to have a reserved place for such things. In fact I pledged myself at the time that I would return someday with the avowed intention of exploring its fascinating and graceful slopes and if time would allow, an ascent to its summit. I have had considerable experience with volcanic mountains in the Northwest but Shasta compares with any of them in both finess of feature and delightful outline. I can readily see why the National Park should choose to create a permanent custodian for its preservation as a primitive area. My approach was made from the north during the most delightful part of the day with the early morning rays SHINING upon its eastern exposure. Before I reached the south side the lights were well distributed over the entire mt. and it was very much awake by then. The feature that I will always remember and one second to its physical beauty was its mysterious evading the permanency of position and its omnipresent nearness. One moment the mountain would be somewhat permantly anchored on one side of the train and then without notice would shift to an entirely new location. The apparent flightiness was explainable by the fact that the gradual curves of the railroad system had a way of completely disorienting one in respect to direction. For those passengers who did not keep a constant watch but only intermittent glimps found the displacement with emphasis. It requires a singel and dominating landmark like this volcanic cone to impress one with the continual confusion of the mind when operating on a moving object. The faithfulness of the mountain nearness was explainable agina by the position of the railway course, following a more or less circuitous route around the apron of its slopes, beginning at the north-wast side and traversing the conifer covered shoulders of the old glacial systems and finally ending at the south side. I an certainly extend a word of thanks to the Union Pacific who so thoughtfully considered by choice in placing this railroad course in such an outstanding vantage position. When-



ever I approached an exceptionally outstanding scenic treasure I held myself in tense repose and in constant fear that the object would pass by too quickly before a mental saturation of its features were recorded.

The second incident of importance enroute was at the National Wildlife Refuge in the Sacramento Valley near Marysville. The graceful American Egret dominated the bird life in those endless marshes, adding an animate touch to the country that no other bird could possibly replace. The Egret symbolizes the finest in the artistic aspects of life. I thought at the time how worthy a contribution one could make in perpetuating these bird forms for our present enjoyment and for those who follow.

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combined operation. The weather, I understand, is not feared quite as much as the sand storms that follow in the drier periods of the day. Before I

June 18, 1944. Camp Barkeley, Texas. U.S. Army

5-11-44 last insertion Barnes General, Vancouver, Washington

5-26-44 Arrived Camp Berkeley, Texas

5-28-44 Camp Berkeley letter

7-4-44 Camp Berkeley letter

7-16-44 " " "

7-27-44 Elmer Creek

7-29-44 " "

8-1-44 Camp Berkeley

8-7-44 " letter

8-20-44 Arrived Fort Sill & letter, Oklahoma

8-22-44 Elk mt

8-22-44 Elmer Lake

8-27-44 Left Fort Sill (sundown)

8-28-44 Reno (daybreak), Nevada

8-28-44 Oakland, California

8-29-44 Left Oakland

8-30-44 Arrived Reno, Nevada

8-31-44 Left Reno by car to Provo,

9-1-44 Arrived Provo 3:00 A.M., Utah

9-2-44 [At Sill news]

9-3-44 Left Provo to Cheyenne, Denver, <sup>Colo.</sup> <sup>Kan.</sup> K.C., by air, thence Fort Sill by train

9-10-44 Elmer Lake, W Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

9-14-44 Fort Sill

9-15-44 Left Fort Sill

9-20-44 Miami, Florida

9-24-44 "

9-24-44 Left Miami 4:20 A.M.

9-24-44 Bermuda 9:45 A.M.

9-24-44 Left Bermuda 10:57 A.M. British Colony

9-24-44 Arr Azores 11:25 P.M., Portugal

9-25-44 Left Azores 12:10 A.M. (Miami time)

9-25-44 Casablanca 4:10 A.M. 1875 miles in 11 hrs + 28 min. Africa <sup>W French Morocco,</sup>

9-29-44 Left " 3:45 (Casablanca time)

9-29-44 Arr Tripoli 10:00 P.M., Libya

9-30-44 Left " 6:30 (Tripoli time)

9-30-44 Arr Cairo 2:20 P.M. " " , Egypt.

10-1-44 Left " 2:00 P.M. (Cairo time)

10-1-44 Abadan 8:15 A.M. " " W Iran

10-1-44 Left " 9:15 P.M. " "

10-2-44 Arr Bahrein Is. 1:00 A.M. " " Arabia, Persian Gulf.

10-2-44 Left Bahrein Is. 1:20 A.M. " "

6-23-45 Arr Toppo, China  
 6-23-45 Left "  
 6-23-45 Arr Paoshan, China  
 6-25-45 Left "  
 6-25-45 Arr Yungping, China  
 6-26-45 Left "  
 6-26-45 Arr Yunnanji, China  
 6-27-45 Left "  
 6-27-45 Arr Chennan, China  
 6-28-45 Left "  
 6-28-45 Arr. Kunming, China  
 7-2-45 Kunming, China  
 7-20-45 "  
 7-22-45 "  
 8-3-45 Left Kunming  
 8-4-45 Arr Panksing, China  
 8-4-45 Left "  
 8-4-45 Arr Annan, China  
 8-5-45 Left "  
 8-5-45 Arr Anshan, China  
 8-6-45 Left "  
 8-6-45 Arr Kweiyang, China  
 8-13-45 Kweiyang, China  
 8-15-45  
 8-25-45  
 9-16-45 Left Kweiyang, China  
 9-18-45 Arr Kunming, China

10-14-45 married + honeymoon  
 10-21-45 telegrams  
 10-24-45 Left Kunming + Arr. Calcutta, India  
 10-27-45 Pass  
 10-30-45 sp. pass  
 11-3 to 7-45 Astoria Hotel in Calcutta  
 11-28-45 Left Calcutta  
 11-28-45 to 12-27-45 on ship  
 12-27-45 Arr New York 9:03 P.M.  
 12-28-45 Dashed after daybreak, Left Camp Kilmer at 12:00  
 12-28-45 Special Order (Kilmer)

10-2-44 Arr. Karachi, India 6:20 A.M (Carotime)  
 10-3-44 Karachi  
 10-8-44 "  
 10-16-44 Left Karachi 11:05 P.M (Karachi time)  
 10-17-44 Arr Agra 3:50 A.M ( " " )  
 10-17-44 Left " 6:10 A.M ( " " )  
 10-17-44 Arr Lal Hammurkat? 10:45 A.M ( " " )  
 10-17-44 Left " " 12:00 A.M ( " " )  
 10-17-44 Arr. Ledo, Assam 3:00 A.M <sup>(P)?</sup> ( " " )  
 10-25-44 Ledo  
 10-26-44 "  
 10-27-44 "  
 11-5-44 "  
 11-6-44 "  
 11-8-44 "  
 11-29-44 Nelson letter  
 11-30-44 Ledo  
 12-4-44 "  
 12-16-44 "  
 12-23-44 " Chris card

1945

1-1-45 Ledo  
 1-3-45 "  
 1-11-45 "  
 1-18-45 "  
 1-19-45 "  
 1-26-45 "  
 2-4-45 Debregharh, Assam  
 2-15-45 Ledo  
 4-7-45 "  
 4-18-45 "  
 6-16-45 Left Ledo 5:30 A.M  
 6-16-45 Arr. Shingway, Burma  
 6-17-45 Left "  
 6-17-45 Arr. Mytkyina, Burma  
 6-19-45 Left "  
 6-20-45 Arr. Bhamo " Burma  
 6-21-45 Left "  
 6-21-45 Arr. Mu Se Burma  
 6-22-45 Left " "

- 12-29-45 Left Kilmer for Washington D.C. at noon  
 12-30-45 Left Washington D.C. for New York 5:30 P.M.  
 1-1-46 Arr. New York City 5:30 P.M.  
 Left NY 7:40 P.M.  
 Arr Albany 11:25 P.M. (Malsed)  
 1-8-46 Left Albany for Utah  
 1-11-46 Arr. Utah Salt Lake City  
 1-14-46 Salt Lake City - Separation  
 1-27-46 Alta with Edith, Dan, Mary & Annette  
 2-2-46 Aspen Grove  
 2-10-46 Alta  
 2-20-46 Alta  
 2-21-2-23-46 ?  
 12-1946 Letter from Tser.



UNITED STATES ARMY

May 28, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad:

Arrived Berkeley the morning of the 26th. Already there is promises of this date shading the memorable and exciting day in June of 1941.

Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to justify a statement but can at least say that this camp has all the ear-marks of the thing they call the real army.

The last few days have been characterized by a rapid succession of changes, many of them incidental to normal processing and classification, however, I feel that now I am permanently enough situated to register an address that will stick. Nothing in Berkeley is stable, so don't be surprised if the location be changed tomorrow.

The paragraph-like rig is suggested as a proper manner of addressing a letter to your son and should greatly aid in a more direct delivery. I have incorporated a few annotations in hopes of enlightening the mind on the frustrations of our

Sgt James H. Bee  
Army Service Forces Training Center  
ASFTC  
CO A, 62 Med Training Bn. <sup>Medical</sup>  
Camp Berkeley, Texas <sup>Battalion</sup>

Army abbreviations.

As indicated above I have not as yet absorbed enough of Berkeley, except some salar rays, to justify recording my reactions, however, I do



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find it a sort of a neutral collecting grounds where some eighty thousand slightly dissatisfied soldiers have collected and who's pleasure it is to criticize and attack the army and its policies. It really is a tough spot and they may be justified; I don't know. It makes me realize for the first time the broad gap between the general army feeling and my somewhat emphasized outlook of optimism. The fine and dignified outlook does not, however, make Berkeley a less rugged institution. I will still take my chances with the brighter side of thinking. Dr. Frazier's idea concurs with most of the fellows, quote "To take a good look so I won't have to return again." amen. Personally am anticipation and interesting and worthwhile experience.

The Camp amounts to an overseas testing and proving grounds for mental and physical limitations of soldiers. If one cannot take it in either of these qualifications it will surely be expressed before they get thru with you.

Specifically referring to cases like my own — It has been the pleasure of the Adjutant General that every man in a General Hospital, who currently meets all physical qualifications for foreign service will be stationed overseas by the end of June this year. Berkeley is the first stage in





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the processing act. (Ignore the time factor, as I am only too thoroughly acquainted with army operations.)

Allow me to bring this letter to date in a little more chronological order which of course begins with the Northwest. Naturally leaving Barnes was just a trifle difficult, and I confess was attended with a slight palpitation of the throat, but that is the natural thing when one is so completely severed from your parent organization and from such truly fine friends. I am confident that when this old world has readjusted itself I will once again be able to return to places I have so enjoyed and to be among friends. My simple philosophy assures me that those things one so truly loves will never desert one. Those fine memories of the Northwest have added substantially to a background which places me above anything that I could ever suffer in my army experiences to come.

Upon arrival at Berkeley and even before I had a chance to settle was literally surrounded by Utah Boys, some from Provo, Springfield, Vernal, Arce and Murky. They were so pleased to have a friend and someone to back up their arguments that they had been expounding on the glories of our state. I naturally felt it my duty to put in my nickel's worth. The geographical division of the U.S. still offers a broad field for



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argument and debate among army men. Later chanced to meet a Pvt Parker Thomas, formerly of Spanish Fork and Provo. A few minutes conversation disclosed some rather startling facts. First of all he was acquainted with practically ever one in Provo. I was very gratified for such important and stimulating information. Was further informed that he worked with Chief Anderson and Merrill Christopherson thru the Nevada Council, he being a scoutmaster and some field executive of that area. Very nice & thought and really getting close to home. As the conversation progressed found out that Elmo Hardy, zoology graduate at Brigham Young and a close friend of mine, married his sister. By this time was anxiously anticipating the moment he might bring the Bee family into the picture. He did hit close when I found out that he had assisted Mr Jones in the field with immunization of cattle etc. Knew Jack Reynolds very well. I confess this world is certainly getting smaller every day. Elmo, incidently is a major in India and works in the field of malarialogy, comparing reaction of malaria on experimental animals etc.

Right now the trip enroute to Texas from Vancouver remains a most vivid picture. (In looking back a paragraph or two found that I had already attempted to bring this note to date in a more orderly fashion; well try again.) There were three rather outstanding impressions along the way; two of them



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decidedly positive; the third, negative one. The latter as you would surmise was the actual landing here at Berkeley, in a torrential rain storm with sand blowing off the <sup>ephemeral</sup> pools of water! Enough for Berkeley.

The impression of Mt Shasta and the deserts of Arizona and new Mexico more than counteracted the delightful reception in Texas. Shasta will forever remain a vivid picture in my memory. I always seem to have a reserved place for such things. In fact I pledged myself at the time that I would return someday with the avowed intention of exploring its fascinating and graceful slopes and if time would allow, an ascent to its summit. I have had considerable experience with volcanic mountains in the N.W. but Shasta compares with any of them in both finess of feature and delightful outline. I can readily see why the National Park should choose to create a permanent custodian for its preservation as a primitive area. My approach was made from the north during the most delightful part of the day with the early morning rays breaking upon its eastern exposure. Before I reached the south side the lights were well distributed over the entire mt and it was very much awake by then. The feature that I will always remember and one second to its physical beauty was its mysterious evading the permanency of position and



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its omnipresent ~~but~~ nearness. One moment the mountain would be somewhat permanently anchored on one side of the train and then without notice would shift to an entirely new location. This apparent flightiness was explainable by the fact that the gradual curves of the railroad system had a way of completely disorienting one in respect to direction. For those passengers who did not keep a constant watch but only intermittent glimpses found the displacement with emphasis. It requires a single and dominating landmark like this volcanic cone to impress one with the continual confusion of the mind when operating on a moving object. The faithfulness of the mountain's nearness was explainable again by the position of the railway course, following a more or less circuitous route around the ~~opron~~ of its slope, beginning at the north-east side and traversing the conifer covered shoulders of the old glacial moraines and outwash plains of the extinct glacial systems and finally ending at the south side. I can certainly extend a thanks of gratitude ~~for~~ to the Union Pacific boys who so thoughtfully considered my choice in placing this railroad course in such an outstanding vantage position! Whenever I approach an exceptionally outstanding scenic treasure I hold myself in a very tense repose and in constant fear that the object will pass by too quickly before a <sup>mental</sup> saturation of its features are recorded. This was one occasion in the traversing of Mt Shasta that I was completely satisfied with prolonged time exposure of



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its beauties.

The second incident of importance enroute was at the National Wildlife Refuge in the Sacramento Valley near Marysville. The graceful American Egret dominated the bird life in those endless marshes, adding an animate touch to the country that no other bird could possibly replace. The Egret symbolizes the finest in the artistic aspects of life. I thought at the time how worthy a contribution one could make in perpetuating these bird forms for our present enjoyment and for those who follow.

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Back to dear old Berkeley again. The Sun is now shining with prospects of a change of weather. The Texans assure me that the last few days have been the exceptional in the states history. Was pleased to hear and see the operation of a real live and vigorous thunder storm



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as compared to the somewhat delicate and manotaneous liquefaction of the North West. In just 10 minutes of concentrate effort by one cloud the camp was completely inundated with torrential streams where ditches were meant to be. During such periods the mud is tracked into the barracks and for a day or two there becomes <sup>distinguishing</sup> no separation of between the barracks floors and the outside. The walks after a storm build up from the accumulating mud dislodged from shoes. To combat this situation a special implement has been provided to shovel and scrape out the mud in one simple and combined operation. The weather, I understand, is not feared quite as much as the sand storms that follow in the drier periods of the day. Before I dispell any further glories of Texas weather must consult data from meteorological records to assure myself that I am not exaggerating - contradictory evidence or no - I do not question the reality of rain and mud in Texas.

One of the fellows at Barnes kindly concerted to ship the 2 boxes and Mary's suitcase and rather than make complications of shipping charges and receipts, suggested he send C.O.D. The box with the camera is under pressure so suggest its release as soon as possible. The insulating qualities of the pillow impresses me as being suitable for packing purposes, and being in excess of allowance, am borrowing for life. Might make a good camp item.

This must suffice for present. In the  
meantime will F. B. I around and see if I can  
pick up any particulars about Berkeley activity  
and operations, and will inform you at my next  
chance at writing

Love

James

P.S. Say hello to  
David, Gloria & Edith.  
and tell Dave to be  
sure and keep his ears & nose  
clean.



UNITED STATES ARMY

18 June 1944

Dear Mother and Dad.

The complete invasion of Barkely has been completed with the tactical situation well in hand. All lost faith and confidence has been regained and is being staunchly held by new reserves with a new health ~~and~~ body and mind persisting which will never be defeated or suffer retrogressive movements. The outlook, as I see it from here, Ladies and gentlemen, appear most favorable at this moment.

My friends are wondering how such an attitude could ever exist in the environs of such a concentration camp, but nevertheless it still remains my sincere feeling. Incidentally, the expression now in order is quote "A concentration camp is to Germany, as Barkely is to America." unquote. And while it does possess many of its characteristics, it really isn't quite as bad as all that.

I have a batch of work crying to be done and find that the first item on the list and one superceding all the other desires is a letter for Mother and Dad. Before the close of this Sunday afternoon, (the only day of liberty) should, I hope, see the fulfillment of that desire. Vital statistics indicate that my letters are occurring with a slightly greater degree of regularity, however, I cannot tell whether my bodily formed letterwriting habits will allow me to always be so pretty behaved; must word into this



new experience more gradually you know.

In all degree of seriousness I must see to it that this matter of writing obligation be readjusted to favor the factors of regularity. One thing for sure; your being notified of any change in station.

Your wonderful and informative letters, (I can clear picture every circumstance you write about) are coming straight thru and are distributed at camp without any delay. Am always anticipating news from home and living, as it were, from letter to letter. You will never realize the full extent of the joy with which I receive them. Briefly they are the solace of my very existence here at Berkeley. Amen!

Incidentally I received a letter from Max and Flo and recognized at once that it supported the pictures of the family. I almost trembled as I open it so eager I was to meet the Alexandria family again. There just isn't anything so lovely and precious as Bobby and David. I just sat and looked at them and all the time painting a facsimile of them in my heart, in those sacred auricles they shall remain for ever. Max & Flo should certainly feel proud in being the parents of such jewels.

Life here is cruising right along, much of it, however rather boring. A couple of weeks ago this monotony was broken by Nellie's surprise attack. I was completely overwhelmed as I had never realized that he was stationed so near; being in reality my next door neighbor. Our seemingly short visit was a most pleasant one and can truthfully say that I



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regretted to see the hour arrive for his departure, am now looking forward to that time when we can again be together for an afternoon of reminiscence.

In your last letter you ask about my job here. I will try to color this note with a greater degree of egotistical reflection but I feel that my experiences here are not significantly new or novel to add to the usual or typical life of an army soldier. Fundamentally I am participating in a course of basic medical training being a repetition of that eternal sameness of work experience at Barnes. Men who have been in the army for 15 years including master sergeants are included in the group so am wondering if possibly it is not a matter of temporarily hold us with this basic training unit until time arrives when they can place us with proper units. You can readily imagine how these men who have served for years overseas are taking to this new order of basic training. There is unquestionably a reason but just what it could be, I confess, I do not know. Nor do any of the officials appear to have an explanation for the logicality of it all. However, if you feel well enough disposed to listen to a rehash of army life (please avail yourself of any shortcuts that you would like to make) will expose it in all its unmitigated reality. But first allow me to preface this account

with a further note or two on the country and environs of my new home. I hope I am not duplicating anything I might of said in the last letter.

many unfavorable reports concerning the apparent desolation of the country that 'God forgot' have been put on record (am wondering how my impression compared with Dr Becks), but am wondering if they have been rightly justified in making such statements and, again, if possibly they are confusing the natural environs with some other unrelated Berkeley feeling. I find that there is a traditional but false feeling concerning the vigors of the country and climate and am wondering if possibly they have colored their descriptions in harmony with it. In reality the country has an indescribable charm and a profound appeal with a climate both invigorating and moderate. The golden sun rays seem to pierce the atmosphere without resistance and produces a dry warmth which is inducive to a greater bodily activity and a general sense of well being. If one choses to remain in the shade of a tree or building, away from the direct sun he finds the atmosphere and temperature very pleasant with a cooling effect like you might experience in a cellar. The nights and early morning are always refreshing periods of the day. Some few individuals evade the sun but as for me, I think that an amplitude of solar radiation is one of nature's greatest gifts. Even with my limiting heliophobia can now qualify with the great Paul Robsen, not, of course



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in all respects of capabilities. I am really proud of my melanesian tone.

The sky is definitely not the celestial picture that I have experienced in Utah. My earthly home has always been in a section of the country where the distant horizons have been blocked by a combination of either towering mountains, hilly terrain or screening trees, placing the skyline somewhat above the usual base level of the more typically flat country. Here the veil of my former mountain barrier has subsided, revealing a section of the sky which is foreign to me and in decided contrast to the impressions registered in my native land in the west. The horizons no longer reach up to meet the sky but the sky is now doing all the honors. This new zone creates a new problem and forces me to substantially change my ways of sky interpretation. The new perspective changes from my more familiar view of a sky area where the homogeneous cloud formations are close enough to give one an intimate feeling of nearness, to one of an accentuated space of vastness, extending into near infinity and beyond the realms of conception. It is questionable whether I will ever be able to gain an intimate acquaintance with these boundless limits of the sky or the delicate complexities of tonal gradation of clouds in their orderly receding parade

to the distant horizons, or to the heterogeneity of the varied meteorological dramas being staged in the several sections of the sky at one time. It is just to complex an impression to receive at one time, but it is truly a thrill to explore the sky beyond my familiar mountain shade.

This area is not without its hilly terraine, but is so abruptly set apart from the flat country that it does not distract. The general uniformity of the typical flat plains is relieved by the breaking of a plateau area to the west and south. These plateaus step down from the southern rocky mountains in new-mexico and wherever found are in strong contrast to the monotonous flat plains. Immediately adjacent to these plateaus breaks are found the abrupt wall slopes of the plateau proper, rolling ground and talus slopes, small hills, ravens and valley. These all lose their identity as they leave the area adjacent to the plateau. A <sup>minute</sup> 30' hike would place me in such an environment. As soon as I have the opportunity to develop a film or two will be able to present this country to you in a much better manner than I could possibly do with descriptive words.

Greenness characterizes the entire country in close harmony with the climate, produced by either <sup>the</sup> productive cultivated fields or the virgin or unmailed adjacent lands. Rarely is there a spot that is not bound in with green vegetation. I cannot compare it with anything we have in Utah except possible with the arrangement of greenness in the lower Heber valley where the cultivated grain fields are bordered with the black willow. The mesquite being substituted for the willow. The comparison is poor but strikes me



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as being most applicable. The physiography of the two areas of course was not included in the comparison.

It is, in the main, a land of barbs, spines and bayoneted shrubs with grasses occupying the open spaces. The mesquite in particular lends a most fascinating touch to the landscape. This tree dominates and when mixed with other thorny shrubs as an undergrowth form a chapparal that is almost <sup>an</sup> impenetrable mass. The mesquite is an excellent hardwood but unfortunately nature produced an irregular manner of growth that bars its usefulness for commercial purposes. This may explain why so much of it remains in what appears to be a virgin condition. If you place yourself among the black willow trees at the mouth of Provo River you will be in a position to appreciate the life form of the mesquite lands.

Diversified farming is still followed, producing fields of grains + grasses, pasturelands and truck farming. The fertility of the soils is indicated in the eagerness in which it responds to the application of H<sub>2</sub>O. Water is not plentiful but can be found only a short distance below the ground surface. A familiar sight is the wind mill and is placed in practically every yard.

The sand storms one so frequently hears about are extremely local in extent, coming from

the drill fields contingent to the barracks area. The immediate confines of Berkeley are, I agree, barren and dusty but that is exactly the condition to be expected when 100,000 men congregate upon such a restricted spot. They have partially solved this problem by binding in the soils with macadamized surfacing. The really undesirable feature is the Texas mud, again local, that persists during a rainy period. During such liquifications the interior of our huts become inseparable from the exterior. Brooms and maps become futile instruments. One interesting phenomena occurs in the gradual accumulation of mud and clay upon the gravel walks resulting in a mountain of deposit that checks negotiation of our only safe paths of communication. If the sun shines again it is only a few hours until the ground dries but is days before we again see the floors of our huts. The huts themselves are just about as useful to shed rain as is a sieve. Their holyness becomes emphasized when the corpuscular rays of sun light shin down thru the roof making contrasting streamers as it penetrates the smoke filled rooms. I do not know of one bed in the hut that is not in the direct line of a roof operature. These conditions of mud, sands, and barrenness are, as I have indicated, purely local in extent and are not to be confused with the extra-Berkeley limits.

I am prone to speak only of the charms of this country. The trend of appeal diminishes when one moves progressively to the west. It is from the area in the western part of Texas that most of the unfavorable comments originate. There is no question that it is desolate and that with a disparity of vegetation and human habitation; only those individuals with



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an indomitable pluck and ~~my~~ unconquerable energy would dare attempt to make their lively hood here. One begins to realize how barren this country is when he sees that all the ravens are totting their rations on their nonstop flights. It would take several acres of moisture to rust a single nail. The intermediate country between this land of desolation and the greener area of Berkeley is found the typical prairie land which extends northward thru the Great Plain into the interior of Canada. The vegetation offers little or no obstruction to the vision stretching away as far as the eye can reach. To see these extensive prairie expanses superinduced a feeling of retrospect and I imagined that I could see the thousands of countless herds of buffalo feeding and migrating to their northern feeding grounds. I thought at the time how unfortunate that man had so ruthlessly slaughtered these magnificent animal to near extinction.

This Texas is not all uncivilized as would be indicated. Civilized society is represented here in the village of Abeline. If you repossess that map you were referring to the other day and measure off a distance of 15 miles south of Abeline you will have the location of Berkeley. This city is the other half of Berkeley being a lively little town and offers that touch of social society to an otherwise



strictly army environment. Judging from the business section would approximate its size as being  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times the former size of Brown with a soldier population of 20-1, particularly on Sunday. The residential section supports beautifully constructed homes with floral landscaping indicating a high degree of community pride. I was thoroughly surprised to find such an elevated kind of humanity and which I had not expected to find in this section of Texas. You can just imagine the complication of transportation from Berkeley to this town. To me it has reached proportions of the impossible. A line of 300 men, <sup>waiting for a bus</sup> is not too common a site, in fact it is from this condition that Berkeley gets its name as a line outfit - line for dinner, line for bus service, line for latrine, line at Pk and line for recreation etc.

I am now wondering if I had better cease my peregrinations of thought and get back again to that question of just what I am doing at Berkeley. I know of no better way to handle this question than to consider a typical around the clock picture of life in Co A. and which naturally begins with those hours of the dawn when so softly is initiated that lovable and cherished symphony, the shrill blast of the Cadremans whistle (the Cadremans are those leaders with polite, gentle manners and soft voices and who are to assume the likeness of our civilian fathers) at this very instant you forcefully throw your body into a rigid tension in order to suppress that peano and well founded desire to wring his neck who so crudely interrupted your rest. This first interruption occurs at approx 6:00 A.M. I say approx because I have never had my eyes wide enough opened to correctly



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read my watch. I must have developed some sense of 'whistle anticipation' that brings me to life before this first call, favoring me with a few precious moments in which to revel in the beauties of the breaking Texas dawn. I can truthfully say that my sweetest moments are at dawn when quote, "The wind that sighs before the dawn, Chases the gloom of night, The curtain of the east is drawn and suddenly: 'Tis dawn." Sounds to me like that is good enough for Shakespeare. Could be as I do not remember.

The whistle, I have inferred has sounded and everyone is up and on their feet and after shaking the sand out of your eyes you are now conscious enough to perform those menial tasks required before the next call (roll call) at 6:45 A.M. Many of the fellows evidently bug on to those sacks and do not instantaneously obey to that first call. Every thing goes well until their uninterrupted snooze is broken by the Cadremans soft voice saying - "This man should be on the floor with the rest of the rubbish," and over he goes, bed and all. He then picks himself up and feels very much awake.

After hurriedly dressing and washing we make our beds, sweep and mop the floor, align the beds and lockers. If you are a master at shoving you can perform that act before roll call but generally this act is held in reserve for the next period.

For roll call we line up in front of our hut, at the completion of which we march to the dining hall where

we await the call for reveille. We remain in formation at all times. With the sounding of the bugle we come to attention and after satisfying the Co that we are all present and accounted for we march into the hall for breakfast. Meals in this outfit is like having your meals at a wrestler's boarding house. If you don't retract your arm fast enough someone is surely going to salt and pepper it and then start chewing on it. I have finally managed to perfect a system where by I can clutch that food before it is massacred. After breakfast we return to our huts and put on the finishing touches.

At 7:45 A.M. the whistle blasts again and with note book and pencil we line up again and march over to our class room. By 8:00 A.M. we are organized in the class room and awaiting the officer instructor. Upon his arrival someone shouts ATTENTION and we all scramble to our feet. The officer asks us to be kindly seated and the class begins.

The instruction is terrifically elemental in scope and is intended for the new recruits that we have been assigned with. The information discussed is purely a case of repetition of subject matter that I have always known, even before coming into the army, and have been exposed to several times since my initial joining. It cert - ainly is an insult to my intelligence when required to participate in these lectures. Besides the seats are too hard. 😊

The following subjects are discussed in these lectures:

Military Courtesy & Disciplines

Personal Hygiene

First Aid (old scout subject)

Anatomy & Physiology (given on a level to impress those fellows who have had about 3 years education)

Defense against Chemical Attack and Mechanized attack.

Close order drill

Guard duty

Marches and Evolutions.

map reading

Aerial Photography

Medical Records

Letter drill



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Field Sanitation	Emergency medical Treatment
Heavy tent Pitching	Security and Patrolling
Organization of Army	Communication in Combat
Orientation at night	Battalion Tactical Training
(Had the big duffus pointed out to me!)	
Movement by rail and motor.	

You can just imagine how these men who have served overseas and other old army men are taking to this type of training. They can however do nothing about it.

Each class lasts for 50 minutes at the conclusion of which we line up again and with a ATTENTION - DRESS RIGHT DRESS - READY FRONT - LEFT FACE - FORWARD MARCH - we tail it back to our hutsments to rest for 2 minutes before the next class that starts again on the hour. There is in reality no intermission between classes except the pleasure of walking from the class room to the hut and then right back again.

The program varies from day to day but is so planned that every second is used from 6:00 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. in a unrelentless drive of activity. It is always an amusing thing to me to see how quickly a hut can be evacuated upon the sounding of the whistle - flossh and in a second the room is deserted. It reminds me of a pan of pop-corn on a hot fire. It is astounding how many officers and Cadremen we can exhaust during the course of the day.

Let us suppose we have completed our morning classes and have completed dinner and are now back to the hut, the time being 12:30 P.M. The fifteen-minute rest during the noon hour is spent by standing out in the hot sun for mail call. No one needs any prompting when mail call is sound. Each hut relays the good note to the next hut


until finally it reaches the last hut down the line and before the sound has a chance to reverberate the fellows are on their way down to the charge of quarters, charging like a band of Indians. No matter where they are or what they ~~are~~ doing they come, some without shoes, some with only one shoe, a few with tooth paste on their face and some with only their shorts on. They push and shove and crowd around as if Rockefeller had tossed a dime into the circle. I have often wondered if the people at home realize the eagerness in which these fellows respond to this mail call.

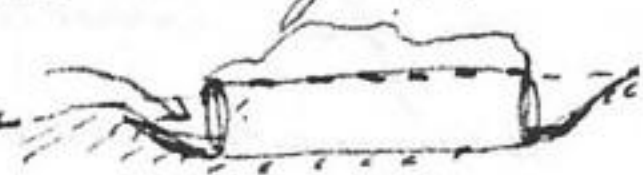
For an afterdinner relaxation we <sup>are</sup> pleased with a 12-mile hike (from Provo to Vivian Park) beginning at 1:00 P.M. What a splendid aid to digestion. These hikes are sandwiched in every other day. It is simply a routine of living from bluster to bluster. They are always prefaced with a preliminary physical conditioning in the form of running the obstacle course.

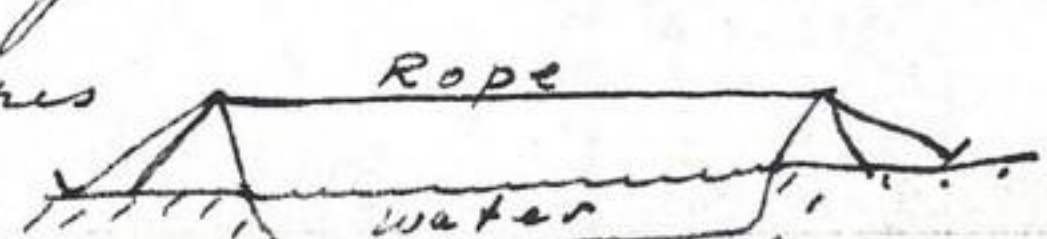
During the run of this obstacle course you have an excellent chance of disqualifying for the hike by either choosing to break your leg or drowning in the water barrier. If your intentions are carried out they will simply bring you back <sup>to life</sup> again and return you to camp to finish out the day as R.P. Let's see just how much precious energy one can use in traversing this blasted Cony Island trap. The course appears like a well equipped play grounds for a nursery school with all its ladders, swings and monkeybars but its harmlessness is only apparent in its looks. Edith could no doubt get some very excellent ideas for her kindergarten classes on physical development for the young ones. Each barrier is posed to create a strain upon each set of muscles, either for the purpose of coordination or



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or for involvement of a muscle that is rarely used in normal mechanical acts. If this course does not touch every muscle the calisthenic period will be sure to pick them out during a subsequent period of the day. at any rate by the time you have traversed this course you <sup>will</sup> not be require to ask yourself as to its purpose as each muscle will speak for itself. Each man carries a full field pack which add at least 35 lbs to his normal weight and I know of no more impressive way of realizing the presence of your pack than during this period. At the signal go you break away and flash down the first stretch arriving at a 2 foot hurdle  considered a minor obstacle and normally would be until you are well over its divide and then to find out that, because of a ram lost nete, a muddy pool of water lies paddled to receive your impact. Nothing to worry about because the puddle could not be over 2" deep. Other than a little confusion the first barrier is soon back of you. Twenty feet ahead of you is a 12 foot wall assuming the proportions of the Empire state building, lacking of course, the accommodating elevators. However the army has obliged by suspending ropes from the top to assist the fellows in their "fack the bean stock" act. It really is very simple to climb up these ropes and after gaining the top you give a sigh of relief. Look down the other side and you soon loose any confidence you have gained so far. No ropes for your ascent this

and in addition you see another pool of water smiling up at you from the base of the wall. You do not become perturbed because you realize that it is only a shallow pool of dirty muddy water and if you alight ~~ok~~ without going down on your ~~stomach~~ or back you will be alright. 20 feet beyond brings you to the next barrier  which consists of a long culvert covered with dirt.

That ever present rain puddle is now of concern as it is inescapable, lying like a welcome mat in front of the entrance. There is absolutely only one way to <sup>make</sup> your entrance and that is to kneel down in this mud and force your head and neck into the dark mud lined chamber. The culvert being as small as it is and with the additional height of the pack causes one to literally crawl on his abdomen pushing the mud ahead of you. As you arrive at the other end you are again met by the mud puddle but now it ceases to be your enemy and instead is to become your helping friend, in offering you a chance to clear the mud from your face & hands. After emerging from this burrowing habitat you crawl along with a new unrelieved outlook on life. This feeling persists until you arrive at the next barrier. At which time your trend of thought is stepped up to a slightly higher plane of action. You are now to be a monkey and swing by a rope across a deep pool of water. You are now beginning to think and act on the same level as those brilliant engineers who so cleverly concocted such a wonderful piece of apparatus. I figured that if my progenitors could hang by his tail and swing across that I could certainly cope with the situation. So swing you go and if you land on the dry land beyond you are fortunate, if not you take a dive into 4 feet of cold muddy water. There are several similarly constructed barriers including crossbars, suspension ropes 



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tricky pontoon floats etc, each one with 4 and 5 feet of water to check your unlucky slips. They never fail to produce the full effect of the Mormon baptism. By the time you have finished with the last monkey act you are convinced that you are the monkey, aptly interspersed are rock piles to break your ankle, wood piles, deep holes, barb wire entanglements, foot bridges, hand bridges, rope and plank walking, ladders, deep trenches and many other creation of imagination.

One rather interesting and practical obstacle is the facsimile of a troop boat with landing accommodations. It consist of merely racing up one side on a 40' <sup>rope</sup> ladder and down the other side on a rope net. The interesting element about this construction is the presence of a rafts suspended on water at the base of the ship. It require one to jump from land on to one of these bobbing rafts before making the ascent up the rope ladder. If you fail to keep your balance you are likely to become a goldfish. After you emerge from the last trench at the conclusion of this course you are met by an officer who will generally say "he must do this more often."

With the obstacle course now behind you (more properly all over you) we assemble and after segregation the dead and drowned continue on our way.

A chance to invade the countryside is one of the most pleasant (and practically the only chance) aspect of my training. However, as far as physical conditioning is concerned I feel as though I had already made the jump on Bachelier.



The marches are fierce but will never worry as long as we have an officer walking at the head of it. Out of our Company of 250 men there will seldom be more than 50% complete the trip, the others becoming stragglers and ambulance cases. I have never been so forcefully impressed, and as admitted by the fellows themselves, of the effects of smoking and drinking upon the factors of fatigue and endurance. These hikes that will send a man to the hospital are to me only moderate in hardship. Possibly my interests in ~~this~~ getting out into the country and seeing the hard life are so dominant that I do not have time to lament or concern myself with the hardships. In civilian life I considered it a pleasure to pack up and master old Temp. In this case the pack was a stimulating feeling of pleasure, but in the army I seemed to have developed a negative response to the pack. The physical factors are identical but the difference lies in the attitude of acceptance. In the one case it was regulated by a free and willful desire, while in the other case it is being dictated by order. The distance traversed during these enforced marches will vary from 9-16 miles, rarely 25, and depending on how the marching program has been outlined. At 4 miles an hour you can say we really do some low flying. During the hotter part of the day the marches become nearly unbearable with perspiration flowing freely, sometimes obscuring vision. Not a segment of <sup>any</sup> clothing remains dry (Republican). Imagine the pleasures of this sport when forced to wear gas mask for 45 minutes. We are required to eat 1 salt tablet for breakfast, 2 for dinner and 1 for supper. So far ever one of these pills have gone into my pocket for the simple reason that I do not find any evidence for this salt requirement as yet. The physiological principle is logical but for my



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particular make up I don't think the salt will be required. Two months in southern Utah, and without salt, is proof enough for me that my body does not require additional salt for the compensating salt balance. When we take our 10 minute break I take full advantage of the rest period. I have my own system for relaxation. First lie on your back, arms outstretched and feet elevated on pack. Then commence with a wifful relaxing of all muscles beginning with the forehead and working progressively down the body. Next relax your eyes, then set jaw, cheeks and nose at ease, followed by the mouth, chin, throat, arms etc. Finally you have set yourself in a state of complete relaxation that could never have been accomplished except by wifful choice. Try it some time. This system is not to be confused with and psychical or Christian Science method but is simply a method with a logical foundation. The cloud formations are so regularly spaced in their march across the sky that you can almost judge within a few seconds the time of their arrival. The protection offered <sup>is</sup> as refreshing as a drink of cold water. As we near site of camp the numbed feeling of life returns. The fellows are so thankful and anxious that I swear they step on both your heels at the same time.

According to the schedule we have arrived just in time for our organized sports. We generally feel about as much like playing ball as walking over a hot

bed of coals but we dig out the balls and balls and play for an hour. In lieu of the fact that we have been on a march and cannot put our sun tans without a shower first, are allowed to break 15 minutes early. Believe me, you have never had any fun until you have been crowded in a shower room normally built to accommodate 15 men and then have 50 or 60 packed in, where everyone is showering, pushing & bellowing. The sanitation is extremely poor in the latrine. The floor is subsided and with 6 or 7 leaky faucets the room becomes a veritable lake. You simply roll up your pant legs and march right thru. Imagine the filth that is tracked into the building and then directly to the huts. The exterior conditions are just about as bad when 250 (249) men wash their clothes and then run the water out over the surface of the ground. This water may not be potentially germ carriers but at the same time it doesn't look good to me.

After supper which occurs at 5:30 P.M. you are on your own, unless, of course special duties require. Somehow the army has found a way in which to utilize every second of the 24 hours of the day. Sunday at Berkeley is considered and respected as the Sabbath and which differs in this respect from Barnes.

Let's consider one of these special duties that must be accomplished after supper in the preparation of for inspection 3 times a week. The first order of business is to wash the hut from head to foot. This act is accomplished by dumping pail after pail of hot soapy water (which you buy yourself) on the floors and then pushing it from one end of the hut to the other with the use of long handled brushes and brooms. After this abrasive action it is mopped dry and lined with newspapers. Preparatory to the floor scrubbing we of



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Course wash all shelves, walls and windows. Also in the interim we have cleaned our cartridge belts, haversacks and leggings. As soon as the hut is immaculate we apply the remaining energy in cleaning the latrine. This problem calls for about the same tactics as the hut except <sup>a reclamation act</sup> is instigated first to drain out the lake of water on the floor. This completed we start on our mess equipment with a steel wash sponge and soap until every surface shines like a mirror. After, we align our beds and lockers and put on any finishing touches required by starting on ourselves, again with plenty of water and soap. Bathing and shaving the night before is always preferred as there is so little time available in the morning. The morning inspection, when held, requires that all our equipment be displayed on the bed and our lockers arranged according to specifications. Each item has its definite place in this pattern for display and must be oriented according to the horizontal, perpendicular and otherwise. If the eagle eye of the inspecting officer recognizes anything out of line will cause you to suffer with extra K.P. duty. K.P. has its glories but I have not as yet had the privilege of contributing in this field. I have often thought how independent we are of the outside world, doing all our own housework, cleaning and scrubbing, washing dishes and even building huts and roads. The more definite domestic duties can never be compared with the fineness of perfection that the lady of the house has so nicely managed. I don't

suppose I will ever attempt to vie for honors in this field.

Along comes tattoo at 9:30 P.M. which means to douse the lights and put the silencer on the chin music. At about 10:30 is heard taps and is followed by ~~the~~ bed check at 11:00 and whoo be the man that dares not have his head on that fellow at that time.

It is during the period shortly after 9:30 P.M. that these men indicate the gross imperfections of their character in the improper development of the esthetic of women relationships, disclosing in their talking the extreme in ugliness of life and the intolerable corruption of their mind. Their thoughts are decidedly indecent and indicate a failure at restraint or ennobling of their sexual instincts. There is surely something in their minds that is hopelessly wrong. Nor do I know how long I will be able to listen to this unmitigated blackness. It just cannot be put in description or words. It isn't the filth of the idea and conversation that hurts me, because I realize for instance that the mating of birds in springtime is not, in my mind, to be considered filthy, but it is more unfortunate that he hasn't seasonal instincts but spreads his emotions and excitements throughout the year. I lie in bed night after night with this cat-calling corruption seething up & down the hut, fed by new ideas from 18 rotten minds. I seem to ache with the brownness of it all and knowing that it will cease only when the bugle calls for taps. The waiting is long but it finally comes and suddenly peace falls on my mind. Surely this world would be a cleaner place to live if man were mindless. It has been inferred that in order to feel comfortable among these men one must



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become cultured in their ways and manners. However, for myself I choose to remain inconsolable as long as I am in this society of army individuals. (I should never have mentioned this subject but I feel freer after having mentioned it; my apologies) I have decided to alter my manner of character estimation of humanity at least for the duration of this war. Normally I would judge an individual by a set of ethical standards that I had myself approved as representing the highest level possible, now I must lower the gates to the extent that I will judge, not by a standard but by the sum total of their characteristic that would differentiate them, not from my standard but from the rest of their army associates. This I feel will be fair, and perhaps will serve temporarily.

By now you can readily see that Berkeley is a busy institution but regardless of how active it might seem I am suffering, in spite of myself, from a sense of mental idleness, a type of idleness I hardly feel can be justified on the bases of either pure laziness, character, or the baseness of my nature. You see, I have always been inwardly consumed by a great longing in contributing in this war effort in some specialized field of biological research or medicine and in which I feel I am best qualified to serve but now, because of some fatality of circumstances I am caged in a position where it is impossible to do anything that will even partially

satisfy my original desire. There will be, I presume only one alternative; rather than becoming maddened with anguish and remain mentally idle will be forced to scrap my original and beloved desire.

Certainly I am as much a prisoner of mind as the hundreds of P.O.W's confined behind towering barb wire enclosures at Berkeley. I have often wondered how many more fellows are in a similar situation. Of course, I realize again that this reorganization is a tremendous task and placements could not possibly be effected in harmony with everyone's personal desires or likes.

This afternoon is drawing to an end so will be forced to close without a proper conclusion. Suffice to say that it is a poor complement of my love to you and Dad to cause you to suffer these ramblings and peregrinations of thought.

Until possible next Sunday. Good by now-

Edit

JAMES.

P.S. My regards to Louis & Dorothy and especially to Edith and the kids. Am expecting Dave to do all my fishing this year, so he will have to yerk dandley as hard. Say, Gloria, how is Beethoven's moonlight Sonata progressing along, you know you will have to practice for me too.



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July 4 1944.

Dear mother and Dad,

yesterday we hiked ☹️ today we recuperate ☺️ tomorrow we ake ☹️ Oh what a dull routine. As I do not particularly feel the need for resuscitation am availing myself of this rare afternoon of leisure to get a note home to you. It becomes astounding how one's letter writing can slide into the arrears.

I am a little diffident in telling the truth but conditions "aint so hot" at Berkeley. I refer to the utter disorganization and purpose and handling of the whole affair. I am beginning to believe that they have bit off too large a section for their present organization and assistance to handle; particularly their lack of facilities.

I say that I am dissatisfied with an emphatic yes but possibly I ask that question only when my state of desperation and exhaustion would normally pre. determine yes as an answer. Don't worry though as these are only insignificant surface eruptions and the real depth of my peace will never be shaken, thanks to the fine stabilizing-  
my memories of home and such patient parents. As long as I can have you and dad I can become a perfect philosopher with respect to all the rest. I am prone to believe that the sudden removal from Barnes has been much more of a wrench than I had anticipated.

This week will conclude my period of physique and endurance build-up and am pleased to report that I passed with flying colors. From now on the program will not be quite so vigorous because after having



reached a maximum of conditioning it will ~~not~~ only require the need of regular duties to maintain normal health and endurance. I have intrinsically sensed that physical feeling of your assistance in backing me up in this iron routine and I thank you so much. I trust that it has not been too severe for you. Incidentally my original plans were not to have you follow me thru these evolutions anyway 😊 With this phase of training accomplished I will allow you to retire and enjoy the fruits of your exertion and if you have reacted in the same manner as I love you will have made that sheer expanding discovery of being quite physically alive.

at last I have won my battle; the impossible has happened, a victory of far reaching significance and one that unquestionably remains the greatest accomplishment in my earthly life; that glorious period has finally arrived wherein my nose ceases to peel. I cannot rightfully tell whether the deeper layers of epidermis have set up a resistance to this shedding annoyance or whether this Texas ultra-violet should be given the credit. Whatever the cause may be the fact remains that the old snozala has finally reformed. Now with an over exposure of sunshine it became slightly sensitive but refuses to revert to that relentless and common routine act of peeling. I always have recognized that this Texas sunshine is good. This reminds me to correct a misstatement which I previously inferred that it <sup>(the sun)</sup> was moderate in both intensity and effect. I will now be forced to substantially alter my thought in regard to this subject. You may now have the reserved right to believe whatever you hear about the dazzling and baking qualities of this solar energy here.



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Allow me to elaborate right now on that occasion making possible this note. Yesterday we were spared what would have been a disastrous hike by confining our road activity to the coolness of the nite. I shall not hold back any longer the secrets of my army night life so here goes. After having labored in the field and in the direct sunlight from 6:00 in the morning to 5:00 in the afternoon the officers decided that a short evening walk would be in order so at 9:00 P.M. that same evening (which was yesterday) we hurriedly harnessed ourselves into our full field packs and embarked upon our stroll. The first 25 miles was not too difficult but the last 5 was rather rugged, particularly for those minds not exactly receptive to this punishment. All good things must end, and it did, the following morning at 5:30 A.M. (today). 30 miles of treacherous cruising, better, low flying, in 8 1/2 hours. They were very thoughtful in getting us back just in time for breakfast and our first morning class. Methinks that those officers have about as many friends as could be enumerated upon the fingers of an amputated hand. I assure you that ever step of this march was beautiful punctuated with classical hitching. So much for a most unpleasant subject. (This damn pen is very much like a republican, always going dry!)

Incidentally I am very much of the same mind as you in regard to Sewer's likelihood of taking honors

in the Republican election, however, if he does win he will still have a great problem ahead of him in convincing the people that he can offer more than Roosevelt in the way of war and post war leadership, but again, I think he will make an admirable showing in face of the Demo's more strategic advantage at this moment. If the war were to meet a crisis around November time we might be willing to give Dewey a chance but the likelihood of such a adversity occurring is very improbable. My only hope is that these political leaders will keep their appeal to more lofty ideals and vital issues rather than waste their valuable time in their usual childish and petty criticisms. I am sure that you as well as many other people torn with grief and tragic suffering will resent such unneeded campaigning.

Last Wednesday I chanced to wander over to the enlisted mens club which is located in the heart of Berkeley and some 30 minutes walking distance from the hut. This single reconnaissance amply satisfied both my curiosity and any further desire to revisit the place. The original purpose of the club was to supply the minor recreational needs of the men as well as to offer a place where one could rest and relax, eat, read and write letters or to entertain friends and while I agree that the housing and facilities are indeed ideal for such occasions, the unavoidable factor of human congestion does not permit the fulfillment of that original purpose. Here, as is the case in other fields of entertainment including such things as shows, swimming pool, and Post Exchanges, this compact and unwieldy, elbow polishing, stampeding, skin kicking population flourishes. Thirty men sardined in



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in a place where capacity would call for one: These places remind me of the Chicago stockyards. Uncle Sam has assured me of some practical and effective methods of combating the enemy but I refuse to employ such tactics upon my own fellow men merely for the sake of self defense in satisfying a personal craving for a scoop of ice cream or a bottle of pop. I prefer to remain as a non-combatant in this struggle and wrangling of the masses. The building proper is rather spacious and church-like in capacity with the main auditorium floor serving a dual purpose, lounge and reading room or, when chairs are evacuated, a dance floor. The exposed stage supports a microphone and a piano, the microphone connected with the controls ramifying throughout the several adjacent rooms. How wonderful it would be if they could repossess some of this wiring and put it back into the piano so that the act of playing would be just more than striking a few dud keys. An over-attractive hostess occupies one corner of the room and coordinates the activities and programs of the house. On the balcony above and encircling the main room is found further accommodations for reading and writing and is supplied with a library of about a third rate collection of fiction, funny books with superman, and many 'Look' caliber magazines. The choice of literature may satisfy the average army man but seems to fall somewhat short of my own particular requirements, meager as they are. A monotonous cadence of resounding ping-pong and

scattering blasts of billiard balls emanate from the open room and peacefully flows into the main assembly room where it harmonizes perfectly with the overbearing and self taught gazy turis and lesser but still raucous laughter ~~and~~ incessant mumbling of the congregation.

If these rasping annoyances become to overbearing one can readily make his escape by wedging into the cafeteria and fountain room, where he can alleviate his temperature dis- gust.

Here the food is served in its crudest form, more on the order of the hot dog and pink lemonade of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration you are probably experiencing today.

The more popular fountain chamber offers that vital life substance for Texas' thermal control - Ice Cream.

Here again one comes face to face with the crowded hots of humanity and where an ice cream sundae is a long time in the future. (I speak unfavorably, not of the intrinsic constituents of these masses (I love them all), but of the physical factor of congestion itself. This philosophical distinction will not decide the fate of the world but I merely throw it in in the hopes of illuminating any chance of confusion in this most critical discussion. 😊)

Frankly, I am merely attempting to infer that Berkeley is overstacked beyond its carrying capacity. Amen! This fountain line acts like a magnetic force to me, not having completely overcome that subordinate adolescent craving for ice cream and being such a drawing card am instinctively compelled to brave the vicissitudes of this formation. The distal end of this serpent like line is no difficult thing to locate but once on your way it is merely a problem of remaining in tact for 15-20 minutes until your turn has arrived. My choice that day was a pie a la mode and



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having suffered the same line experience in acquiring the pie have now bucked the second line for the final incorporation of the ice cream. Realizing the improbability of finding suitable accommodations you stand up to consume the concoction. Everyone else is standing up so you are not singled out as being peculiar. How fortunate is that individual who can eat his own alamode without some closely packed neighbor inadvertently helping himself and not realizing that it is not his own. Lets get out of here - If an escape could only be effected as easily as the few could make it, but no; you have to fight your way out as you fought your original entrance. These crowds are ok for an occasional holiday but to live with them every day is not so good. This aggregation of life is not solely restricted within the confining limits of the service club building. Step outside and there within the shaded zone of the building one beholds hundreds of soldiers and their young lady friends reclining on what little grass remains at Berkeley and presenting a floral like competition to the club landscape. The fellows cannot leave the post except on Sunday and then only by special pass, so it remains a case of girl chases boy. To penetrate into this group without stepping on someone would be as difficult a maneuver as to invade the territories of nesting gulls on the island without flattening out an egg or two. As the evening shadows lengthen additional reserve is created around

the peripheral edge and which is immediately occupied by newcomers. When the sun drops down beyond the horizon this concentrated area of paired lovers disperse over the entire lawn area but even with this increased freedom it does not allow adequate neutral buffer area for too intimate a lovers conversation. I was told of an interesting incident that occurred the other day when 2 soldiers chanced to pass by this nuptial zone on their way into the building. The thing that happened is an incident that quite frequently occurs when the boys are thrown directly into a moral civilian world. They unconsciously betrayed their true army nature in a language both strong & indecent, and highly colored with vulgarity and profanity. This language is just as distinct and discernible as would be German or French. Well, about 10 incensed fellows took exception to this type of conversation in the presence of their gal friends and so without ceremony they kindly escorted them beyond the extra nuptial limits there to deposit them in a graceful pile in a partially filled ditch of muddy water. Even now I don't suppose the victims realize why they were so mistreated.

As yet I have not participated in the show going exercise, except on one occasion, the night of my arrival at camp, for the single reason that I have not been blessed with enough leisure time for such recreation. Neither have I felt disposed to exert that extra vital energy that is demanded in standing in line for a hour or so before gaining the threshold of the theatre. These lengthy lines remind me of the free kids shows on Saturday afternoon with their lengthy formation extending to and even beyond the library or the time we would adjust our weight by standing first on one foot.



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and then the other patiently waiting for the second show to begin at the old Strand. Eventually you enter the crowded building and come abruptly upon a stifling atmosphere of such intensity that you feel like reflecting an absent face and to the rear march to the world of fresh air you left behind. Of course it is too late now to change your mind to do any backtracking so you move forward with the stampeding herd pushing in from the entrance. I have often wondered just what the mortality rate was in such forced movements. The quality of shows is excellent, being previews of shows which will be later released to the general public. The army apparently has a priority even on picture films. However there is considerable extra material sandwiched in to satisfy the intellectual variation and interests among the men. Price of show \$0.15.

Also situated near my section of Berkeley is a rather popular and notable building in the form of a combined officers mess and Nite Club. The building is nicely constructed and is used for lounging, dining and dancing. It is beautifully outfitted and possesses an atmosphere of formality compared to Hall Utah including orchestra, dancing, white table cloths and sharply dressed waiters etc. It is really a nice place. In fact it is a trifle too nice and always causes me to meditate upon the gross inequalities of rank in the army, whenever I chance to pass by and particularly at night when the climax of formality is in order. The difference between these privileged officers and the lowly and



dogged position of the enlisted men is a triple too  
 obnoxious to retain proper relationships. There is  
 just as contrasting a difference between a superior  
 king on the one hand and ~~the~~ ignorant peasants on  
 the other. Immediately one is forced to realize  
 that there is a difference in social status and  
 culture and its accompanying mental attainments with  
 individual superiority, and that this difference is being  
 displayed and emphasized. While such factors are  
 not supposed to have any influence in officer - enlisted  
 men relationships, they do exist as <sup>a</sup> definite reality here.  
 I appreciate the theory and nature of discipline and  
 feel as if I should know how it should operate but am  
 wondering if it is not actually being weakened by the  
 attitude of the officers themselves. This displayed contrast  
 of social status may be used as a means of creating respect  
 for an officer and if it is there should surely be some  
 changes made. Also here at B, while not applicable  
 in all instances, respect for officers is accomplished  
 by loud voices, impatient manners and compulsion  
 by fear. This type of discipline respect will handle  
 the old army and the general run of enlisted men of this  
 new army of ours but it does not seem to have an  
 effect upon a good many men who's intelligence and  
 former standing in life and society was far superior  
 to that of the officers. I can readily see why there are  
 so many dissatisfied enlisted men at Berkeley. In  
 contrast Barnes was a democratic camp and functioned  
 in perfect harmony simple because the officers be-  
 lieved that each one of us was entitled to respect and  
 was considered a man. As a result those officers were  
 really admired and even loved by the men and every  
 one of them would willingly and cheerfully obey every  
 command that they may have given. I could truth-




## UNITED STATES ARMY

fully say that I could operate this army on a more democratic 'buy scout' basis and get as good if not better and more satisfying results than this supposedly perfect plan of Berkeley.

My suggestion is that we quickly leave this subject and get along to something more tasteful, say food for instance. No comments to make on the food but I have a thought on a closely allied field, in the form of table manners. They still amaze me profoundly and particularly the way my own are being conditioned by affiliation with the source. Frankly they are atrocious (my table manners) in fact I have discovered that I have no manners at all. This condition is only one of those ephemeral things and will be duly restored at a later date. In the meantime I will try this new method as I find it a most convenient way to eat. It allows for certain surviving qualities. I have learned long ago that external appearance of ~~it~~ is no longer of the least importance and that all that really matters is getting the food down in the most practical method. In connection with the above had a typical exaggeration of humor in the comment of one of the men sitting next to me in regard to the quantity of meat being served. As the mess sgt. passed by he called him over and asked if he had anything to do with the cutting of the meat. The sgt said that he did and in fact he cut the meat himself. My friend then came back with the reply.

"Um, you damn near must it." As the incident was intended merely as a jest it made the Sgt smile.

This sort of nonsense  babbling apparently knows no end but I ~~will~~ hear my signal to close. Tempis fugies! It seems like the longer I write this afternoon the more woolly and fuzzy becomes the ideas and impressions from my stupified thinking mechanism. However one thought remains crystal clear and that is my whole hearted endorsement of dad's suggestion of your trending west toward Treasure Island. I cannot think of anything that would give Mary & Son more pleasure and thrill or that you are more deserving of. Again I concur in this splendid idea as you realize that both Dad and I are united in our insistence that you go, will leave you with only one alternative. I am hoping your answer can be yes so will be looking forward for your next letter addressed somewhere enroute to San Francisco. Until then good by now.

Love  
James

P.S. my best regards to Louis, Roddy & Laurie and a special hello to E. D. H. and J.



UNITED STATES ARMY

16 July 44

Dear Mother and Dad.

Just a note to indicate my new home address having now been assigned to the 70<sup>th</sup> Field Hospital, Camp Berkeley, Texas.

When or if this unit leave will be in a position to really see some front line action - rumors have it we are hot but I analyse it as being a rumor - we will see say the wise one!

I am not wiffully sticking my head out for this type of adventure (never was too good at ducking artillery shells) but if there is a place in this army that requires my efforts will accept, whatever it might be, without a moment's hesitation - the job has got to be done.

Am desperately running low in socks and am wondering if you could 'draw together' the apertures in those socks I used for insulating my camera, and send them on to Berkeley. Socks in the army disintegrate like a warm breath on a cold mirror. Any extra ones will help out.

Leave tomorrow morning at 5:30 AM for field operations but will keep you informed. My first job will be to acknowledge Dads most inspiring letter. I certainly received it with a thrill.

Love

James.

Camp Berkeley, Elm Creek, Texas

July 27, 1944

Observed the following birds along Elm Creek on this Army Reservation:

*Coccyzus americanus americanus*  
*Zenaidura macroura marginella*  
*Cathartes aura septentrionalis*  
*Chondestes grammacus strigatus*  
*Mimus polyglottis polyglottis*  
*Helodytes brunneicapillus cousei*  
*Richmondia cardinalis concauda*  
*Muscivora bifurcata*  
*Corvus brachyrhynchos hesperus*  
*Centurus aurifrons*  
*Mniarchus cinerascens cinerascens*  
*Baeolophus inornatus griseus.*



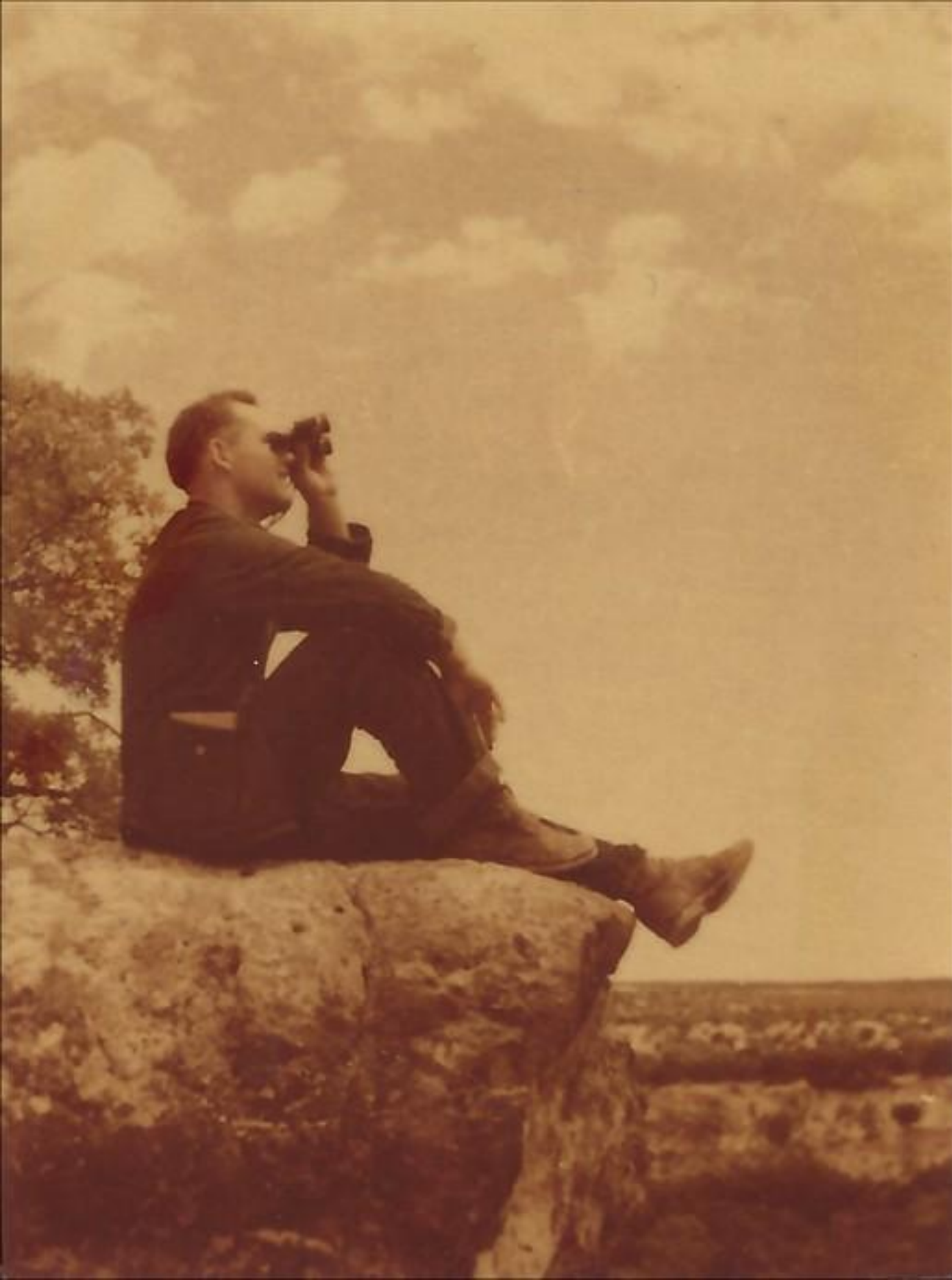
J.W.B. taken by Lee Johnson  
 Along Elm Creek.

July 28, 1944 (see page 85.1)

July 29, 1944

made census of Elm Creek in some general area as above:

*Cathartes aura septentrionalis*  
*Zenaidura macroura marginella*  
*Baeolophus atricapillus sennetti*  
*Chondestes grammacus strigatus*  
*Richmondia cardinalis concauda*  
*Corvus b. hesperis*  
*Catherpes mexicana*  
*Coccyzus americanus americanus*  
*Piranga rubra cooperi*  
*Vireo olivaceus*  
*Passerina ciris*  
*Penthestes atricapillus atricapillus*  
*Mimus polyglottis.*  
*Helodytes brunneicapillus cousei*  
*Muscivora bifurcata*  
*Centurus aurifrons(?)*  
*Mniarchus cinerascens cinerascens*  
*Corpodicus purpureus purpureus*  
 goldfinch (sp.?)  
*Carduelis acutipennis tepensis*  
*Phalaenoptila nuttalli*  
*Chaetura pelagica*



7-25-44

Friday afternoon and a beautiful hot, mid-summer day. The insects are humming in the still air and the branches hang heavy on the trees. Mom and I are driving to Cannon Beach. We stopped at a shady spot on upper Galia Creek to eat short lunch. While we eat and shortly thereafter we see these birds -

Progne subis subis  
Penthestes atricapillus occidentalis  
Empidonax thalassii  
Dryobates pubescens gairdneri  
Melospiza melodia morphna  
Troco reganus oregonus  
Megascops alcyon calurus

The day is very hot and very little shadow and fog looks completely marvelous. It's wonderful. As we top one rise in the burn area I thought I saw a Pileated Woodpecker and stopped the car. No luck. Couldn't catch him - might easily be mistaken.

After reaching the first Necanicum Creek bridge we can see the low stratus hanging over the beach mountains - that first ridge of the Coast Range. When we had purchased some meat and pastries I decided it was time I changed clothes in a lock up. Went right down the gravel road and using the two shortcuts made my way past the water cottage by the dam to the trail toward the point. The lack of travel along the trail is very evident because the rank growth of dewberry and salal has almost reclaimed the path. My face stung from brushing the branches of the Sitka Spruces growing there in one tight group. Making my way out I soon gained the summit and then more slowly headed toward the point outermost. At this place, where I never just see anything of the beaches between Chapman Point, to which I stood and Cedar Point on the north I stopped and carefully surveyed the beach area. Due to a very slight fog condition the farther beaches were hazed out and indistinct. But by one jutting rock some 500 yards away I saw a large apparently animate object which looked strikingly like a large dog. By its side was a crow which by comparison seemed quite tiny. After hopping off to be an eagle I used the glasses and sure enough it was old Baldy. In being head on toward me and head down it gave a very doggy appearance. It was working and pecking at something which it seemed to stand on. At either didn't see me or didn't care, when I stood up and walked the remaining hundred feet to the point because it didn't move. The crow was careful not to come much closer than about six feet from the eagle. Later, after I watched the gulls, Baldy flew away unnoticed. He was still conspicuous by size alone as he perched on a branch of spruce a little way up the hill. He had perhaps flown 150 feet to get there. The crow worried the interesting object in a few minutes and left. Once he had a back ground of spruce I could no longer see him. The misty fog didn't help of course but I still lost him even in the glasses and couldn't tell where he flew to. Rather stable air soon there no breeze at all and of course the stratus deck still held 10/10 overhead.

- Halimastur leucorhynchus leucorhynchus
- Larus occidentalis
- Cornus trachyrhynchus hesperis
- Hydrochelidon ustulata ustulata
- Melospiza melodia morphna
- Vireo calage californicus
- Puffinus griseus

The last two both seen some distance away; the Murre beyond the outer rock as he rested or fed on the water and the Shearwater as he skimmed waves some 1000 yards away.

Phalacrocorax auritus auritus  
 As usual the outer rocks were mottled black and white as the glossy black cormorants and their young huddled together atop that ancient and fresh granite. Their passage from feeding grounds to rock and back either singly, in pairs or in groups remains a characteristic sight there.

Puffinus leptorhynchus  
Bombus cedrorum  
 I then hastened back along the beach in order to reach home by 1900 when Wright planned dinner. Along the beach I counted the usual number of dead gulls but noticed a lot of dead California Murres. All told, I counted six, which is more than I have ever seen of that species there before. All seemed to be in adult plumage which surprised me though I don't say why. It does seem peculiar that so many would die of natural causes (assumed) all at once when the colony there is so small. Must admit I don't know what size the colony is - I'm only guessing because I did see so little activity from the Murres there.

Returning along Elk Creek I approached a large, finely plumaged Great Blue Heron much much closer than I have ever done before - at least 40 feet before he reluctantly moved off - to fly a hundred feet! He was so disgusted that I should be so inconsiderate as to intrude upon his fishing in the evening. I was honored with a look of remarkable reproach. I could also see a group of small sandpeeps on the far shore which I assume were likely Westerns, but which I had no further chance to identify with dinner due.

- Ardea herodias herodias
- Ardea herodias herodias (?)
- Turdus migratorius caurinus
- Columba fasciata fasciata - at post in the tall dead spruce of spruce and hemlock just behind the cabin. There were about six of them there.

7-29-44

Having overslept I left the house about 0645 also hampered with a slight head cold. Weather was just the same as the evening before - overcast and cool promising mist or rain. The beach was hazy again too even though a slight off shore breeze prevailed. I lit out exactly the same way and again made my first stop at the point. In the meantime I had picked up several species:

- Hydrochelidon ustulata ustulata
- Puffinus pacificus
- Melospiza melodia morphna
- Wilsonia pusilla chrysola
- Myiochanes richardsoni
- Puffinus leptorhynchus
- Turdus migratorius caurinus
- Zonotrichia leucophrys purpurascens
- Larus tristis californicus
- Bombus cedrorum
- Dryobates pubescens gairdneri



About this time I saw a small Wren which might easily have been an immature Wilson from his uniform olivaceous color but he flushed so unexpectedly I had scant chance to more than guess. Upon reaching the outer point I set about marking down the evident species. First of all and directly below me were three Pigeon Guillemots.

Uropus columba  
Then I saw a small bird swiftly flying beyond the outer rock. This was my Murre. After some careful watching and the consequent viewing of several more in flight I have decided there must be a nesting site on the sea-side of the outer rock at Chapman and Green Points. Very careful searching of the shore-side of the rocks disclosed no Murres at all but I doubt that they aren't summer residents. My attention was next drawn to a familiar black-bodied and black-winged cown huttling around at great speed and tremendous effort only to circle 180 degrees and come hurrying back to his starting point. He was the Tuxted Puffin - a complete character with his yellow face tassels flying in the wind. I believe I saw four of them altogether whenever they alighted they at once became nearly invisible against the rough turf and brown rock. They soon moved out of sight to me.

- Uria aalge californica
- Lunda cirrhata
- Larus occidentalis
- Phalacrocorax auritus auritus
- Fulmarus glacialis

Again I was lucky enough to see some Shearwaters which I trusted were likely Sooties as they were a great distance off shore and not easily identified closely. The two I saw this morning were widely separated yet by several minutes at least. Those I saw yesterday and these too were sailing north. I saw none headed south. Of course you remember the trip of 1941 on the 26th of September when we saw thousands of birds and you noted the spectacular change of direction about 1400 when they all headed south. I failed to notice any similar action this day.

I was greatly disappointed to find no Oyster-catchers or wandering Tattlers in the Chapman Point vicinity. I did see one shore bird which showed itself very briefly to me. I only saw that its shape was roughly that of the Tattler and its flight pattern consisted of only a uniform flap with one dusty white stripe in mid-wing. Perhaps (a wild guess) it was an Aleutian Sandpiper. It was of the size but I have only doubt such a record. Since I found another immurel shorebird later on it is perhaps possible after all.

Crosses coast sinuatus

Could see these babies as they flew past. From their looks and quietness I am sure they were the big fellows. Made my way down the cliff wall on the slightly precipitous path scratched there. My flat soled boots were small help on that grade. I was rather worried about doing a straight schuss on my fanny. The surf was indeed beautiful. Quite heavy it made a wonderful show as it crashed up on the rocks and swirled quite a ways down on the wet, hard-packed sand. Well, I just followed my nose down the beach seeing what I could see. That a great time back tracking three deer who had very obviously been enjoying themselves as they played by the waves. I would wish I could have watched them as they made those demure tracks.

A hundred yards beyond the point at which I saw the eagle the day before I saw up two more Ravens and then stopped. There came my regal eagle wings fully spread, gliding down impressively toward where I stood. He passed perhaps 50 feet high to my right and alighted in a small spruce a couple of hundred feet away. All his motions spoke of deliberation and practical ease. He was adult but in poor plumage - all his whites were soiled and his slight feathers were quite scraped. Still okay, though.

- Melospiza leucoccephala leucoccephala
- Petrochelidon lunifrons
- Cowbird brachyrhynchos hesperis

It was immediately after the eagle that I was surprised by the Tattler. I had gotten about as far as I could along the shore when I heard his cry of alarm and away he went. He'd no sooner flown than the other one took flight and I followed. I then went straight up the hill till I hit the trail and soon gained the ridge. Couldn't go on on the point because a guard was posted there. Up here I was again amazed at the great activity of the Wilson, rather, the Green-backed Warblers in the spruce and low brush - mostly salmonberry - growing in the lee of the point along the crest. It was here that I again heard the Kinglets I have seen though I saw the wren, the hummingbird, chickadee, and a Kingfisher. Am sure of the Flycatcher.

- Amphispiza bilineata
- Megascops alpestris californica
- Myiarchus cinerascens californicus
- Triturus marmoratus

It then began dropping down the hillside toward the beach just north of the point. I then saw three dark ducks in the water beneath the next point north. I took them in the water and the glass said White-winged Scoters. A later saw others but still the same species. Hearing a great clamoring to the right I finally saw three water catchers above the scoters. They were becoming excited about something (likely me) and worked themselves up so much after yelling back and forth to each other they finally flew. They can make a terrific racket when they want to. After that I walked down southwest intending to cross under the point where the guard was. I just about made it and was threading my way among the rocks there when the Black Turnstones started me. Bless him - happy lot. And sure enough right in their midst and most excited of all was a single Ruddy Turnstone. Am not positive but I think the one I saw later on was a different bird. So anyway I passed to shore of them after they moved to the water's edge. Then they disassembled because some stayed there and some left with the Ruddy who was considerably shyer. When I reached my western limit on a small spit of sand collected behind a jagged northern rock I was quite close to a rock used by several Gullmotes. I saw 9 of them in all. They were not shy and sat there uttering their singular cry and showing their beautiful red mouths. There were a couple of distant White-winged Scoters a hundred yards away - they soon sneaked out of sight. Aside from the Tattlers there were no birds evident in the area south of them where the swells are broken so nicely by outer reefs. This seemed strange to me because that area had always attracted the interesting seabirds while the gulls and cormorants held sway in the outer point section. I worked several hundred feet south and saw only a pair of Violet-green Swallows feeding a young bird as he perched on an outthrust rock 50 feet overhead.

Also Am quite sure of the Green-crowned Kinglet if not also the Ruby crown. Am unfortunate I could never see them.

While I was watching the guillemots I was lucky enough to see three mother seals and their three pups - about half grown I guess - which were playing in a group some hundred yards from me. At times one of the mothers would raise her head at least 2 feet out of the water to look around. They were so listlessly about it all. It was really sweet. The lazy way they would submerge and then gently break water again was marvellous to watch.

Went back to that point above where the oyster catches were and scanned the beach north to Tillamook Head. Saw nothing but gulls and one Tattler. Undoubtedly there were many others up there but I was already getting late for breakfast and didn't want to keep them waiting. So back I went.

Melanitta deglandi

Ademopelis bachmani

Arenaria melanoccephala

Arenaria interpres morinella

Tachycineta thalassina lepida

Regulus satrapa olivaceus

Coming down the trail from Eola Point to <sup>the</sup> Indian Beach I had a singular experience. Saw two full-grown Minn. They were climbing the hill and trying to collect some birds on the way I guess. Working up a ravine they reached the trail and a small culvert the same time I did and they were frightened at the noise I made on the culvert and my size I suppose. Well, there they were so I just sat down on the trail and watched. They each made several approaches to look my way over-coming to within arm's reach of me and then quickly turning away to shelter in the weeds. Very bold! Finally they rushed through the culvert and gained the slope above becoming silent hunters again. Before, as they reconnoitered me they had occasion to utter a short husky call very much like saying "rusk" with many "sk's" while doing this they sounded very preturbed. Rather harsh call.

Saw my eagle down on the beach again. He didn't fly till I was 100 paces away from him - 125 yards I guess. He flew reluctantly to a large spruce up on the hill crest and may still be there for all I know. I continued home and was only 20 minutes late. Had a swell time and Brown seemed rested and glad too. A worthwhile trip indeed. That's all there is, there ain't no more. Fun huh?

The following birds observed at ponds near camp.

*Himantopus mexicanus*

*Oxyechus v. vaciferous*

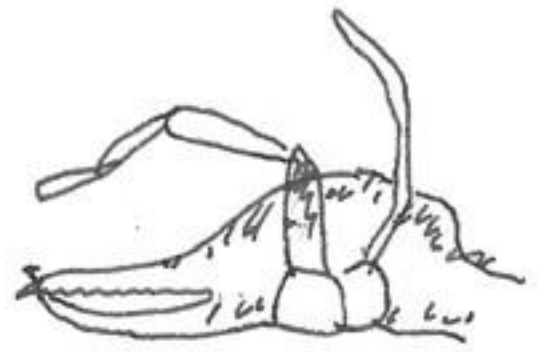
*Sleganopus tricolor*

*Tringa solitaria cinamomea*

*Recurvirostra americana*

*Pisolia bairdi*

*Totanus flaviceps*



This invertebrate was found on occasions in area.



UNITED STATES ARMY

Aug. 7, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad.

Back to Berkeley and civilization (do not consider the two as necessarily synonymous) after 3 weeks of rather rugged field training, and tough as it may have been, found myself thoroughly enjoying the ordeal. In fact it was the most enjoyable of any equivalent period of army experience and which also placed me in an environment for proper reflection upon the Bee-Culbertson reunion. But perfect a setting as I may have had there was a decided lack in those higher qualities of friendship that I have formerly enjoyed. And naturally there was nothing that even touched the true and loving sensation of being with you and dad. However will make reservations now to join our gang next year - I hope. In the meantime will see what I can do to smooth out our problems with the Japanese abroad. Keep your eyes on the 70<sup>th</sup> Field Hospital and watch the dust fly.

I hope you will pardon the briefing of thoughts as I am moving along now in such rapid strides that time does not allow except for work and sleep (greater emphasis on the work, of course) and with prospects of even greater concentration on our job.

Allow me then to disclose enough information about the set-up to lend sufficient background for the drama of the future. First of all this type of unit is a new conception here and while other Field Hospitals have been in operation in this war, it is a new child for Berkeley. And as with all new

babies everyone seems to be concerned. Being a  
 type example is continually being suspected and  
 sharply scrutinized by representatives of the Adjutant  
 General and half a dozen other dignitaries of Berkeley.  
 One cannot turn around without running directly  
 into a spying Gustaf. Apparently our example  
 of organization and manner of function will govern  
 the plan of procedure for other Field Hospitals to be  
 subsequently activated. With all this attention  
 we find ourselves concentrating on our work to the  
 extent that all personal pleasures and recreation  
 are sacrificed. In fact one's <sup>own</sup> time is practically non-  
 existent but as inconvenient as it might be, is just  
 exactly what it should be. I am one who is willing  
 to exert 100% energy to get this thing going and finish  
 up the job. For example, 15 hours a day is our  
 normal working day, sometimes bridging the 24 hrs  
 during certain special problems.

First of all allow me to introduce to you my  
 new organization. As I recall I don't think I mentioned  
 much about it in the last letter. It is really a fine  
 unit and one that, although not without its hazards,  
 is to play a most worthwhile and significant role  
 in putting the finishing touches on this war. I  
 really feel as if I were now contributing most directly  
 in the war effort. In general this hospital is an  
 extremely versatile unit and one that can be used  
 under most any condition, giving definite or definitive  
 treatment as it is called, as any other general hospital.  
 It differs in its ability to move on a minutes notice.  
 We will probably be destined for some isolated  
 area or probably more likely an isolated island or  
 again, we might be used to support some task force



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like the normandy invasion. To show you how versatile a unit it is, we can move by plane, truck, boat, train or horseback. Forty of those monstrous transport planes are required to transport us in case of an airborne unit. At present we have 22 2½ ton trucks to move the equipment. Literally speaking then we move 'on our own'. The equipment, of course, is our main concern and is responsible for the encumbrance of the preparation and dictates to the back muscles. To move into an area and completely set up for operation is no easy task particularly when you realize the amount and type of equipment involved. I do not believe there is any other organization in the army that requires the same degree of physical quality of individual, mental or specialization of job or sheer endurance as is demanded for this type of unit. Can you conceive setting up a complete hospital, modern in every respect, with 750 lb refrigerators, 650 lb generators, 800 lb X-Ray machines etc. and in only 3 hours time. (I suppose you wonder how a pack mule can carry a refrigerator - so do I.) Certainly no one can deny the fact that this is exactly a soft job. The hospital is housed in approx. 50 large circus tents (hospital word tents) and approximates the appearance of a circus carnival. Surely I will never flinch in confidence in setting up the umbrella tent on our next deer hunt.

The fellows are really a fine bunch of lads, each one well qualified in respect to physical requirements. It would appear that a more healthy mind goes along with a healthy body. I have already met two rather outstanding personalities, one a fellow from England, very young but with a mental maturity surpassing all other members of the unit. His ambition is to become a writer and philosopher and I do not doubt that he will make the grade of one day judge by his ability to think and express himself. Another fellow which I find certain things in common is a Dr Rosenthal, a Private, and one who causes the medical officers to think twice before expressing thought along the medical line. This outfit is certainly a miscellaneous collection of men. The Colonel (1st Colonel and a M.D.) impresses me as being one more qualified to stand with Eisenhower and Marshall; served in the last war as an enlisted man and officer and therefore understands and appreciates our position with the result that the organization is real one and not the disunited gangs of my former outfit at Berkeley. He is a sort of army patriarch and approximates one's father and while he has a certain sternness and earnestness is one we all respect and accept. In reality we are organized on a close family basis with each officer having a true interest in the work and individual. This all in contrast to the feeling of apathy that pervaded the atmosphere of the logged training Battalions of my earlier Berkeley experience.

A roll call of our hospital would register 140 enlisted men, 22 officers, 18 nurses and one pedigreed pouch of terrier offshoots. The gals





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have not been assigned as yet but will join us at the port of embarkation at a later date. The officer (Capt.) directly over the enlisted men reminds me of John Gessford in both personal appearance and manner of speech and expression so, as you see, things cannot help but be o.k.

Our training exercises of the last three weeks have been one of acquainting us with tentage, packing and unloading, transportation and general operation of the hospital. The main job has been one of setting up the hospital and then striking the unit and reloading to move on to another area, frequently involving 3 operations in 24 hours. I can truthfully say that I have never experienced greater hardships in civilian life in degree of exhaustion or prolonged working hours, but remarkable as it may seem I enjoyed it immensely, possibly I suppose because of the environment of operation.

I cannot explain or describe the beauty or thrill in working in the field in this Texas country with its mesquites and juniper, lovely wooded valleys, new and colorful herds, eroded lands, crystal clear nights with starry heavens etc. The area reminds me of southern Utah with eroded landscape dominated by juniper. Texas had many interesting natural and biological features that I would like to enjoy at a later date and, of course, under more peaceful conditions.

It was rather amusing the second day of our field exercise when we had so nicely set-up in a last years corn field with rather unstable sails

when during normal weather conditions were firm enough to support the weight of a truck but when we were favored with a 3 day rain the picture changed. The field became completely inundated with the hospital tents outlined as if it were a convoy of ships. One unusually bold hurricane type wind almost spelled disaster with six tents obeying to the wake of its devastation. The ten wheeled trucks slipped and mired and were of no avail so finally we had to call for several water alligators from Berkeley to assist us in our operation. Two days followed with sufficient wind & sun to dry out camp and as another storm approached was decided to move to newer and higher grounds, but before we were completely evacuated the storm struck. We evaded the calamity of the previous experience almost. This was one instance when we labored 30 hours and while it was rugged it served an excellent exposure to conditions that might likely occur in actual tactical situations. Can you picture our pup tents islanded in shallow pools of rain water.

As to my own work am still in the administrative field but am in a position to do most anything I choose to do. The Colonel gave me the pleasure of setting up the organization and assigning each man to the job that he was best qualified to serve or handle. They seemed to have been well pleased as to their relative assignments but the real proof was indicated in the efficiency of operation and as evidenced by the acceptance of efficiency by the inspecting officers. In addition to my purely administrative job am responsible for the proper function and operation of the X-Ray Laboratory.



## UNITED STATES ARMY

Pharmacy, Medical Supply, Receiving and Evacuation office and Minor Surgery - sort of a straw boss in nature. There is really not much work involved as most of the men recognize their own responsibility and are faithful to their particular jobs.

Now as to my next movement. There are as many rumors in circulation as there is possibilities; none of them substantiated by fact. I declare, I have never seen anything in my whole life that would compare with the notorious manner of disseminating false and assumed notions. One can take the physical hardships of the army but it is sometimes difficult to live with such poor ethics as displayed here. Rumor would have had it that <sup>we</sup> should <sup>have been</sup> be in the South Pacific months ago but here we are still at anchor.

Personally, nothing stirs me until that order is in the hands of the Colonel. I happen to know from experience at Barnes that such notices of movement as this kind are not disclosed until a day or two before the actual movements. Even the Colonel does not know about such movements. No sir - no stampeding for me. Our new orders should be received at any moment - as to what will be enclosed I do not know but from my analysis (<sup>see</sup> rumor) as the situation would say that it would be one that would place us in a hospital for further brushing up in technical medical training. Not even the officers agree on this assumption but we shall see. If by chance we ship directly

over-seas from here will duly notify you, but somehow, as I have inferred, believe in my premonition that the Adjutant Gen is not quite ready to shove us off as yet. As well founded as my assumption are I still recognize that any thing can happen in this army.

Before I close I must thank you for the socks. I am just afraid that you went to greater trouble in the patch work than I had intended - It was a fine job, no kidding. This new reserve with the new ones will give me some margin and can live with a greater degree of confidence and security 😊

Time is up so must close. This will probably be the last note from dear old Camp Berkeley but will keep you informed wherever I might go.

Love

James.

P.S. a hello for everyone and tell David to skinny down here in his good leg and I will fit him up with an army plaster cast.

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Aug. 20, 1944

this date

Arrive at Fort Sill from Berkeley Texas. The contrast between this old well organized fort and Camp Berkeley is the difference between black and white.

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Aug 22, 1944

Made trip to Elmer Lake and Elk Mountain. Birds observed between Fort Sill and Elmer Lake are:

*Cathartes aura septentrionalis*  
*Megascops alcyon alcyon*  
*Corvus brachyrhynchos hesperis*  
*Richmondia cardinalis lanceauda*  
*Zenaidura macroura marginella*  
*Dryobates villosus auduboni*  
*Penesthestes atricapillus atricapillus*  
*Chordeiles acutipennis texanus*  
*Casmerodius albus egretta*  
*Ardea herodias herodias*  
*Amophila ruficeps eremacca*  
*Catherpes mexicana*  
*Actitis macularia*  
*Oxyechus vociferans*  
*Phalacrocorax auritus auritus*  
*Egretta thula thula*  
*Botaurus lentiginosus*  
*Colinus virginianus virginianus*  
*Chaetura pelagica*  
*Centurus carolinus*  
*Polioptila caerulea caerulea*  
 sparrow (green above, rusty brown below (light)  
 large eye and slight indication of an eye ring  
*Chlidonias nigra surinamensis*  
*Butorides versicolor versicolor*  
*Turdus migratorius migratorius*  
*Sialophus bicolor*  
*Sturnella neglecta.*

In the Elk Mountain area observed some interesting mammals including:

*Cynomys*, *Antilocapra americana*, bison, raccoon, opossum, *Canis latrans*, *Vulpes*, *Odocoileus*. It is of interest that I did not see a single *Sceloporus* on entire trip except on top of Elk mt. and this was not the same kind. It was spotted green on tail & body and had a yellow head and approx 1 foot long. Deer were noted on top among large boulders. This mt has large blocks of rocks as big as houses and would make what I would imagine, excellent nesting sites for turkey vultures.

In the Fort Sill area proper, noted many *Otocoris alpestris*, *Sturnella magna* and a few *Mucivora bifurcata*.



UNITED STATES ARMY

Aug 23, 1944

Dear Mother and Father

Hello from Oklahoma. I now have a new home at Ft Sill and a home that already impresses me with a feeling of solitude and sheer luxury, especially true when compared with that incalculable mass of life, humanity, and the discomforts of Berkeley. In contrast, Ft Sill is tops in army accommodation, in order, and in fineness of human feeling. Possibly my short stay here will help to counteract that bitter taste of Berkeley and allow me to readjust my somewhat ruffled feathers. This may sound like resentment and pessimism and while it does represent the general attitude of men who have been subjected to training at Berkeley, is not, however, as bad as I might lead you to believe. As time goes on and it becomes relegated as a memory will be able to speak even more favorably in reference to that Texas camp. For the time being will not permit Berkeley's troubles or the anticipation of tomorrow's menace cloud the glory and beauty of today-Amer. ☺.

As for rumors of shipping overseas, my mind remains a sieve - goes in one ear and out the other. One thing certain, however, we are scheduled, but as for actual time - I do not know. It's a lot of fun to guess about these things so I throw my 25¢ in. - I will spend my

440823-97  
birthday in the boat, at least will be waiting  
at the dock for the canoe. Then again. Most  
anything can happen! From indications of the  
tactical development in Europe, am wondering if  
we will be able to catch up with them before this  
debauchle (heck of a mess) is concluded.

Has quite elated when informed that I  
was to be shipped to Sill (finger uncrossed - ex-  
ecute!) for further unit training. Not of course  
because of a chance to work in a capacity that I  
have had the pleasure of serving for the last 3 yrs  
but because of the near proximity of some tramping  
grounds in the form of the Watahuta Wildlife  
Refuge! I have included a picture that shows  
the general layout of this country. It does not,  
by any means, actually show the extent nor beauty  
of the country. Am looking forward for a jaunt into  
this refuge.

It Sill is certainly a delightful place. The  
best is not too good for the 70th Field! I like  
to compare the Fort to some large University  
campus where the buildings are permanent and  
the entire, sealed-in, with neatly cut lawn and  
sharply defined landscaping. No dust present, as  
all roads are cemented and curb and guttered. Most  
of the buildings are relatively new, however one sect-  
ion of the fort still retains the tell-tale earmarks of  
its age. When one realizes that the fort was  
established in 1868 you can readily see why they  
have had the time to become perfectly organized  
in regard to housing, and efficiency of organization.  
On this point the 70th Field Hospital is  
outstanding in that it the only medical unit on a  
post that is otherwise a strictly Field Artillery





UNITED STATES ARMY

base, and as a result, we are as if a foreigner and as such are required to satisfy the curiosities of the post dignitaries by displaying ourselves and our wares. Surely we receive more attention than is usually given a medical unit. However this matter of undue interest also has its advantages in being recognized, but again it cause one to be continually on his toes. Possibly after we lose ourselves in some Indian jungle or south sea island we can again revert to our normal and ordinary selves and then we can really get down to serious business.

Our barracks accommodations are a far cry from the tents of the field. Their uniqueness is in position, being only approx 150' from the air field. Bus stop 80' from front door. The air field brings in everything from 4 motored B17's to pipw subs. A dozen or so Navy Corsiers (sp?) help to color the field. They are really some plane. On one side of the field is a double row of approx 120 reconnaissance planes used in connection with artillery problems. Our office is located at a point where the planes leave the field and when a B17 leaves the field the officer equipment jumps about like a Mexican bean. I can readily see why so many of the fellows in the air corps pursue their jobs with such enthusiasm and interest. I know that for myself the sight

of one of these planes silhouetted against a colorful evening sky sends a chill down my back.

Yesterday I walked over to the artillery range to see just what was making all the noise and what I discovered was a most fascinating spectacle - a new experience for me. From a high vantage point, especially set aside for spectators witness the drama below. Imagine perched on top of Wallburg ridge and to see below 30 guns at the head of the duck dam, each gun projecting their shots over the hills into the Wallburg valley proper. After 3 or 4 guns have determined the angle of fire by information supplied by the control points of the hill tops, the entire battery lets go, resulting in a devastation of the target that is incomprehensible. The ground seems to come to life with geysers of spraying dirt trending sky high. The reverberating sounds of the blast reach ones ears 9-12 seconds of the initial shot are fired indicating their distance away. One thing sure, I would never like to be singled out for a target under such firing - I have never been so good at dodging artillery shells - just do not seem to be quick enough 😊

The organization is shaping up nicely with a full complement of medical officers and nurses. This would indicate to me that the time for departure is not so far away, as nurses are generally assigned and join the unit at the last moment. The 18 females are really qualified and nice gals, and should offer that impetus necessary for the development of the fellows refined gentlemanly and other courteous manners.

Most of the enlisted men have had previous hospital training and are now, in reality, training many of these new officers. My desk is in the same office as the Chief Nurse and her staff of



UNITED STATES ARMY

administrative nurses and while they pick up a little ~~now~~ now and then, the question remains as to whether they will ever grasp the procedures and policies of army administration!

Was rather startled at the report of Edith's trouble but am please to know that she is <sup>now</sup> making such rapid strides in the come-back. No sir, you just cannot keep her down. I am confident that in a month or so she will once again be her normal self and be able to carry out with even greater energy and vitality.

Must close now and get a little bunk fatigue or more properly 'hit the sack'. Will keep you posted on any further development.

Love  
James.

P.S. Copied a few type arrow points from the museum here at the Post. It would appear that the Pueblo culture had influenced these tribes of Oklahoma.

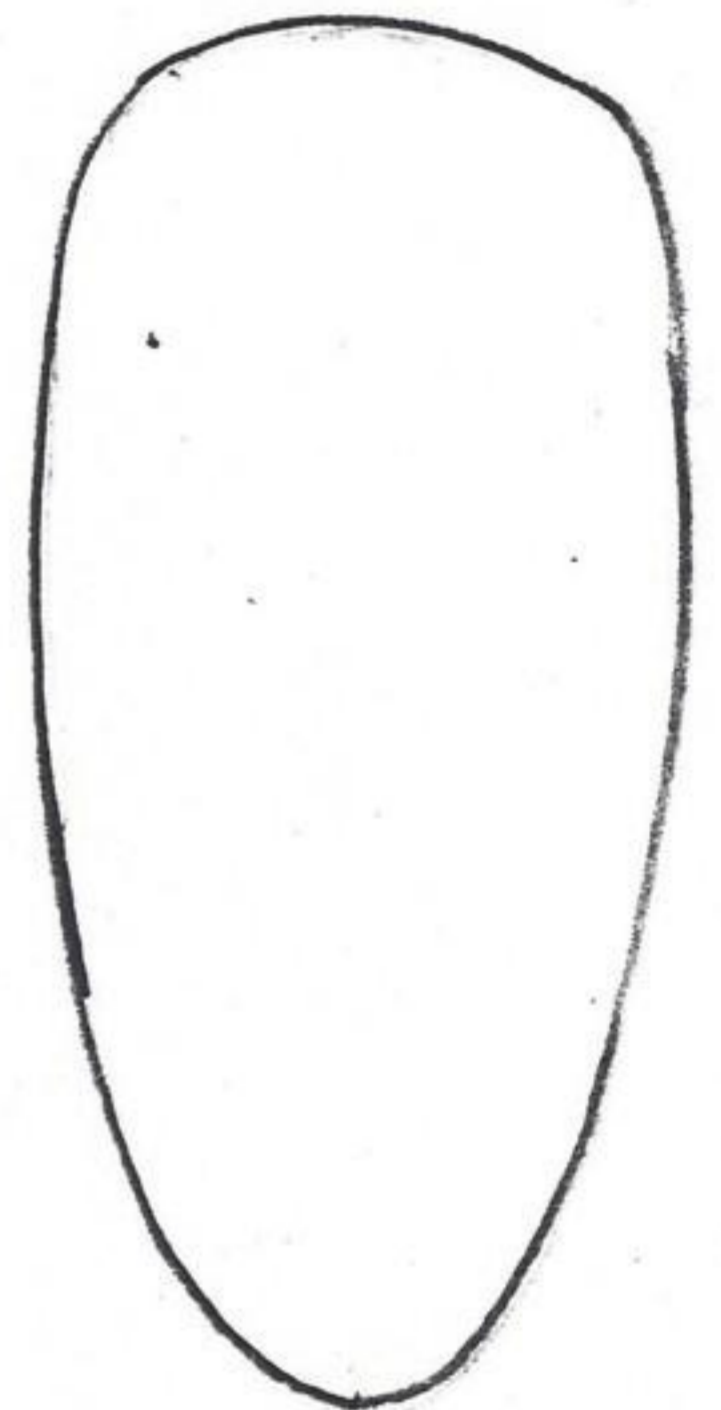
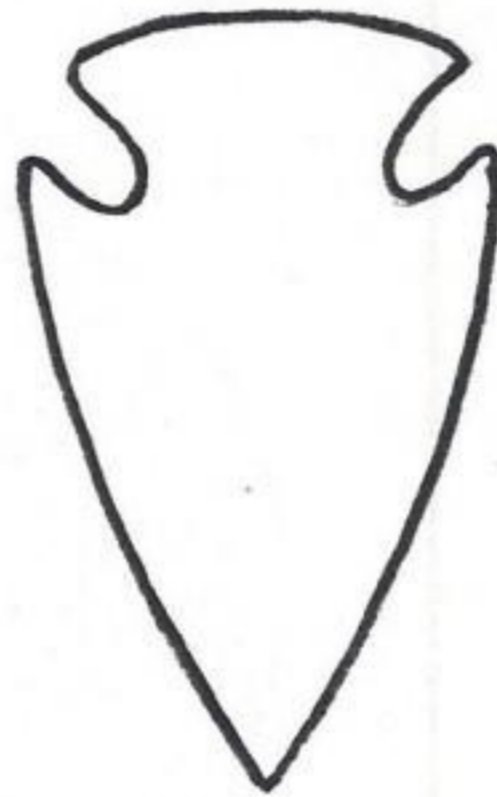
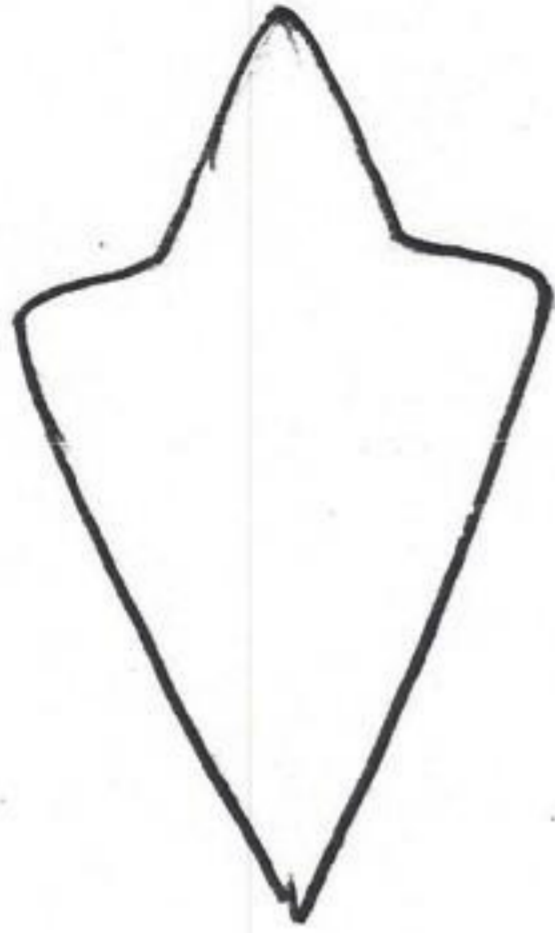
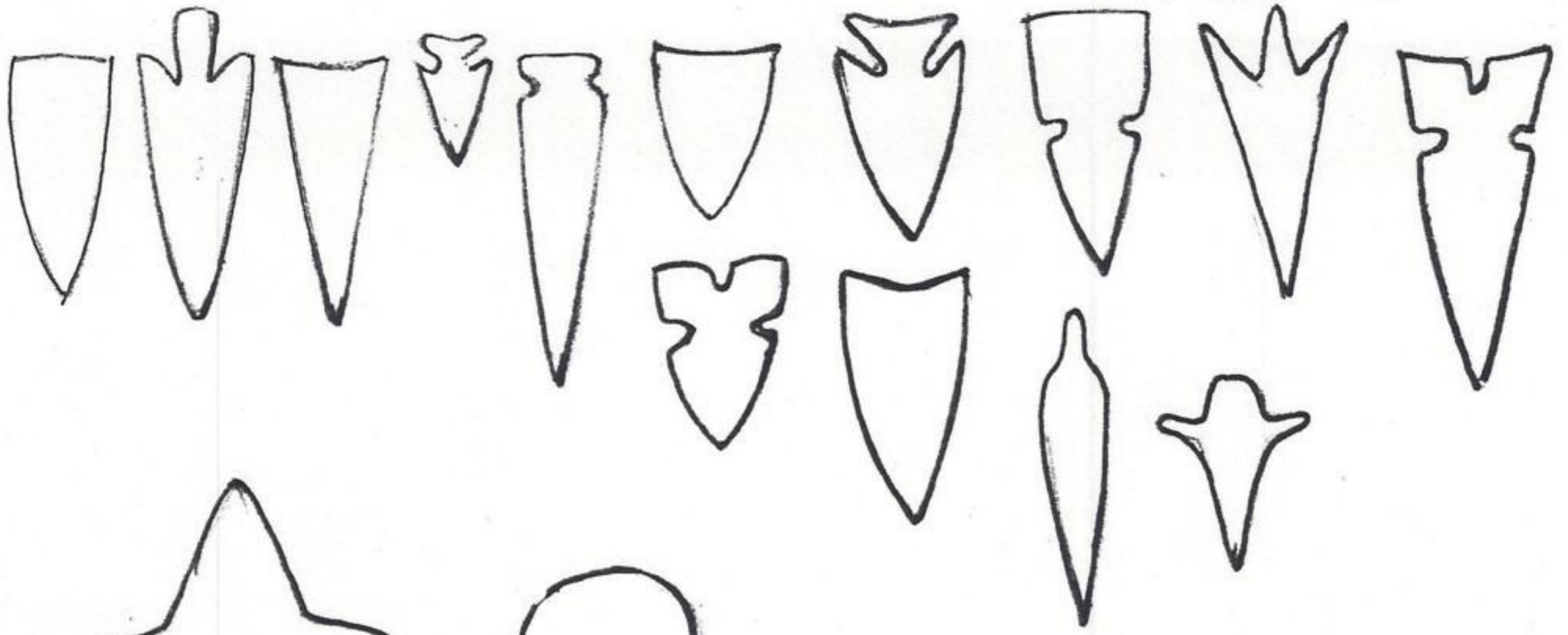
my love and hellos for David & Gloria.

Present address -

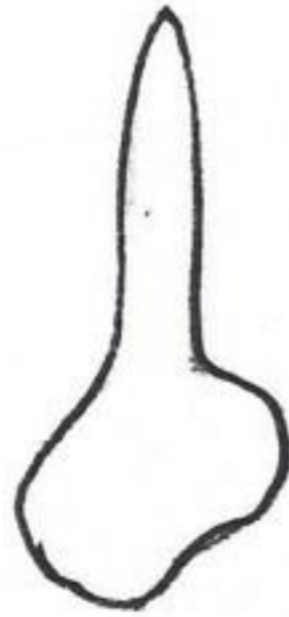
39678282 A.V.S.

70th Field Hospital

FX Sill - Okla



2x



AREA OF ...



Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Aug. 27, 1944

Left camp at Fort Sill and got a ride from here <sup>nonstop</sup> to Reno, Nevada via New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada in a new C-46 and piloted by one who had never flown this kind of plane. Left sundown.

Aug 28, 1944

Arrived Reno Nevada, then back to Oakland.

Oakland, California

Aug 29, 1944

Left Oakland and returned to Reno.

Reno, Calif.

Aug. 31, 1944

Left Reno by car to Provo. Arrived 3:30 A.M. next morning.

Provo, Utah

Sept 7, 1944

Left Provo by car to Cheyenne, thence Denver, thence Kansas City, thence to Fort Sill by train.

# Field Hospital Offers Varied Services

FORT SILL ARMY NEWS, SEPT. 2, 1944

The Army Field Hospital, the Medical Department's ingenious contribution to military mobility, is represented in an organization now being trained at Fort Sill.

This hospital, activated in July at Camp Barkeley, Tex., is organized into three platoons, each operating a complete hospital unit which can function independently. The three hospital units of the three platoons are organized into the large single hospital when greater capacity is desired in one

area.

Each of the three units provides as wide a variety of medical service under the shelter of camouflaged tents as can be had at most any Station Hospital at an established Army post.

Yet the whole Field Hospital can be disassembled, packed aboard trucks or other means of conveyance and again unpacked and made ready for full hospital service in about four hours. Personnel functions as loaders, packers,

truck drivers and even latrine trench diggers as well as skilled medics, as the need arises.

This organization thus can follow the combat troops, moving with the tide of battle. It is the most mobile and most advance hospital unit. At the same time, the Field Hospital, an innovation of this war, ingeniously provides services ordinarily associated with stationary installations. Nurses are among its personnel.

(Continued on Page 2)

Portable gasoline generators supply electric current for use in the surgery tent and to operate the mobile x-ray equipment. Gasoline heats the large sterilizers and autoclaves for sterilizing instruments. A refrigeration unit to cool certain items in the pharmacy tent operates on kerosene.

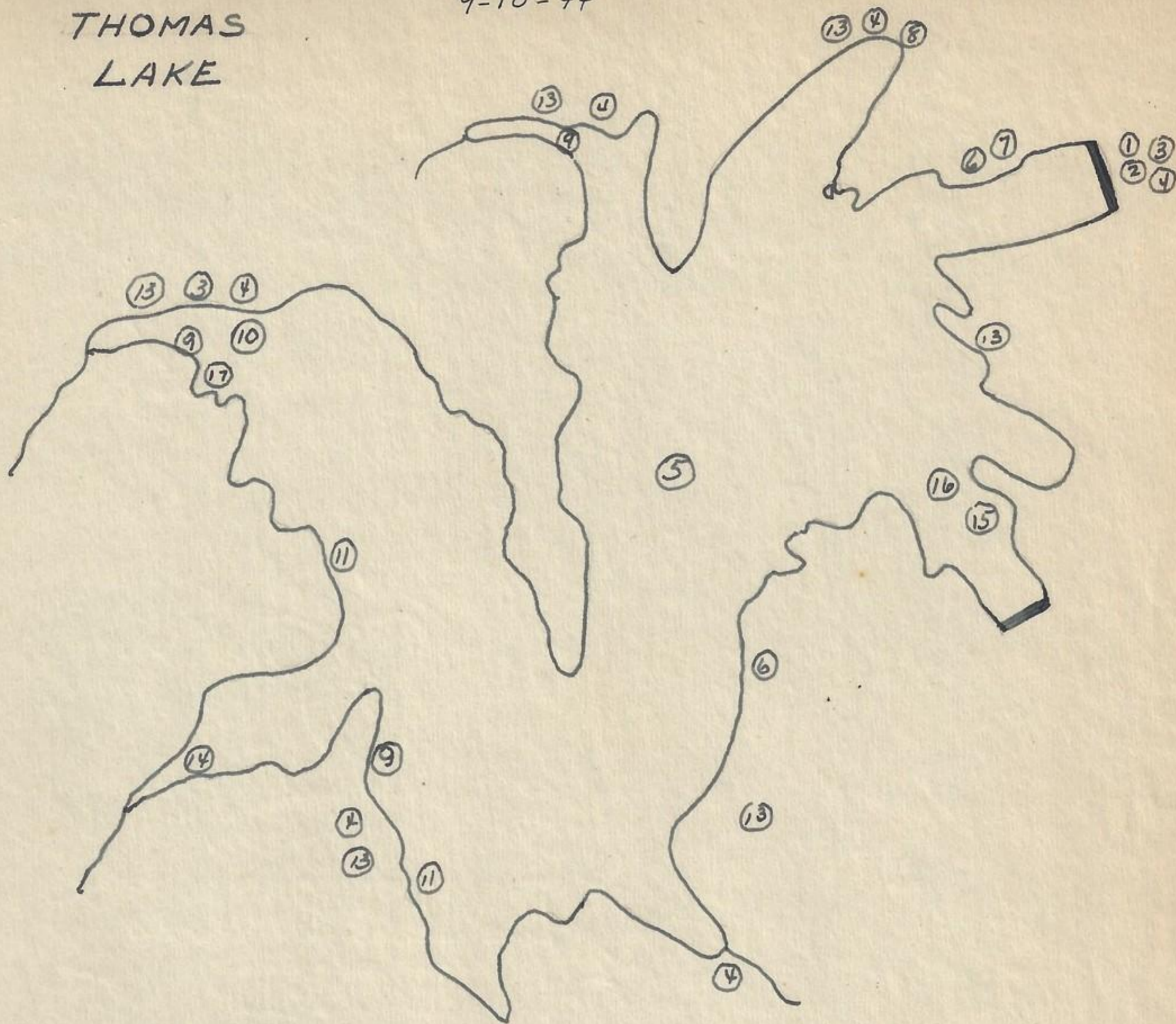
Functioning professionally like a permanent hospital, this Field Hospital has tents bearing appropriate signs such as "Laboratory," "Surgery," "Medical Supply," "Dental," "Pharmacy" and even "Isolation."

The Field Hospital is widely adaptable. It can serve as a Surgical, Clearing, Evacuation, Convalescent, Station or Field Hospital. As the latter it ordinarily gets patients from a clearing company in a medical clearing battalion. It also could receive walking wounded if necessary. It is prepared to take care of a patient for approximately two weeks before evacuation to the rear. Ambulances would transport bedridden patients should the hospital have to move quickly.

Some of the personnel of the Field Hospital at Fort Sill already have been overseas in this war, as is true of the commanding officer, Lt. Col. A. R. Mailer, and the executive officer Maj. John M. Dyson, both Medical Corps officers. Colonel Mailer, Galesburg, Ill., served in the Field Artillery in World War I from sergeant to battery commander, and in this war he already has served in the Middle East as a medical officer. Major Dyson, Hazelton, Pa., has returned from duty in the Caribbean area.

ELMER  
THOMAS  
LAKE

9-10-44



Lee Johnson and I circumnavigated Elmer Thomas Lake, Wichita Wild Life Refuge, Fort Sill, Oklahoma. In general found a decided disparity of wildlife but including the following.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. <i>Colaptes auratus</i>                     | 11. <i>Actitis macularia</i>                   |
| 2. <i>Mimus polyglottis polyglottis</i>        | 12. <i>Corvus b. brachyrhynchus</i>            |
| 3. <i>Megascops alcyon alcyon</i>              | 13. <i>Zenaidura m. macroura</i>               |
| 4. <i>Penthestes atricapillus atricapillus</i> | 14. <i>Ardea herodias herodias</i>             |
| 5. <i>Sayella acuta tayloriana</i> (?)         | 15. <i>Oxyechus v. vociferans</i>              |
| 6. <i>Catherpes mexicanus</i>                  | 16. <i>Querquedula discors</i>                 |
| 7. <i>Salpinctes obsoletus obsoletus</i>       |  |
| 8. <i>Tyranga s. cineriventer</i>              | Considerable evidence of                       |
| 9. <i>Cosmerodius albus egretta</i>            | <i>Odocoileus virginianus</i> , <i>Procyon</i> |
| 10. <i>Pedilymbus podiceps podiceps</i>        | <i>lotor</i> , and <i>Canis latrans</i> .      |
| 17. <i>Butorides virescens virescens</i>       | (no 12. Generally distributed.)                |

14 Sept 1944

Dear Mother and Dad,

This is it! Just a hurried note for a few particulars and final word before departing. The 'circus' will conclude its final performance and is scheduled to entertain on the Continental India, Burma, China theatre. I find my recent experience in mode of travel was intended to serve a more practical purpose than was anticipated. I truly think this organization is being shown favoritism and am looking forward to a most splendid and inspiring trip. Will give Nicholson our regards and upon arrival at my new outpost will be free to inform you on all these experiences now at the moment in store. Cannot but feel that overwhelming thrill so eminently scheduled.

Will not be able to justly record my impressions and feeling of my trip home at this time except to say that I have been able to revive those memories which will serve to barricade against the more difficult happenings that might cross our path. Melancholy will never trouble me as long as I have such nice friends and above all such fine parents at home to back me up.

Also I realize how futile would be my endeavor to describe my flying experiences as I find my thoughts and adjective inadequate to handle such entirely new and fantastic a world as one behold below. The only really adequate manner in which these things can be appreciated is to actually experience them personally. May I have the pleasure of escorting you & Dad to southern Utah, Grand Canyon etc and return via Wasatch by the more delightful mode of transportation. Do it a date?

Received your package and my sincere thanks for such a useful gift. I never realized just what a developed case I had been using until I had the chance of directly comparing with the new prize. It is a most practical case for overseas use and one that also can be used after the war is over. There was a rather interesting incident that occurred in connection with the conversion of shaving equipment from the old to the new bag. The new case



contained what appeared to be a container of tooth powder and one identical with the one that I had been using right along. So I proceeded to brush my teeth with the new can and sensed nothing unusual except the addition of a rather fragrant odor. Nor did I realize that it was talcum powder until the next morning when a more careful check was made as to its contents. Personally I find the only difference is one of label. Talcum powder does, however, have the advantage of being able to serve two distinct functions of a tooth powder and talcum powder which, of course, is not inversely true in the case of the tooth powder alone. D

You will receive two small boxes of misc. items such as shorts, shirts, shoes, towels etc accumulated in the last year or two - clothes in excess of those allowed for overseas and as we are travelling with minimum weight requirements can only take authorized amount. Please do not save them for me but use as rap or put in hooks for Dad's immediate use, providing of course that they fit. They may come in handy for the pending deer hunt. You will find the key to the army trunk (suitcase) in the slipper case. I have also included in this aggregation a very fine book that Mil gave to me and one which I would like to add to my library. I am sure you would enjoy some of the finer thoughts of this rather outstanding piece of naturalistic literature.

Must prepare for the takeoff and start bagging so good by now.

Love  
James.

P.S. Hardly feel like my signature has its former significance as a Bee entity when my poor plasma supports such a formidable immunization array of vaccines and antitoxins as:

- |           |              |                               |
|-----------|--------------|-------------------------------|
| Cholera   | Yellow fever | Atabrine (to be used shortly) |
| Typhoid   | Tetanus      |                               |
| Small pox | Typhus.      |                               |

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Sept. 15, 1944

Left Fort Sill for Miami Beach



20 Sept 44

## Air Transport Command

Dear mother and father:

all passed for the medical mission overseas and looking forward to one of the most interesting and worthwhile adventures of my life. Even so inviting a place as Miami Beach, I still believe more thrilling moments are in store. (If that could possibly be.)

Have included a section of a map which I prefer to call a conjectural itinerary and is based on nothing more than my own idea and dream. However, certain premonitions have, so far, been holding quite true to form. Apparently no disappointment about my birthday present from Uncle Sam and so nice and thoughtful to be on time.

Cannot spare this moment to adequately glorify the sheer elegance and pristine levelness the Miami Beach country or the deluxe aristocratic accommodations now enjoying but sufficient to say that I am receptive to it all and really feel alive. Once again, it is just something one feels but does not have the powers to write about in descriptive language. Anyhow be sure include a summer in this Caribbean area in our post war date book.

Am expecting to keep a rather complete journal and record of my flying experiences in hopes that I can partially impart to you that feeling of elation that I now experience.

Loving

James.

P.S. Wish the whole  
tribe could be here  
For just a day.

24 Sept 1944

Dear Mother and Dad.

I am just now completing my 'luxury' vacationing here at Miami Beach and am now convinced that my life would never have been quite as complete as it would otherwise have been if I had not had this exceptional privilege of experiencing the delight and charm of these Florida environs. It is really one of the more favored spots on our globe - a place where man is really living and enjoying the benefits of the out-of-doors. In this one respect it suggests the attitude and desire of the people of the Northwest who are alive and enjoying the intimacy with nature. It is rather peculiar that two peoples so diametrically opposed in geographic position should be so affected by their environs and leads me to believe that we as individuals are still responding to

To the dictates of our environments, — not as independent a creature as we generally assume. Fortunately in this case the response to nature is a most favorable one.

I had always felt that Miami Beach was a place to be compared with Coney Island where everyone was over stimulated with the idea of having a good time, making merry & eating ice cream and pop corn — something of the picture of any town say on a 4<sup>th</sup> of July, but surprisingly I find it quite different. Here the people have come from all over the world and are here, not for sheer physical recreation, <sup>(good time)</sup> but for quiet, peace, and serenity of living. Privacy of individual is the key note. Such conditions suit me fine. However, if one wishes to revert occasionally to the more usual civilization and society he has but to leave the hotel and beach and is immediately set in a little New York City

with fashionable shopping districts compared to none. Incidentally Miami differs from New York in price alone, one paying almost  $\frac{1}{3}$  or more the usual price. For instance: I pay (only once) 25¢ for a small chocolate Sundae - 85¢ for film I normally pay 31¢ for. For the type of people patronizing this store, the price of a commodity is of no concern to them - but oh how the soldier suffers. He soon finds that it is only possible to live by favoring the U.S.O.'s and Red Cross Centers. As for me I put a lock on my pocket book before entering the R.R. yards of Miami and as a result I remain as one peculiar in having at least enough cash to weigh myself, which is more than 90% of the other fellows can brag about.

The main feature of these luxury hotels I speak about is the control of a certain section of the punch for private use to members of the particular hotel only.

Each of the hundreds of these ocean side hotels have their own beach which is held inviolate to any trespass making it possible to enjoy the fine feature of beach & surf without being jostled around by hundreds of bathers. This arrangement is second best and an excellent arrangement for privacy but as for me I must have an isolated island in the south pacific where nary a Friday sunset can be found!

The ocean and beach and palms are outstanding and cannot be compared with any other section of the ocean contacts I have made so far. That is, in delicacy of color only. as the bold shore lines of the N.W. are as yet incomparable.

Yesterday I had my first baptism in the Atlantic ocean. All events led to a most enjoyable occasion. In the late afternoon I left the hotel and after an hour and a half intellectual spree

(purchased 15 dollars worth of books for use at a later date) trended over to the National Hotel and after working back to their private swimming pool, asked their life guard if they would, by chance have any facilities for changing into my bathing suit, and <sup>my</sup> thinking I was a member of the hotel supplied me with the best of accommodations and a private beach - all to myself! After taking a few pictures, and collecting a representative series of shells from the beach sands spent the remaining twilight hours on the surf. I have never experienced such unusual atmospheric conditions. One stands on the beach with the prevailing wind blowing in off the ocean against your face. This wind is a reality as you hear it brush aside your ears and your hair responds to its force - but you do not feel or perceive any tactical sensation! The factors of temperature and humidity of this wind and sea breeze is so nearly perfect the



body temperature that one receives no contrasting impressions. You feel a slight pressure but no feeling of cold or warmth from this perfectly receptive breeze. One receives absolutely no sense of chill or discomfort while bathing - even at twilight. It is certainly a pleasure & thrill to share the clean and pure beach area with those microscopic animal forms which played such an important roll in our own evolutionary development - to contemplate here about the cradle of our early life and on a section of this old world where activity and action of movement in the form of a surf has been in perpetual motion since that time when moisture was first formed on this globe and an ocean created.

The few shells I collected, some approx 50 different species, were mailed yesterday and should arrive some few days after this letter reaches you. In the event that they arrive as more than mere fragments of their former

shells would appreciate it if you would take them from their shipping box and give a more secure housing. Shells have always been fascinating things to me and shall be able to spend an enjoyable Sunday in properly classifying them - after the war. With the little time I had here was able to give all but six or seven of the smaller ones their proper name. They include the following: Fighting Conch, Baby Conch, Pearls Cone, Baby giant Band, Tulip Band, Bleeding Tooth (I am sure you will recognize this one - on the inside of the shell it has a baby tooth with a splashing of reddish brown as if it had be bleeding), Spirella, Cat's Eye, Marginella, Lace Murex, Brown Horn Shell, Paper Fig, Left hand Whelk, Rice Shell, Knobby Top, Dislocated Auger, Florida Buttons, Florida Bubble, Florida Top Shell, Old Maids Curl, Brown Cockle, Scallop, Yellow Cockle, Egg Cockle, Cross-barred Venus, Coguma, Pointed Venus, Catopaw, Sunset Shell, Oyster Claw, Arm Thorny Oyster, Pennsylvania Lucine, Tiger Lucine,

Turkey star mussel, and a piece of white Coral. These were picked up only after a casual search so am wondering what would actually be represented if the country were systematically searched.

Along with the shells will follow two other small boxes, one some misc junk and the other a roll of exposed film. With film so rare I decided to expose one or two at Miami and then save the rest for a later date. My thought on the conservation of film was a good one but not in approval with other departments of thoughts. No exposed film is to leave the U.S. so I was forced to finish out the roll on subjects at hand. You might develop them (print dark) and set aside as a partial record for my Miami Beach stay. These shots will be far from representing Florida in its true perspective. As this country is a country of color, Kodachrome is the only film that should ever be used to depict its elegance.

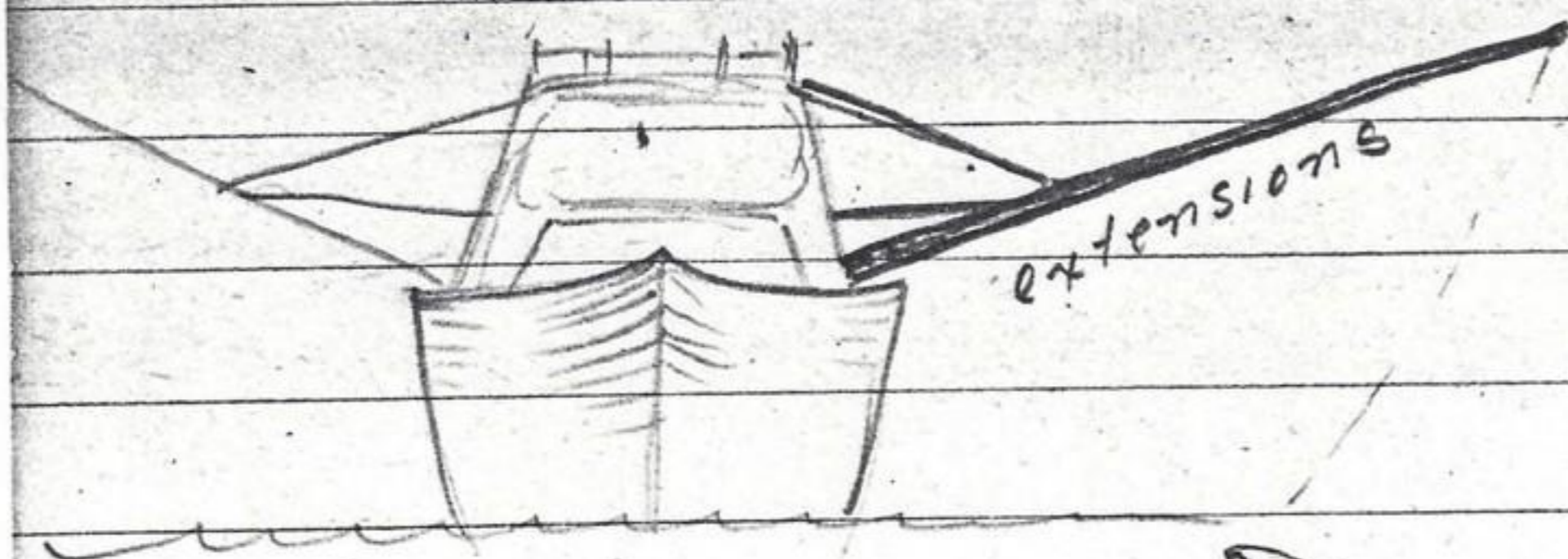
The true aspect of color harmony is best displayed from elevation or from a boat. Even at site the charm is still present.

This evening I witness such a night scene from the top floor of the hotel. I have often heard the expression of 'moonlight over Miami' but have never caught its true significance and meaning until now. From this vantage point one looks down upon a sight that is just too overwhelming to absorb without emotionally reacting to its influence. The moon is in perfect position for the setting and while it is only about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in size is still producing sufficient illuminosity to hold the graceful clouds in subdued relief. Even with this presence of moon light in the sky, the stars still retain their diamond brilliancy. Instead of subduing their intensity the catalytic action of the moon seems to magnify and enhance their beauty. On the horizon is one of the most beautiful skylines I have ever seen - the colorful and stately outline of Miami City proper. Between this horizon and the hotel is the subject of our picture in the form of the ocean bay. This bay is unsurpassed during the day but at night and a beam of shimmering moon

light seems to enhance its beauty. The most delicate tone of the entire picture is the lace like reflection of the moon lit clouds, a softness and delicacy that must be seen as sounds must be heard. Any change of wind changes the mood of the entire setting, breaking up the ribbon of moonlight or the outline of the clouds. Flanking the left hand corner of our picture is a bridge connection the mainland with this island a spit and from its shoulders the guiding lights cut a solid line across the bay waters, superimposing upon <sup>the</sup> more delicate background of the natural elements. Now, as a foreground and directly below the palm fronds are boldly silhouetted against the artificially lighted walk edging the bay shore line. It is so difficult to keep from completely losing oneself when captured in such enchanting views as I witnessed this evening.

The other day I had the pleasure of forming a party of 5 officers and three enlisted men on a deep sea fishing party, which lasted from

1:00 P.M. to 6:00 P.M. Some kind philanthropist has either given or loaned his yacht to this army for the entertainment of the soldiers while stationed at the hotel here. Managed to work in a trip in face of an already over drawn reservation list. Was more than repaid by the trip alone, as well as catching a couple of fish and also participating in one of the largest sail fish catches ever made here. The yacht accommodates 10 people with facilities for 4 operators at one time. The accommodation and equipment, of course, was the best with padded swivel chairs etc. Two men fish from the rear and two from the sides by a special extension arm that is lowered during trolling and held in



upright position when not fishing. Well, anyhow, we did not tarry long but



we soon on our way to the fishing grounds.

Even before leaving the bay observed  
3 monstrous fish like forms, rolling over on the  
water and not more than 50' from the boat, with  
large dorsal fin cutting the water surface. The  
water was crystal clear and deep green with the  
floor of the sandy bay making an ideal setting  
to watch these creature. Instead of wading the  
boat as any normal marine creature would do, they  
chose to join the party and give us company. One  
swam directly in front of the boat (naturally I  
was sitting a far forward on the boat as I could  
possibly be without sitting in the water itself so  
had a ringside seat to view the spectacle) and  
then under the bow. These fishlike forms, some  
8-12 feet long and husky as a cow turned out to  
be porpoise - a new mammal for my list. We  
were soon beyond the limits of the bay and after  
crossing the choppy surf we in the open territory  
of the ocean proper and a new experience for me -  
one thrill after another. I was becoming  
impressed by new sites that I had never

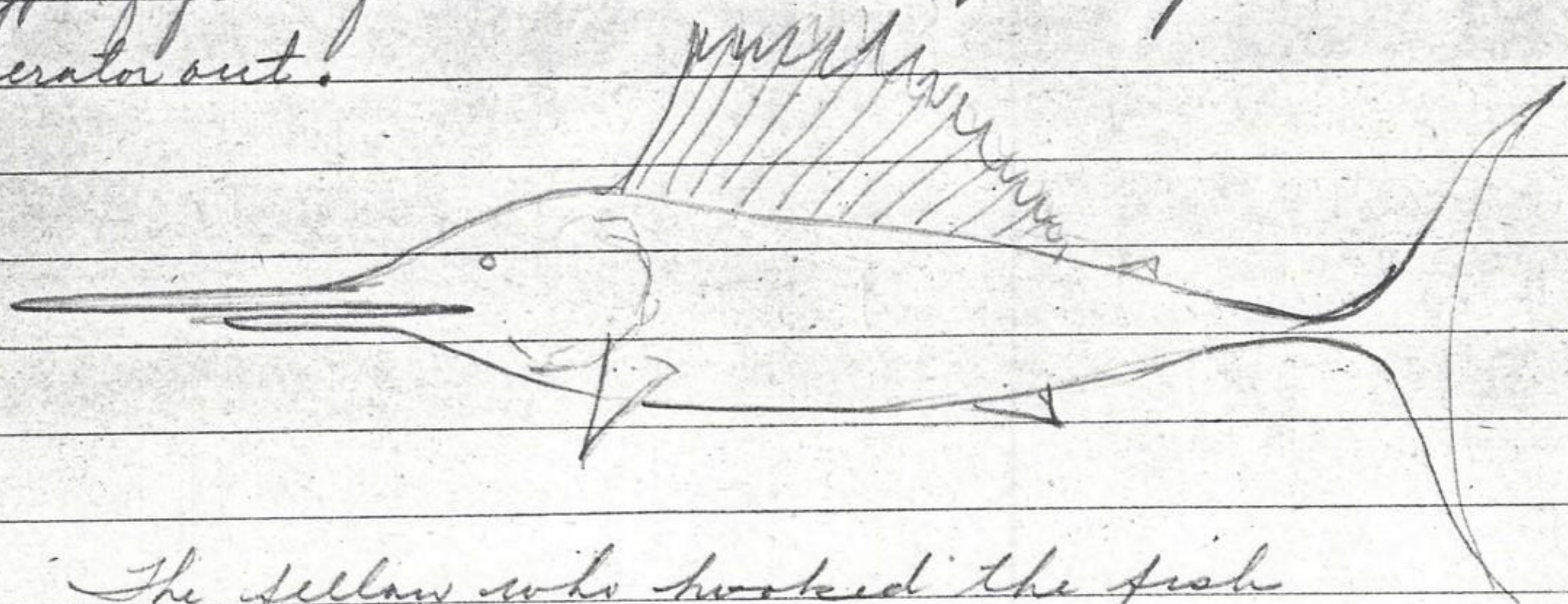
experienced before. As I indicated before, color is the dominating element of Florida's landscape and it is of such an intensity and degree of contrast that is unbelievable both in boldness and at the same time delicacy & fineness of quality. I could live forever with these remarkable colors. In the first place there is the quality of pureness of water in both sight and odor. This is of course apart from the actual color but at the same time adds to the appearance and feeling. In the main there is two zone of color - one zone adjacent to the land with a decided green color and a zone of blue water which is found beyond this submerged shelf in the limitless depths of the ocean. To still speak in generalities we might say that as one looks toward the horizon the water color changes to a purple and final ends as a sharp and clearest horizon. Out of this sharp water line emerges clouds as if coming directly out of the water or more properly resting upon the ocean surface. The sky



dome is so all enveloping and massive that one finds room for fair weather & storm weather in the same picture. Frequently a storm area will lend a background for the fair weather clouds in front producing a most fantastic combination. These conditions, as delightful as they are, are not to be compared with the theme of the entire experience. This inspiring moment, again, was motivated by the presence of color and surface reflection of the ocean. From one position you can look around a 360° horizon and in that circular sweep of vision one can be exposed to as many variations of color and tone as it is possible to describe. Notable among the sites is the almost luminous and metal luster from the cloud reflection above. The quality of reflection dependent upon the surface stability of the water. The direct sun reflection is characterized to dancing diamonds changing in Karst value with the velocity of wind. If a sudden gust of wind sweeps across the water surface the lazily sparkling surfaces change to one of complete agitation & motion.

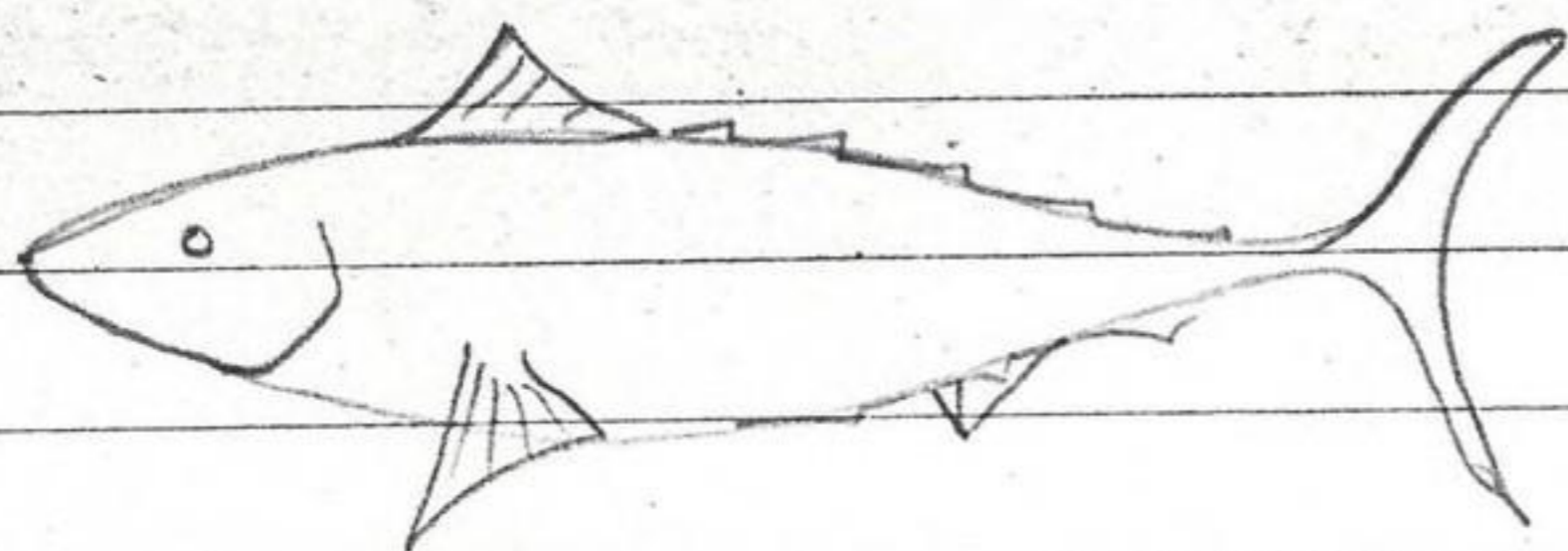
In general the mood of water is the same as the sky quality it faces. For instance a storm clouds with showers will give a muddy & perturbed reflection, while a blue sky will give a response suggesting a tone of love and gaiety. The brilliant cloud reflection impresses me as a philosophical quality. One of the most interesting section of the ocean surface is that area of transition between a blue sky & a storm cloud. It has a mood of its own. The ink blue under certain conditions is beyond description - it is beyond the power of the human language to describe. Maybe we can all see these Caribbean waters some day. You will excuse me for piloting you out into the middle of the ocean without disclosing the real purpose of the mission. Well for a normal catch I would have been able to brag but some damn Private had to go on catch a record sail fish that put me in the background. This sail fish measured 6' 4" and required three men to reel him in. To fight this

type of fish for 10 minutes completely wear the operator out!



The fellow who hooked the fish didn't want the specimen and if it had not been for the fact that it cost 75 dollars for a mounting job would have set it sailing for home. They charge by the linear measure of \$1 per foot. My insignificant 2 1/2

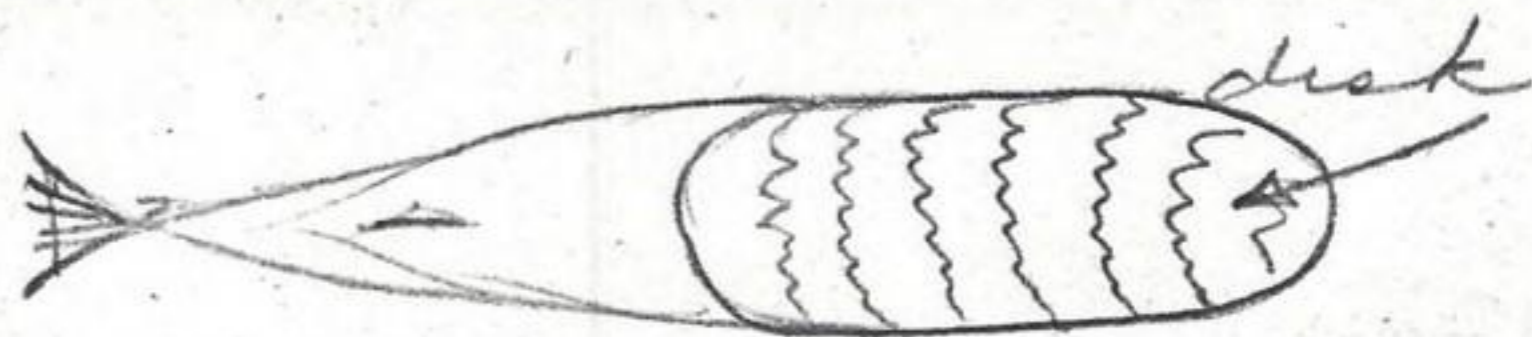
feet, as you can see, did not attract much attention. It was what they call a Bonito and looks something like the sailfin.



Our group also caught Barricuda, and a' somekind of a mackerel. The sail fish supported

all reproductions from memory

Bottom view with suction



several small parasitic pedat fish. In addition to these larger form found several flying fish, needle fish, jelly fish, and dolphin. Was quite interested to learn how related these Florida people were in seeing for the first time this season, the river ducks of the north. It would no doubt indicate a early winter!

A partial list of the more uncommon birds, at least to me, are *Fregata magnificens* - Man-of-war. Reminds me of the osprey in its hunting actions of soaring and inspection for fish. The black forked tail is a site indeed, almost like a swallow with magnification.

*Thalassens maximus maximus*, *Pelicanus o. occidentalis*, *Ardea herodias wardi*, *Casmerodius allisegutta*, *Hydranassa tricolor ruficollis* and 9 *Halastur leuccephalus*. One *Columbigallina passerina passerina* is a most interesting and common fellow at the hotel. Returning from our fish-trip we had the pleasure of running up a small white triangle flag indicating our possession of a snelfish - some distinction.

This fishing excursion, if for no other purpose, aroused in me that desire again, of owning a sail boat and cruising around the world. My dream boat is one I saw in Bellingham when Mel & Burnett stop at that point on our summer vacation trip - a 90' boat with 3 masts and a really sea worthy boat. The operator of that boat was a man without a country and was escorting 2 passenger as Mr Rust might conduct his summer travels in southern Utah. If I never can afford such a ship, I can at least rent one for a month or two. Possibly my future occupation will afford me such a chance.

me thinks that it is time to cease with these ramblings so will say good night and good by.

Sorry to be required to confine my topics to the weather, so to speak, but my position at present requires I converse only 'about the weather' 😊

Loving

James.

P.S. It will be a perfect Birthday present.

9-24-44. Miami Beach, Florida. Departed for Casa Blanca, Africa at 4:00 A.M. by C 54. In flying this water route one's attention is dominated by a sublime and untouchable world both in physical features and emotional sensation. It is difficult to compare the pristine loveliness above the clouds with anything I have experienced on the solid world below except possibly certain alpine lands in wintertime or at the antarctic continent where the rugged snow covered mountains break the lines of the cold frigid surface expances. While there are certain features and conditions that do lend themselves to direct comparisons such as the topography, physiography, color, texture, form, depth and height there are other less tangible conditions such as massiveness, harmony, emotional moods and conjectural experiences that have no equivalent comparisons. It is difficult to appreciate these things from within the confines of a plane but it would also be rather hazardous to go exploring without its support. There are times, however, when the cloud surfaces appear stable enough to support ones weight. This new experience also calls for new expressions of descriptions as foreign as a new language and just as difficult to comprehend. Perspective and many other values must be readjusted, for example the intimate contact of the ocean surf from the usual sandy beach level upon the earth lends itself to a beauty and charm that compares with any scene, but when this same surf is viewed from the air it becomes small and relatively insignificant. Immediately one is impressed with the fact that from the air an object below must have those qualities of size and massiveness to register. When observing this new world of clouds one has the tendency to underestimate its enormous capacity and size. No other earthly feature is so extreme in either magnitude, perspective or vastness. If one wishes to search for something greater one must go searching beyond into the celestial realms of the outer universe.

The period of observation included one complete day from early dawn to dark and the early morning of the second day. Description must of necessity begin with the plane as the center of observation, a point that

becomes that realm of ones earthly dreams. This mode of travel has created a problem of perspective and makes it difficult to know just what instance or angle is to be used as the starting point. Does one describe from the superior or inferior position, or from a pivot point in the center of a vast sphere.

In general the procession of sky events have a general pattern but differing in details from day to day or even from hour to hour and particularly is t is true in regard to the changing of moods. In reality the spectacle is one continuous presentation of an ever changing world. For instance the two morning observations had no relation to a cyclic pattern. That is why it is so difficult to analyse or give description to these apparently heterogenous events. With such unlimited possibilities of form and mood description will of necessity never be complete.

The darkness proceeding dawn is a logical point to begin and at the time when the trip started. At this time this new world is nondescript except for the usual and familiar heavenly stars in their proper places and presenting one of the few sites that retain their normal perspective. Other than the white and red-hot exhaust and faint outline of the engines the world is dark and a feeling of the emensity of the universe prevails. An occasional and sudden bump and shaking up will remind one that the plane is passing through or by a cloud mass.

There are, in the course of the day certain periods or phases which, however fine the intergradations, are distinct. The first is one of darkness, then a world of grey followed by a period of suggested color of pinks and yellows leading suddenly to the sharp red intensities of the sun rise, their gradual merging into yellows and finally a cessation of all color with a replacement of intense white, contrasting sunward but delicate in the opposite limits of the sky to the west. Finally emerges those variations of shade and intensities of the normal daylight.

Early twilight is eagerly anticipated as it holds that promise of personal security. Eyes are dependant but instruments are not always in-

fallible. The lights at that time are characterized by their grey and black tones, both in the sky and cloud intensities. The first area of concern of the entire global sphere is that junction between the horizon and the sky being more conspicuous because of the sharper zone of contrast and demarkation. With a slow but imperceptible increase of light one's vision is directed downward to those sleeping clouds below just beginning to receive their almost immeasurable rays of reflected light. These fracto-cumulus cloud masses are evenly spaced and extensive in distribution broken in continuity only by some far distant cumulus and other larger cloud masses. It would remind one of staring upward from the earth into the heavens on a moonlight nite into a sky of closely arranged cloud masses with the interstitial areas representing the ocean and the stars the white caps of the water surface. Occasionally a large and bold cumulus cloud would pass by, a monarch compared to the fracto-cumulus below but also inferior to the lords of all the clouds the towering anvil capped cumulus to present themselves later in the day.

Glancing directly below and with the light intensity sufficiently strong to discern all details, one beholds a color with the deepest of all blues nearly approximating the black or deepest blue of commercial washing bluing. This blue merges outward with imperceptibility with the lighter and more delicate blues of the distant horizon merging undifferentiated into the blue sky above.

The sea below does not take on the dreaded feeling that one would normally associate with such limitless expanses of water because the cloud masses have a tendency to break up the expanse into many isolated fragments which gives one the impression of land masses and earthly security in turn. Again there are many times, particularly when flying continuously above the clouds when the fear of the ocean, or rather the lack of land security, does not enter into your mind. Mechanical trouble in the purring moters would be the only thing that could cause one to refer to the omnipresent hazard of the ocean below.



One is impressed with two distinct wave patterns, one the large stable swells with uniform spacing and a secondary and superficial surface agitation conforming in alignment and movement to the local direction of the wind. The evenly distributed white caps are represented as white specks or dots, indicating the static nature of the wave movement. Actually they are much larger than they appear from our elevation.

Certain limited areas of the sea support an extra sea within a sea. The regular ocean now takes on a new appearance. This encroaching sea is more realistic in plan than the original being differentiated by color and pattern alone. It would suggest the mud flats of Great Salt Lake from the Farmington road level in Utah with the characteristic braided water system upon the mud flats proper and with the larger natural channels like muskrat trails leading back into the interior. Frequently one will find these irregular and linear water paths not associated with the larger false seas but ramifying alone through the ocean expanse. This new sea and braided system of channels match the sky in color shade and is generally of a greenish blue surrounded by the normally colored dark blue of the ocean proper.

There are certain instances and particularly during the early morning when the soft sun rays are reflected down upon the ocean from the cloud mass directly above, giving the sea a delicate reflection of a blurred quality. Regardless of how one might adjust his vision or clear the window of the plane the blur remains a reality. Many of such reflections remind one of the same quality of light as emanates from the glazed winter ice on Utah Lake when a white cloud near the horizon passed by. Certain of these cloud reflections, particularly below and on the undersurface have a suggestion of red that occurs neither in the cloud or the water surface itself.

To the west the first high cumulus catch the early faint rays of the direct sunlight, generally a pink or light red in color and as it is brought into complete exposure the surface is changed into a delicate

yellow and finally white. The rotating propeller of the plane registers these same changing colors. The sun finally reaches the upper limits of the lower sea-hugging fracto-cumulus clouds. The higher ones first appearing as if being turned on by a switch and finally the lower ones are engulfed in that sea of clouds that formerly gave the impression of supporting a common height. This lightning of clouds would suggest the gradual awaking of the animal world or better the progressive appearance of stars with the development of twilight and darkness. As soon as the sun's rays strike the water surface shadows spring into being, some unbelievable in quality and others quite normal but real. The usual reflection is one of deception. The shadow becomes a black blotch upon the bottom of a deep blue swimming pool with the clouds riding upon the surface of the water. This darker shadow has the power of bringing out the greenish blue quality of the water and gives it that apparent factor of depth to an otherwise opaque body. When the cloud shadow comes to rest upon the glazed path of the direct sun reflection both the cloud and the shadow take on their true perspective. The shadow rests on a black area upon the water and the cloud assumes its normal relation with the water in regard to height. The direct sun reflection suggests a hammered copper plate reflected in the sun with its metallic luster. It differs only in the lack of the color proper.

Except for the usual white dots the only other surface attraction is the linear strands of yellow beads, presumably plant in nature and conforming to the direction of the wave movement.

The ice-flow like arrangement of the fracto-cumulus now take on a more definite alignment with parallel rows of clouds and suggesting at times the formation of a ship convoy. This system of clouds will gradually give way to the more complex fracto-cumulus cumulus type of cloud mixture with the alto stratus or lenticular formation binding the heterogeneous forms together. Finally they become so amalgamated as to defy proper description.

Motion is always relative and the operation of parallax is present. The general impression is one of a static position of the plane and an active movement of the cloud masses. Occasionally the sea below will appear to be moving in the direction of the plane. A better impression of the relative nearness of the clouds can be attained by comparing relative speeds of the moving clouds. Many clouds appear to be near but are actually more distant than others which appear farther beyond. The alto-stratus pass by with the greatest speed due to our close proximity to their position either above or directly below the plane. It is during the passing of these clouds that one receives the true velocity of the plane. As we approach this type of cloud its lenticular or needle shape is apparent but as we actually contact it and pass by it changes to one of broad expanse and its former compact arrangement becomes discontinuous. Finally as we pass beyond it recoils into itself into its typical lens shape. These forms are darker than their cumulus backgrounds contrasting as if etched in black and white. Some cumulus have a striated effect from these clouds.

This morning flight was also characterized by contrast of light and dark as we faced the sun and delicate tonal gradations to the west.

Glided to Bermuda Island for refueling and then again to our sky world. Bermuda is characterized by its complete green covering and a lack of any extensive high tree growths. This afternoon was to be one that I would refer to as the orderly march of the storm clouds. Each wave of high cumulus made its appearance with a predictable pattern. The ocean below was always discernible at one point or another except when passing thru the wall of the giant cumulus barriers or other area of congested cloud formation. From a zone of fracto-cumulus one would pass into a mixture of high isolated cumulus and fracto-cumulus. Far ahead the dominating cumulus giants advanced in a long solid front. As we cruised along could tell by the progressive change of clouds from hour to hour

edge. There are many moments when several fragments of different rainbows can be seen at the same time. If the rainbows are not present one can always look for the dodging shadow of the plane as represented by a constricted dot in the center of a radiating hilation of red and yellow pattern as it intercepts all cloud masses. If the cloud is near and with smooth broad surfaces the perfect outline of the plane can be seen.

In the evening glided down to the Azore Islands for refueling and organization for departure for the following morning. At this point observed for the first time the actual effect of the war. The buildings showed shrapnel and bullet penetrations with the tops of many of the trees broken off. After supper and a short rest prepared for departure for Casa Blanca in North Africa.

9-25-44. Azore Islands. At about day break gained our position among the clouds for our second mornings flight. The thing I saw this morning was not intended to fit into description or language and whatever there is in the human way of expressing the beautiful, the elegant, the fantastic and mystical, the gorgeous, gigantic, ecstatic and unbelievable and exalted, is far from adequate. One passes into the realm of fairyland and dreamland whereupon awaking he finds his powers of delineation of the things he witnesses is a complete failure.

As the cold morning dawn breaks one finds an entirely new world with no similarity or comparison with the previous day and one wonders about the infinite and unlimited possibilities of conditions between the two sky experiences enjoyed to date. I am sure that there is a complete and fine gradation between these two rare atmospheric pictures. From the beginning to the conclusion of this mornings flight I was living in an atmospheric and physiographic likeness of the antarctic where that feeling of the frigid and its associated topography pervades the experience.

Once above the dark rain clouds of our earthly experience one finds the early dawn with a clear blue grey sky above and devoid of clouds overhead except one gar like streak of black velvet in the path of the light section of the sky to the east. The closely compact fracto-cumulus

that we were advancing toward congested or cloud free zones. Finally the fracto-cumulus below would dissolve and then would follow a zone of clear uninterrupted ocean just before the giant front. This wall of clouds controlled the entire breadth of the field ahead with anvil like upper limits extending toward the stratosphere. At once your present height becomes insignificant and you look upward to the superiors. Generally these fronts are supported by sharp protruding formations that seem to pierce the atmosphere ahead. These bayonets of the giants are supported by solid cloud masses themselves. While this drama is in operation another minor one, one which assumes a major event then viewed from the ground, is taking place beneath the base level of the cloud in the form of a rain shower. Frequently the barrier is such that the light from the opposite side penetrates the shower giving it a somewhat grotesque lighting effect. As one enters this barrier he is impressed with the abruptness and steepness of the cloud wall, particularly with the east or lee exposure. Imagine being hung on the side of a 8,000 foot wall with nothing above or below but an endless exposure of cliff. Once through you look down upon the ocean below and the same shower storms as observed from the front. Penetration of a cloud mass, as in the case of a mountain, is accomplished not without jostling effects, differing of course in permitting you to effect a complete penetration rather than stopping abruptly at the initial contact. Naturally the more favored routes are through a high pass. No gross instability of air is encountered unless actually invading a cloud. These barrier lines lead either to unfavorable weather or at least to more complex cloud groupings.

During the afternoon and evening when the sunrays have the added color though they play upon the clouds in an ever changing mood of light and shade. It is at this moment of ecstasy that one loses himself from the influences of the earthly home and especially is this true with the added attraction of gorgeous and intensively hued rainbows, many of them forming complete circles with extra inverted rainbows along the peripheral

below created a solid and continuous field with the individual cloud tops so compactly arranged as to give one the impression of the irregular flat ice fields of the antarctic. Several isolated cumulus protruded their smooth knoll skaped heads above the general level of the field of ice and snow adding to that frigid landscape, the monadnock. This field of snow was occasionally broken by a perfectly formed bay with channels extending beyond its limits. Its shoreline was lined with the perpendicular ice barriers as in the antarctic zones. The similarity was difficult to accept. This field continued to the horizon and was sharply outlined against the light sky of the east. It was the first time that the horizon was discernable but now it was as sharp in contrast as black and white and without mist or interference of any kind. A quality one would expect to find beyond the limits of our atmosphere in the interstellar space. The sky line became a light yellow in the east and grading thru to gray and finally the blue directly above. Rotating the eyes to the westward and along the horizontal plane, one encounters a very striking condition. The yellow of the eastern sky continues west along the horizon to the north for about 45 degrees at which point begins a gradual ascent into the sky with a new color gradation of reddish purple coming into play. The new color continues westward as was the plane of the yellow zone and is finally replaced by a complete void of blue. Thus the normal position of the apparent horizon is elevated as the eye moves from east to west.

Both the plane and the sun rays approach the gar clouds observed early this morning but now this streak has developed into a broad expanse of an umbrella passing by not as a solid blanket but as a series of successional masses, extending to the horizon in the east but still separated distinctly from the northern horizon with that clear yellow sky. All of a sudden the day breaks with a brilliant splendor of red lining the undersurface of the strata of clouds directly above. After running the full gradation of red it changes into all the intensity of

series of yellow which in this case does not reflect upon the ventral surface but upon the dorsal exposure. Finally the sun is up and all the clouds to the east become an outline of dazzling white edges. The clouds below strictly obey to the changing color scheme of the sunrise. It is an exceptional site to approach one of the many protruding temples with vividly outline edges around the faintly luminescent body and then in passing catch all the delicate color of the completely luminated front. Many of these delicate clouds remind me of a few of the yellow and pink colors found in Bryce Canyon in Utah.

As the morning advances we pass into the mountainous ranges but of course with conditions and proportions and complexities magnified and enhanced a thousand times. Towering peaks like the Junfrau and Matterhorn are common sites with the valley of soft smooth alto-cumulus formations. These snow fields complete the likeness of the alpine country. Even the icy peaks now can cast their cold shadows across these fields of snow, some of them extending across the valley to the base of the opposite and paralleling range. The fineness of consistency of some of these altostratus veils is indicated when a mountain mass is engulfed but still its finest of feature is discernible thru the veil. Other mountain peaks are completely throuded in these smooth enveloping blankets of strata producing the same features as a hill rounded by glacial action. Occasionally an area of dirty gray wool added variation to the pure white snow surfaces. This new arctic would of course differ in many respects to the arctic of our earthly plan, one of them being the long tunnel like escapes to the ocean below. These corridors possess considerable depth which offered them the similarity of the fantastic and mysterious chasms leading to Hades. At the end of this cravasse was generally found a large darkened chamber with illuminated shower banners streaming down to meet the rarely exposed ocean surface. The entire experience is as unreal and mystic that it is simply unbelievable. This country differs from the earth in degree of complete involvment of confining borders, and complexity of cloud arrangement.

Each such valley is surrounded by barrier peaks or divides and after passing beyond these ranges one would come abruptly into another such valley of surprise and charm. Frequently we invaded these ranges thru deep chasms or canyons with sides measuring thousands of feet high and with only enough room for the wing tips to speed by without touching either of the opposing side walls. These clouds certainly have a quality of depth or inward penetration that is not discernible from the ground aspect. At a distance these barriers appear impassible but distance always has a power of compacting a cloud mass that is in reality loosely constructed. As one approaches the continent unique cloud formations lose their uniqueness and one flies again over loosely arranged fracto-cumulus below. I am sure that these complex cloud formations are only peculiar to extensive water masses. Departing reluctantly from this Pleistocene world we dropped slowly to the terra firma. As I look back upon this experience I realize how difficult it is to visualize in anything like its true magnitude let alone to attempt to describe such complex and fine loveliness. Arrived Casa Blanca.



25 Sept 1944

Dear Mother and Dad.

Greetings from North Africa! Tarrying here just momentarily enroute to destination. Mission perfected in less time than it would take to tell and as effortless on my part as the winking of an eye. Personally I hope that I never get any nearer to heaven than the upper limits of our atmosphere. It is the most inspirational experience of my life and I say this without reservations. It would appear that I have had many 'the' moments but this experience tops them all.

In somewhat of a contrast I suffered my first shock this afternoon upon contact with this new order of civilization; a surprise as profound and effective as would be a physical blow upon the head. The shock was more than just an amusing surprise - it truthfully exposed my lack of actual and true knowledge of the customs and habits of these new peoples. I have never been so forcefully impressed with the fact that there is something drastically wrong with this old world of ours to allow or better to have allowed such a horrible state of society to have developed as I find here. These poor creatures have been forced to degenerate much on the same order as the American Indian and certain negro groups that I have found so stupidly suppressed in the southern part of the United States. I am quite confident that these people could never have developed those fine civilizations of antiquity if they were in the condition then as I find them now - degenerate parasites! Just from a cursory and superficial inspection and analysis you readily see that they have fallen victims to our so call super race of intellects. If this war is to correct (and I don't know how) all irregularities of mankind and his society are sure that merely the proper disposition of Herr Hitler and Japan will be far from adequate to make this world what you would call civilized or human. I dare not think of what conditions of equalities I will find as I move further on toward my destination. Frankly I would rather see the former diseased native than Today's healthy

bum and parasite. Biologically such a <sup>440925-139</sup> <sup>→ thought is →</sup> <sup>mean-</sup>  
sistent but ethically it appeals to me.

In the interest of Security and Intelligence one  
cannot disclose those things that are normally <sup>confidential</sup>  
to making a note interesting and informative so will  
try to mention only those items that will not jeopardize  
me or my organization or the military order itself.  
Except, then, these vague descriptions and hypothetical  
reactions of conditions and places and things without  
sensible actions or names or intelligible contents. ☹

Did my 'Free' letter written 1:00 AM the day before  
my birthday reach you?

Will keep you posted if conditions and precedes  
permit.

Loving  
James

Dear Mother and Dad:

Hells from India. Pausing here enroute to destination and am feeling fine and enjoying every moment of the day. It is indeed unfortunate that there is not more seeing hours in the course of a day. These things I do see are full of strange colors, ~~and~~ shapes and odors, ~~and~~ which I do not understand - for more bewildering than the alien name themselves. It is such a new and fantastic world that it is difficult to make yourself believe that it is true. I just cannot conceive of the fact that I am on the other side of the world. As far as distance is concerned I feel as if I were only in Cedar Valley or in some adjoining state from my home position. Actually I am as diametrically opposed to 255 E. 1<sup>st</sup> So. as I could possibly be. It is also remarkable how one adjusts to those physiological changes that ensue from being thrown into new environments with different temperature and humidities that were not formerly encountered in the native land. One must not only adjust to these more evident environmental factors but must also accept the new perfumes and odors of this society of people. This olfactory adjustment is just as intrinsic a factor as temperature. Jackson saw barn aint got nothin over any native village or city I have observed so far. To have this new experience register as a familiar or common reaction is like putting together a ~~confused~~ <sup>puzzle</sup> puzzle (excuse the misnomer or analogy - the one would make sense, the other just confuse), first there is a state of confusion and bewilderment with <sup>out</sup> any suggestion of order but as one acquires new pieces of evidences and associations, is able to make the completed picture. At present I am at the bewilderment stage of putting the puzzle into its composite whole not understanding what I see or just what is responsible for actions being staged before my eyes. This state of comprehension makes it most difficult to record or express but bear with me and I shall present the facts and then possibly you can put them together in their true perspective.

The army has allowed me to say that I have visited  
(no more 'over' in censored mail)

2/ Casablanca so we can momentarily mention something about F.D.R.'s vacationing grounds. You will notice that the discussion is purposely contraballed in the past tense for sake of security, and also only one position disclosed at any one setting.

Casablanca, or any other place that could be mentioned, is over publicised and does not even suggest the romantic Casablanca as portrayed by commentators or glorified in the movies. The shows I see over here, shows that depict the life and customs of its people (American films made at Hollywood) are a far cry of the true and intrinsic conditions that exist and this can be said <sup>as a result</sup> of a most direct comparison. I have noticed this to be particularly true in the case of advertisement of Chamber of Commerce and local societies in their description of ordinary features and sites of their sections of country: you have a mental picture of the thing they describe but when you actually see those same objects you become slightly disappointed. It probably is an innate condition of man to always put in a few extra good words; probably wasn't even intentional. Could we ever excuse California ☺. Then again there are certain instances when such overwhelming spectacles and phenomena like the grand canyon or cedar breaks will defy being put to description and in this case the publicity is deeply understating. Most of the natural scenic features I have seen so far belonging to the latter category while many other observations readily fall into the former. In review again (my poor manner of emphasizing) some things fall short of their descriptions while others do not receive their proper treatment.

my thoughts are as confusing as Casablanca but now back again to the original theme. It is a peculiar thing but the people and Arabian native impress me more than their surroundings, possibly because of the factor of sympathy which is so strong that it outweighs all other features or considerations. Something is certainly putting on the brakes

3 on their social and educational development. They appear to be kept down to the dog level and no attempt seems to be made to appreciate their problems. Maybe there is a greater problem here than I realized but it is evident that there has not been much advancement, at least as far as the native is concerned, in culture or education of the masses as existed, say, 2,000 years ago. In fact I am wondering if there has not been an actual retrogression. These misunderstandings that lead to war can only be corrected by intelligently considering their rights and dignity and not for always keeping them subjugated by our aggressive acts. Maybe a framework for the greater society has to be first constructed and then put man into it. This is how it appears to be working here but I think that they have got the cart before the horse - develop man first and then let the structure evolve as a natural sequence. One thing sure - these people should not be allowed to suffer their normal development, as slow as it might be, to the expense of our own desires. Just because we have a better education and opportunity is no reason why we should ignore their rights. If we have to impose our civilization upon them, then give them at least a chance to develop along with us. There have been many instances when it has been suggested that these people are really intelligent and could adjust if given the opportunity. These beggars are not dumb, nor the dealers in the bazaars but the fact remains that they are still beggars or semi-beggars. There was one incident that thoroughly impressed me with the intelligence (potential) of these people. It was a case of a small 8 year old boy (Arab) who controlled the front gate one of our billeting areas. He presented more basic intelligence than most young fellows in America for a child his age he handled himself marvelously. For instance he had a fund of American expressions, many of them only recently-manufactured, many of them good but just as many bad ones. His knowledge of our American ways & customs was unbelievable. Could name all the states and practically all of the larger cities. All of our military mannerisms were perfectly imitated such as callathenies, close-order drill, arms and other commands. One of his acts was to give us a complete demonstration of these exercises and with such variations of the original act to indicate

ability to think and govern his thinking, <sup>441003-143 accordingly</sup> All this he would do for a piece of gum or a cigarette. Occasionally 15 or 20 G.I. would collect around and offer their best in conversation to kid him along or even insult him but he was always able to come back with a perfect answer or action. Johnny's profession was shining shoes and if during the operation of polishing a G.I.'s shoe he caught some hint that the soldier had not intended to pay (and he sensed such an intention long before I could) would suddenly stop and smear dirt over the section of the polished job he had already finish. Regardless of the size of franc presented for the job he was always able to make proper change. Throwing dice was one of his specialties with far more knowledge about the game than I ever had and I have been watching gambling games since 1941. He knew the vernacular perfectly. In fact the way he talked would have never disclosed the fact that he was Arab. However if one of his own tribe should come along he would discuss the problem in his own language. It was amusing to watch his facial expression while conversing in his own tongue; most amazing when he would all of sudden give a broad smile with a solid background of white ivory teeth gleaming like electric lights. He very seldomed cried except when too unmercifully abused or when the fellows would come too close to cutting off the last top like streamer of hair on his otherwise shaven head. His dress consisted of a pair of G.I. suntan pants which had been cut off just below the pockets so that his garment was practically all pockets. This type of pants suited him fine because he could carry more cigarette butts and miscellaneous articles & of course the size was 4 times larger than required. The upper jacket was an old sweater of some kind with so many patches as to camouflage the true garment. Both shoulders and large areas in front & back were supporting operative so as to cause Johnny to try several times before gaining the right spot for his arms. Nor do I believe that these articles had ever been washed. However he kept his person clean because of our insistence of his washing twice a day. He thoroughly enjoyed our american soap & running water.

5,  
 Just what this child ate (except as we would supply) from early morning to sunset or where he lived was a mystery to us. And in face of this he kept in perfect health and so remarkable for a child who smoked so many of our stub cigarettes. To get his temper up was serious and particularly true when the flow of names would start flowing out. Our American soldiers language and morality is dangerously bad but Johnny was so far ahead that he rarely had to refer to our way to punctuate his own actions. We may be winning the war in one respect but at the same time are leaving a wake of American customs and habits that will take years to rectify for whoever follows for the reconstruction. Johnny is only one of hundreds of Arabian children who express such cleverness and intelligence of action. I say give them a chance as they are really pretty smart people.

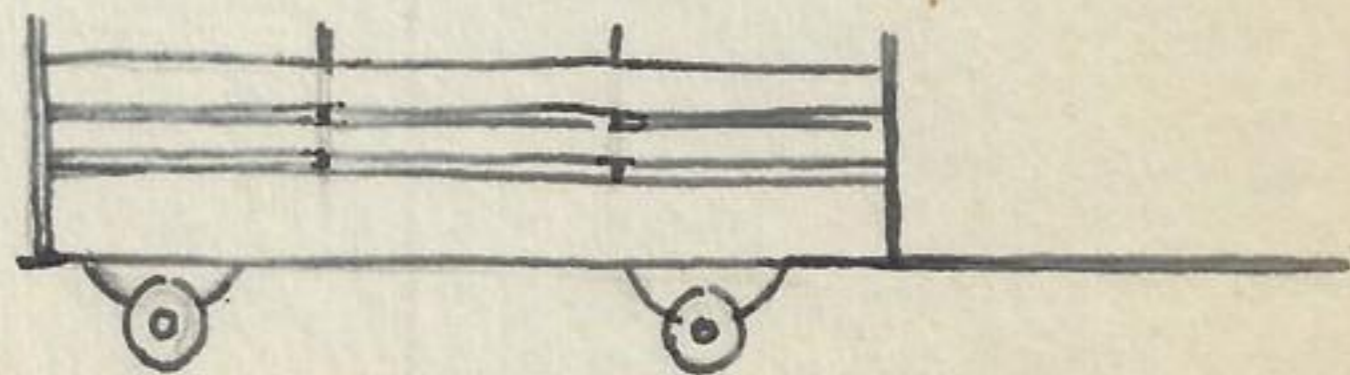
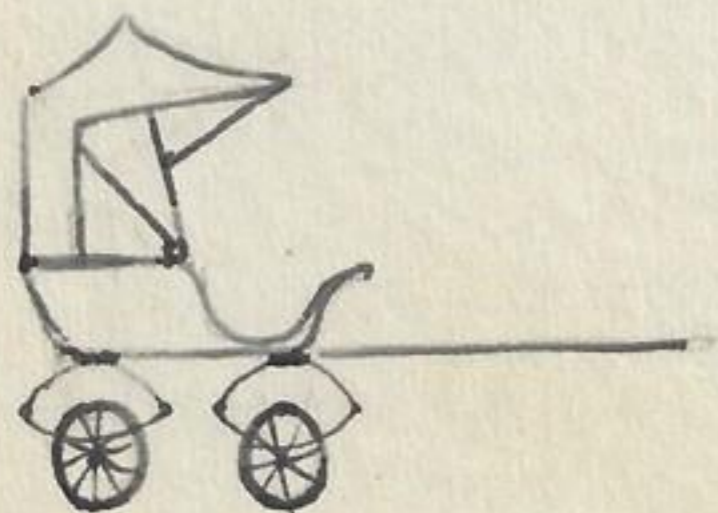
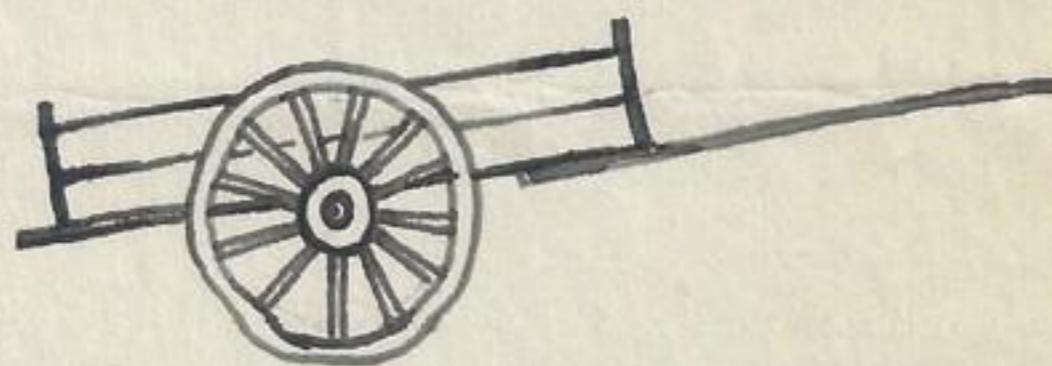
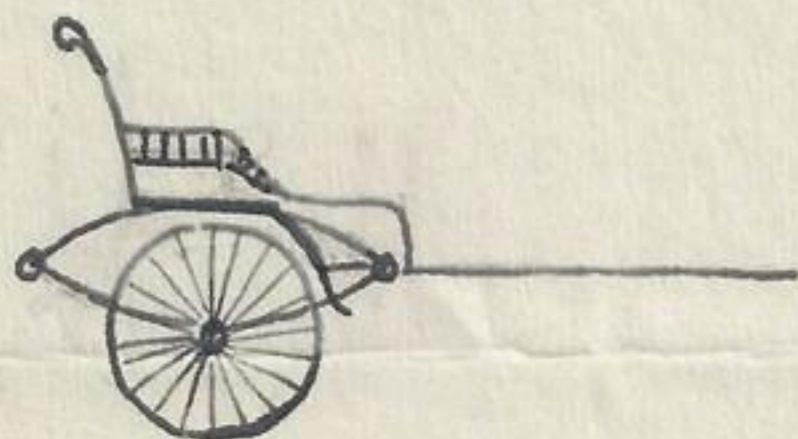
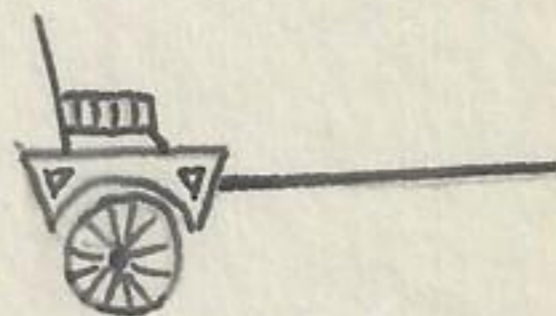
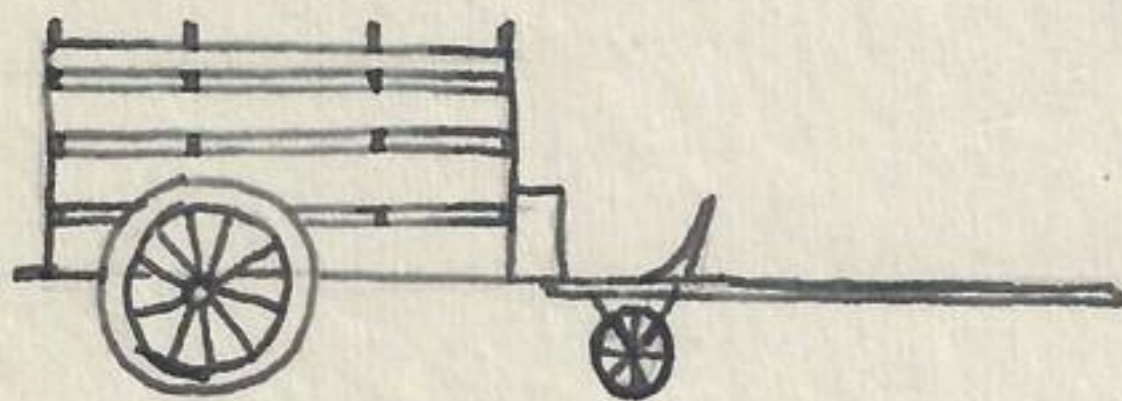
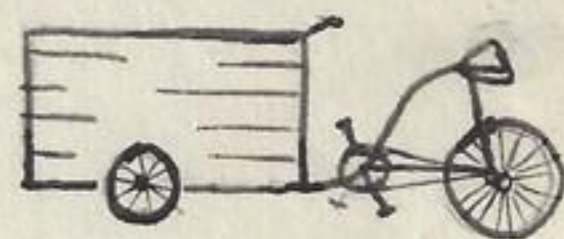
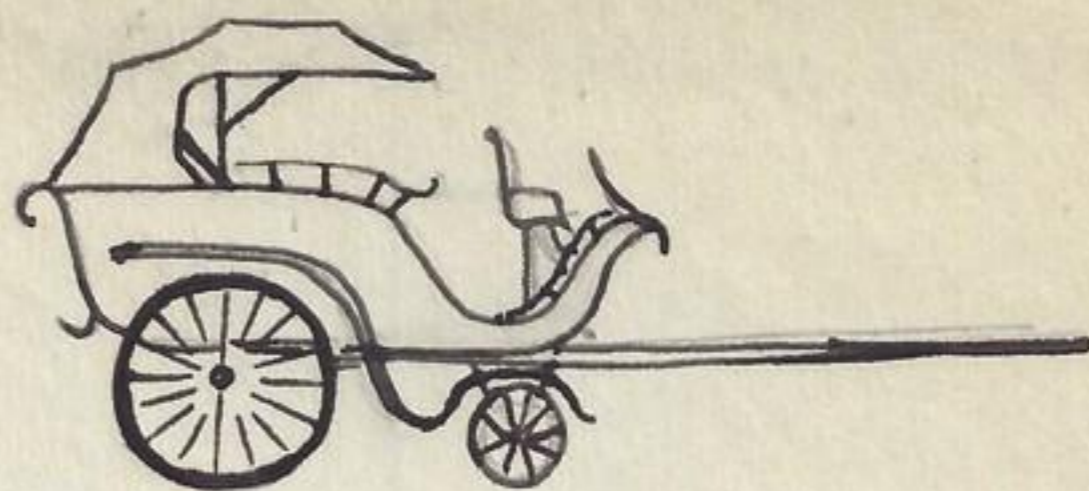
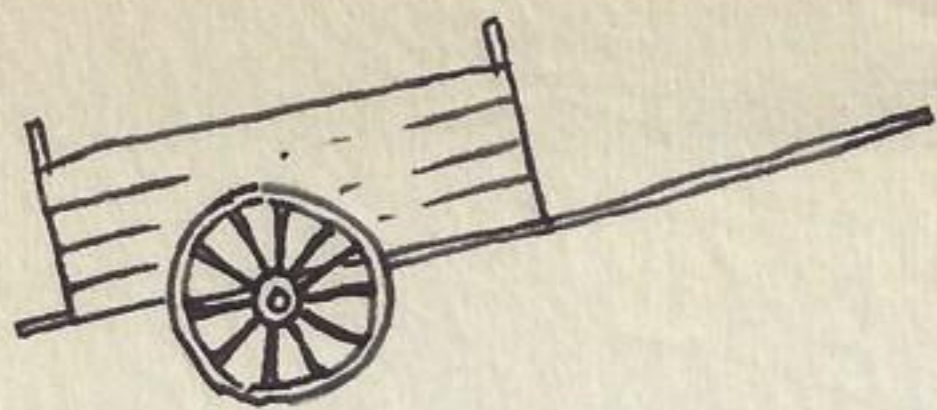
I have noticed one physical aptitude of these people that was interesting and that is in the manner of movement when speed and quick decision is uppermost. This lack of agility was presented during a fight between 2 Arabs and a couple of Frenchmen. This fight was started by one cart trying to pass another, the latter instead giving the former a run for his money. (much like the incident crossing the bench during an icy spell when a car of young fellows refused to allow us to pass - I think you will remember). Well it finally ended in a good free for all by the occupants of both carts - men + women alike. The French of course were quick + agile, like an American boxer while the Arabs conducted their fighting as would one of our young American boys who had not yet reached the stage of muscular coordination. The native blows are no doubt powerful but oh how awkward. <sup>(same type of movement in running)</sup> But then again some of the most intelligent fellows I know have this same type of physical inadequacy.

Since the time I visited Field Museum, and studied the statues of the races of man, have developed a keen liking for these African and Arabian peoples. There is something in their faces that is most remarkable and suggestive of the powerful. Along with their fine facial features is found a quality of skin texture that is most interesting - a dark bronze brownish black that stands out

even under its disguises of dirt and filth. Their feet are broad and flat with noticeable separations between the toes remind one of the imprints made by a bear.

In regard to dress it becomes nearly impossible to describe because of the wide range and variation. If there is a standard of clothing it is washed by its diversified variations of fashions. It would appear to me that any piece of cloth or textile that could be used to cover the body is employed, regardless of its state of preservation. If the garment becomes too ragged it is cast aside and the individual goes without. It is remarkable how some of these natives can keep these rags on their person without having them slide off. <sup>Converted</sup> American and European clothes are worn until the last seam remains. One man will be seen with practically nothing on while across the street another one will be wearing a converted winter coat. It looks to me like they dress too warmly for this climate but I guess it is the best type as proven by hundred of years. Then again religion may have required them to dress the way they do. The white sheets they wear are not exactly white as is generally pictured but a dirty and stained color. To fold one on the person is an act in itself. It is perfected by a series of fold, one after the other, until the final garb takes shape. The wives of married mohammedans wear the veil while the others dress as usual. However they will draw the head flap <sup>eyes</sup> across their face as she go by or at least turn their head away. They have an ingenious way of protecting their head, usually by cutting all the hair from their head and then using a knitted cap or cylindrical flat top hat to replace the former protection of the hair. Again anything goes for hat fashions. It is also true for shoes. Most of them are barefooted but some have shoes, if you could call them shoes in the strictest sense of the word. The more durable and resistant structural feature of the shoe is the only thing that remains. Besides being completely worn out they are never the right size. Reminds me of the shoes the circus clowns used during parades. When they walk into town they are seen carrying their shoes. It only proves that they wear them just as a matter of keeping up with the Jones Smiths 😊. Many of the notable outcast along Salt Lakes Street would suggest some variations of these fellows. One must remember that pictures usually presented to the public are not the true recording of these people.





An attempt to record the type examples of conveyances but soon found it practically impossible to so classify - as with their dress, there just isn't any standard or conformity of ideas.

Each vehicle or cart is drawn by either a burrow, horse, camel or man. The man is the only one that does not get a beating with either a club or a whip. There is a fertile field for some American Humane Society of animals, in this country. Many of the poor horses are crippled and look like they might drop any minute but if the horse or ass gives any indication of a let-up, the driver will beat it without mercy. Some animals have bleeding and bruised spots where the club<sup>s</sup> continually used. When an animal fails to go any further, the driver dismounts and lead him on. All animals are kept at a <sup>running</sup> pace unless the carriage will not permit such speed as is generally the case with carts of utility and the larger wheeled vehicles. They have one word that they used that sounds like (leaw) to encourage the animal on, and at other times the native will be talking to them as if they understood every word. The usual picture is a group of large bags with a man sitting on top - and with movement! you wonder how it moves until you see 4 legs and the head of the burrow protruding from the maze of containers. It must require a good knowledge of balance to align these bags & produce ~~on~~ their backs. These animals are extremely small as well as the horses they use. The horses are always gaunt looking with every rib discernable while the asses are always healthy in appearance. The camel is certainly a majestic looking animal - so proud and superfluous in attitude; reminds me of <sup>the</sup> repose of the Cobra head. Sometimes it will throw its head and neck back like old sandy.

The people themselves are not the only strong thing in this new land and while there is always geographical or rather geological features that are similar to those in America, the buildings and arrangement of towns are outstanding and without comparison. In the main they <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ concentrated areas without suburbs with a lack of symmetry in arrangement, more frequently built on the order of Washington D.C. It gives one the impression of a closely compact heap of irregularly placed huts with high confining rock walls. The most unusual thing that catches the eye is the farming land beyond the city; the use of stone walls in lieu of barbed wire or wood. Nor is the fence line according to our American surveying standards being without symmetry or parallelism. It is surprising that people with such <sup>hereditary</sup> background of Geometer

and mathematics should lack the appreciation of angles and straight lines. many isolated and single enclosures and pits mark the landscape. The

CENSORED

people are great ones for digging into the dirt. Examined one surface pit of considerable antiquity wherein all the avail rock has been taken and the actual solid rock structures beneath queried. Trees had, since then, covered the old pits. Apparently there is quite a demand for these building stones. The basic utility cart, as I would call it, is pictured with its load of rocks and how they can stand up under its weight is a mystery and as the wheels have no ball bearing, makes the cart sway from one side to the other.

American money is of no value in this new country unless exchanged <sup>into</sup> for the country's own type of monetary exchange and as a result you find your present purse far from adequate to support the large newspapers like paper bills which they supply to you. With our own American money we can casually look into our purse and easily approximate our possession but with this new assortment of large bills, small stamp like bills and cardboard bills one never knows what he has until <sup>after</sup> examining each item and then getting the total. Even after describing your total you still have to divide by 4, times by 3 and add a couple of sp. Most of the fellows find it easier to merely hand out his possessions and let the dealer choose as required and in which case the dealer must be trusting and in most cases you will find are not, and therefore you suffer! Each country requires that you exchange currency into their own type otherwise it is of no value. Already my poor purse is suffering from a lateral stomach ache.

Beyond one finds the country much like Wyoming in topographical expression, sparse vegetation and soft lined erosion. The black or dark mottling are found to be shrubby patches and conform to the gullies and depressions. As one looks south the terrain becomes first rolling hills and then rough mountainous country with these dark shadow patches becoming all enveloping. The bare ground below is somnately brown & red without signs of vegetation. Then this country

one sees the mute evidence of former habitation and, possibly even civilizations, in the form of old buildings of stone and partially mounded rock structures. Modern? or at least present huts and enclosures are superimposed upon the old sites. These sites are nearly always located on ridges or hills and seldom in the canyons <sup>or valleys</sup> proper. If they utilize the top of a mesa they run their stone fences to the edge of the precipice (cliff) and thereby utilize a natural barrier as one side of the enclosure. If they choose to live below, at the base of the cliff, they again use the solid rock barrier for the fourth member of the enclosure. These people are sometimes far from water but always present in the area. However there were many instances when I failed to see any perennial source of H<sub>2</sub>O. Possibly they supplied themselves with subterranean reservoirs or used the sites only during the rainy or early spring periods of the year. As one continued beyond and the country becomes more desolated and desert these sites disappeared entirely although the same <sup>usable</sup> formations of the earth persisted. Many isolated pits, excavations and holes were distributed throughout the country. A familiar site was the convergence of many trails and roads into the mouth of a canyon, as example the sheep trails and road leading into 5 mile canyon, except more pronounced and then to look beyond in the upper limits of the canyon to find a present day village.

What cultivation of the ground that I did see was always cloth-like in appearance with the surface scratched in opposing direction. Each spot as before

being small and irregularly outlined in form. Each plot was <sup>also</sup> still subdivided into minor sections of approximate size. From my perspective I have yet to see any green or evidence of these fields supporting vegetation, but naturally I suppose they do.

150  
at night the world below is void of matter <sup>441003-150.</sup> except occasionally the pinpoint light of some Arabian ~~campfire~~ campfire.

The mail situation is rather annoying to the extent that I have not received mail since I left my last station. Possibly when I reach my destination I will find your daily letters waiting. It is so remarkable that they can keep track of me let alone my mail, but it will not be long until conditions will be normal and regular mail service reestablished.

Collected several miscellaneous items, included among them a wicked looking thorn. These thorns are closely arranged on the limbs and stems and make a solid compact mass around the base of the bush, some of the individual thorns seven and eight inches long and as sharp as a needle. The type of tree appears to belong to the locust family with typical leaves and bean pod-like seeds. I had wondered at the time if such a scrub ~~was~~ was used in the incidence of the torture of Christ during biblical times. I do know that the natives formerly constructed fences of these formidable spikes to ward off the lions and wild beasts. Also picked up some large land snails found around the base of these bushes where the conditions were such as to permit their freedom from predation - maybe so - it sounds logical to me.

Must close now but will pick up the conversation again at a later date.

Loving  
James.

P.S.

David - I am getting now so I can recognize some of those fine creatures you make but on the kitchen table. Maybe you can make my favorite ship when I come home again. Is it a deal? How is our young pianist. I bet you have already picked out some nice pieces that you are planning on mastering this winter - wish I had a piano. Edith - I still admire your ability to make such rapid strides in overcoming your recent surgery. My conviction is that you are one to overwork & underrest so 'take it easy'. Hello to all our good neighbors and especially our Kim on Shakespeare Avenue.

*Karachi, India*

(1-10-8-44)

10-8-44. While at APO 883, recorded the following picture, while visiting the zoo. I chanced to be looking at a little Hindu girl who was drinking from the end of a flower hose and at this same instant she began to choke as the water inadvertently started its course down the wrong swallowing tube. It ended with a broad smile and an acquaintance and finally a chartering of her services as a zoo guide. Her help added materially to the information acquired from the signs posted on the cages and run ways and especially was her timid smile worth the one rupee paid for the service and picture. These little Hindu girls are always cute at this particular age and compare with our own children in both physical build and personality but it is not long until they visibly show signs of premature development and by the time they reach the age of twelve and fifteen they begin a period of deterioration. This environment causes a girl of eighteen, which in the states produces a young and attractive woman, to take on those characteristic of an old woman. The first thing that struck me as being unusual in the Hindu women was the nose decorations. This ornament makes a complete penetration of the skin. It apparently does not signify any particular thing except as a decoration. It is used by women of all age levels so probably has no marital significance. Frequently one finds a large unwieldy set of rings as you would find thru the nostrils of a cow. The other items of jewelry are very effectively worn by this young lady. The single red dot she calls a kum-kum and is apparently worn irregardless of age or other status. It is only used by the Hindu. The powder they use to make this caste mark is also called kumkum. This mark is not a caste mark in the strict sense of the word as I find nearly all classes and castes represented. Occasionally one sees a Y or U shape on the forehead especially older men and it signifies an affiliation with the Vishnu God worship. Horizontal lines, generally three in number, indicate a devotee of Shiva, another one of the Gods of their trinity. Sometimes white earth or yellow earth is used but of course is less resistant. Have noticed several women with the red line or dot placed in the part of the hair.

10-8-44. Took the following picture (2-10-8-44.) of a funeral procession in  
(Karachi, India)  
one of the streets of AFO 883. The few funerals I witnessed were attended with  
a lot of ceremony. Did not have the chance to see ~~one~~ ~~in~~ ~~its~~ ~~entirety~~ but only  
the transitional stage between the time they leave the house and that time they  
arrive at the burial or burning pyres. This particular one was accompanied  
with a recital of sacred hymns and invocations and a good deal of crude but  
effective drum music. This Indian music is certainly fitting for that mood  
of a funeral occasion, weird and mystical. The dead Hindu body in placed on  
a litter like arrangement with poles sufficiently long to allow four men to  
bear the weight while walking along. Over these two long poles is a super  
structure on the style of a covered wagon with a light almost transparent  
cloth covering and ornately decorated with fine beads and colored ribbons and  
thread. The body outline could be seen thru this delicate cloth. The group  
of mourners all men, carried the casket on their shoulders and when one in-  
dividual showed signs of fatigue another would step up and share the weight.  
This funeral group moved slowly but progressively forward without accompanying  
music but another similiar group that followed had all the necessary accessories  
including 5 tamboreens and hand drums. This particular group had the orchestrat-  
ion leading the group with the men surrounding and following the casket the  
woman and children and other curious civilian members. One man directly in  
back of the casket had a bottle of fluid and would occasionally sprinkle water  
on the cloth of the float. This group would move slowly forward for approx  
40 feet with an increase of volume of music and then come to a halt with the  
group of chanters striking a huddle in conclusion. Then after a few minutes  
pause would slowly begin their forward movement. At each stop they seemed  
to throw themselves into a climax of emotion. Some of these processions have  
no apparnet leadership and as a result their are many moments of indecision as  
to direction and procedure. The police have no regard for this type of  
traffic hazard and hurry them across the intersection by forceful moves. I

suppose that these funerals processions are such a common occurrence that the civilian populus come to regard them as merely annoyances. These Hindus, as well as the Budhist and Jains and Sikhs cremate their dead and which in this crowded country is an excellent idea. In the case of the Parsi and because they worship fire, they expose their dead at the Towers of Silence where they are devoured by the numerous vultures. All the rest, such as the Mohammadans and Christians and Jews etc, bury their dead as we do in our own country. The Hindues have an interesting custom in the disposal of their dead. On the third day after the body is burned they collect the bones and immerse them in the river. These Hindus also remember their dead even for as long as a week or so and during that time do everything possible to aid the soul in journeying to the new world. For instance, twelve days after death there is a religious service held both morning and evening where all the relatives assemble. A light is kept burning for all these days in the home or in the temple. The Brahmins are fed particularly on the anniversary of the death and on certain days of each year. With the numerous deaths in the country would suppose these Brahmins have a most profitable business and enjoy a certain degree of security from these offerings.



*Karachi, India*

10-8-44. Picture (3-10-8-44) of cobra and trainer. APO 883. One of the several performers of this city. Was surprised not to find more of this type of intertainment such as the alleged rope trick, suspended animation, etc but other than a few cobra trainers found little magic except the card trick employed by the clever merchants to lure the curious minds of the Indians. This fellow in the picture approached me AND asked three rupees to witness his snake charming. I paid him one rupee according to policy. I was interested more in the equipment than the snake proper which included a bag of miscellaneous property and a reed woven basket covered with a colorful piece of cloth. The flute like instrument was carried in his hand. He commenced his program with all the mystic formality by first carefully exposing the basket and then, after partially removing the cover spoke a work in Hindimstani, following with a gentle expiration of the breath. The basket cover was then removed and placed on the ground with the basket now superimposed upon the lid to give it an added pedestal like display. As the snake slowly raised its head the training attracted its attention with the flute. There is no question that this flute had a definite charm for this reptile, as it governed its every movement. As the trainer slowly swung the flute from side to side the snake obeyed in perfect synchrony. All this time the neck flaps were expanded. For the picture he held the flute straight forward which checked the movement of the cobra thus allowing for the immobility demonstrated. After the performance was over the snake was taken from the box and draped around its trainers neck. At the moment the music stopped the neck flaps collapsed. The final act was to place the snake back into the basket and, as in the first act, he blew gently into the basket and offered another unintelligible Indian word. One of the most amazing thing about this performance was the large crowd of Indians that collected around the snake charmer soon after the music started.

They were fascinated more, I think from the novelty of the camera than from the snake charmer and his acting cobra.

*Karachi, India*

6-10-8-44. Street scene at APO 883, taken purposefully for the record of a camel lying in the street. My first Indian city upon arrival. It is contrasted from the main street or (Market Street of San Francisco) by being much narrower in width and lacking the noisy and surging masses of people that inhabit the main thoroughfare. There is as much difference between these two parts of town as there is between the rural country side and a hustling business district in America. These cities are colorful, perhaps not in the same sense as we would adjudge our own cities, particularly at night with our neon signs etc but colorful in regard to variety and contrast. The main street is spacious and is flanked by alleyways and this particular type of avenue illustrated in the picture. The architecture is miscellaneous with well stocked stores standing amid a jumble of small shops, pavement vendors and hawkers. Nothing remains as modernistic and fine as any of our own stores. If one were to take all the second hand stores of Salt Lake City and put them in one city block you would have an excellent picture of these cities-plus filth and dirt! Thronging the streets are a few Indians in Western attire and countless others wearing dhoties and loose flowing pyjamas with every style of headgear imaginable. The dominant costume is the dhoti and sari both of which look like their wearers got up out of bed without removing their nightgowns. It seems so ridiculous to see grown men with such clothes. I suppose the custom of inserting the shirt in the pants as we do is a more recent custom acquired. Half naked coolies and fakirs, beggars, street urchins and plain loafers all form part of the colorful spectacle. Cars thread their way with blasting horns, their brakes shrieking now and then in their attempt to avert hitting a sacred cow or one of the hundreds of people flowing back and

forth across the street or in attempt at missing one of the many types of vehicles used in the city. Everywhere there is variety and bustle. Occasionally a bullock cart or camel cart goes slowly but noisily by or a sacred cow saunters across the street in complete oblivion of the traffic and if the mood dictates, sits down in the very middle of all this traffic congestion. People live in ramshackle tenements which are buildings with tall frontages and extreme depths, two conditions which are not too favorable for either sunshine or air. Have observed pipe extending out from the front porches which allow for an escape of water and possibly even sewage, to drop to the street without interfering with the pedestrians below. One of the notable features of these side streets particularly where they border the residential section is the swarms of children. Would remind me of some of the streets in our country when roped off to allow the school children to play during recess. Many of them are pathetically examples of malnutrition and live under extreme conditions of filth. These living conditions plus poverty is probably at the root of the low vitality of these Indians. At night one is shocked by the large numbers of people sleeping on the pavement. Rather than sleep indoors in the stifling and confined rooms, they prefer to sleep under the stars like our cowboys. The government wisely permits this privilege. Certain streets are set aside for bazaars where the masses collect as if it were a carnival or circus. Here you receive the extreme variety and filth of the city. One of the peculiarities in shopping here is the bargaining for whatever you buy. The storekeeper will ask for more than he expects to get. He expects to be beaten down to anywhere from two thirds to one third the original price. Everyone bargains and you are expected to bargain with them. For me, I tell them the price I want to pay and if they do not agree close the deal. The best way however is to put the amount of money in your purse that you intend to

pay for the article and then show him that this is your earthly possessions and there is really no need to ask for more. The people are shrewd and the bargaining is part of their traditional and social life. They do it politely and in good humor. The camel is a common sight but one which does not respect much affection from the natives. Now is he to be taken lightly. It isn't his halitosis or harelip that makes him so unpopular but his attitude. One of his most obnoxious habits is for him to spit his foul green cud all over you as you try to get on his back. He is just as willing also to take a bite out of you at the same time. It seems so remarkable that they remain so wild even after such a long period of domestication. These deliberate and mangey old animals are certainly a pathetic sight.

4-10-8-44. Fakir or sadhus APO 883; KARACHI, INDIA, extreme western section of town. This fellow or fakir is not to be compared with the general run of beggars that one meets on every street corner. They differ, as far as I can see, in respect to their basic cause for begging, being in this case, one of a religious significance. This fakir has renounced all his usual earthly possessions and all desires and is now existing on whatever he can get each day from the more charitably disposed men and women who pass by. It is only through a complete severance with desire that he can ultimately attain one of the higher levels of his religion. My contribution to the cause was 1 rupee nor did he probably know, however, that the gift was in reality a payment for the privilege of taking the picture. Some of these ash covered men will settle down and not even call for alms. If one places a coin on the cloth it will be received without thanks or acknowledgment. They stand by in complete meditation. Observed an old man who was resting in complete meditation with his right hand held in an upright position and supported by his knee. As a result of the non use of this member it had become shapely reduced to the mere skeletal outline of the arm bone. This old man is probably in the last stage of his life which is according to their belief, a period when the husband and wife renounce all desires and wander about to search for their God, possessing absolutely nothing and craving for even less. They go through several stages before they reach this begging stage in life. The first stage is up to about the age of 20 and which is used for study, obedience and a reverence for emotional purity away from the distraction of the women which is for the purpose of building up a conserved vitality for the generation to come. Then follows a period from this stage up to approximately 50 years of age during which time the man marries and becomes a faithful husband but of course without relinquishing his obligation to his parents or other relations with his society. This is a rather noble ideal for the married life when the wife and man are living together by a

sort of spiritual affinity rather than by some fleshly desire as we find so frequently in our own country. We still try as usual to force Christianity down their throats but am wondering if possibly we as Christians would not have a wash day for our own religion and morals. The next stage is when the husband and the wife, having completed their duties as householders retire to lead a life of contemplation leaving their children to run the farm so to speak. This seems to be in contradiction to the family ties that are perpetuated in one household for several generations. At least I have observed a range from new born infant to the last stages of old age and in the same home. The final stage as I have said is one of complete renouncement of desire and possessions. In this state they are searching for the vision of Reality which is apparently beyond the limits of our present day. This old practice of renunciation and homeless wandering has led to many abuses as evidenced by the many imposters who are really and without a religious backing sponging of the charity of the true fakirs. My greatest pleasure is to figure out in my own mind those individuals who are the true followers as contrasted to those of the pseudo-followers. Their wonderful spiritual powers which include such acts as suspended animation of body function etc does not as yet appeal to my scientific judgement but they are so darned mysterious as to cause me to hold my ideas in reserve for the present at least. One just cannot say that it is hokuspokus because many of them practice their spiritual life, not for the benefit of an audience but only within their own selected groups. As illogical as this practice of fakirism is I find that still a great deal of respect is paid them not too much by our own people but by the lower class of people of their own race.

*Karachi, India*

5-10-8-44 APO 883. Beggar lying prone. One of the common sites in KARACHI.

It is difficult to classify the beggars in the cities of this country, and exceedingly difficult to distinguish between the true fakirs and the more common humbugs of charity. The various beggars that I have met can readily be grouped into the following classification, excluding of course those religious fakirs who fall under an entirely different set of conditions.

[for photo 6-10-8-44 see page 155].

There are those individuals who range from five years to a age of late maturity and old age and who are structurally crippled and diseased with malformed bodies such as dwarfed legs and hands, scaby skins etc but who are still intelligent enough to cope with the world. They generally make their plea directly and forcibly expecting no sympathy. One fellow had neither feet or legs but was forced to propell himself upon a whelled contraption on the order of roller skates. Another one apparently did not have the power of leg movement and was negotiating the streets with knee pads and hand pads. His movements were very slow and deliberate but persistent with noticable end results. A common type is the indivual who pushed himself over the ground in a seated position as like a small child who has not yet mastered the art of walking, with the usual alms cup rattling on ahead. This one particular individual was received by four of his own race but ignored by the visiting races.

Blind beggars are common many of them structurally blind as evidenced by the eye itself, however there were others who I am sure were feigning their lack of power to see. A usual combination of such beggar is an escort who does the soliciting. Invariably it is a young and beautiful but dirty and raggedly clothed girl. One cannot but help give pitty to such an individual but of course it is thru the sympathy of the charming little girl in attendance. Frequently one will see a blind beggar wandering thru the streets and the more dangerous areas of traffic. The muscian beggar (blind) is common and generally found standing in one place and offering his music

from either a gaitar or some type of flute.

A frequent encounter is the dusty and dirty individual who will not voluntarily solicit but depends entirely upon the kindness of the people for existence. In this respect they approach the fakirs but who differ as to the religious motive. These men do not beg or do they give thanks for anything received. They are entirely unconcerned with actuality but exist in sort of a stupor. If worst comes to worst they would have the power to salvage food but take their chances with charity until death is just around the corner.

There are too many types of city slick and outright beggars to even attempt to classify.

The most annoying type is the persistent parasite. They are generally small boys who spot you a block away and after joining you will stick as tenaciously as a young bull pup nor will they leave you until you intentionally pass by an Indian policeman and indicate at that particular moment that you are being annoyed. These fellows are generally intelligent and would be compared with the rough neck of Brooklyn or Chicago. They know people and they know the city and have contract agreements with all the various shops such as shoe repair shops, eating places, merchant stores, places of recreation etc. They can be readily be compared with the shoe shine boys of which there is about six to each block and just as persistent. Even with a beating from a policeman with his whip the lad dodges around the block and makes his reappearance a short way down the street to continue with his parasitism. One should never insult these chaps or even try to control them by force because they all know the tricks and are only too glad to have such a situation arise.

Another common beggar at least a variety of beggar is the misrepresentation of the police authority or guide service suggesting special places to buy or eat etc.



There are many little boys with the no mother, no father, no sister, no brother act. (*No per diem!*)

Guide beggars so willing to offer their services and in a most courteous manner refusing of course to accept any money at the time the service is accepted. However, after the mission is completed a fee and do it in such a nasty way. You generally pay him instead of battling the onslaughts of the milling multitudes already collecting around the commotion. What you feel like doing is kicking them in the teeth. Very clear little fellows and so very shrewd.

Not a common site but frequently one will see an hysterical mother with a unclothed young one clinging to her side-most pathetic. She harbors some exaggerated flinching of the head or twisting of the body. Have observed the mother to pinch the child to cause it to cry.

Young five or six year old child carrying an infant and calling with a most pleading note.

Young five to eight year old girl with a plea that is developed to perfection. Such soft soothing qualities of low voice that I have ever heard. This along with pitiful eyes and graceful approach add decidedly to the performance. All is well until another beggar intrudes and then this loveable disposition changes to one of furious defiance of hot words and action. As soon as the grounds are cleared and the dust settled the tiger voice again assumes its soft and pitiful begging.

The collaborationist is normally a non interested person (perhaps) who stands by to offer suggestions and encouragement in donations. It is very effective on those new soldiers who have not as yet had a chance to see the trick. It occurs more frequently with the blind beggar.

Dear Mother and Dad,

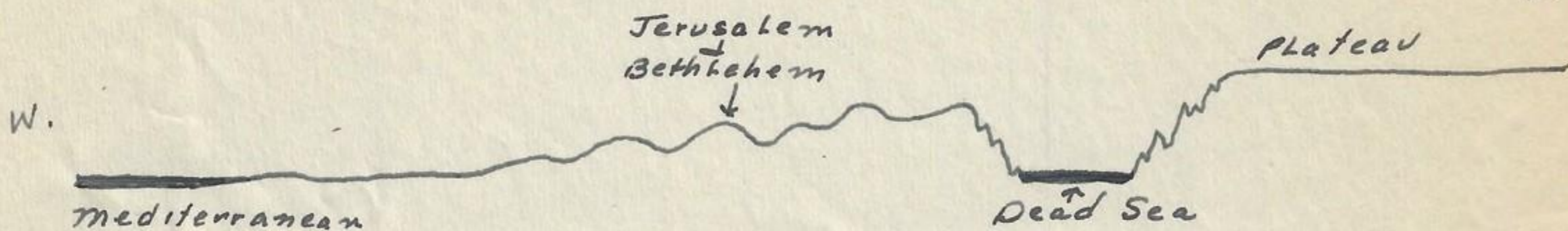
nearing end of journey and 'all time come same way'. Circumstances would have it that I refer only to those by gone periods of my experiences and while my philosophy does not encourage living too much in the past, am forced to carry on our conversation in the past tense. So until I can deal more directly with present will try to bring you up to date. Such impediments do not hinder my style because even now I would never be able to catch up with a description of those past events that have past in review below me.

One of the more interesting places was the Dead Sea and its immediate adjacent surroundings including the biblical cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem. I realize now how valuable a knowledge of the Bible would be in the interpretation of this country. I shall read it again, or rather, for the first time, at the earliest possible moment, not only to get the religious picture but to lend interpolation and substantiation to the many cities and ancient ruins clearly in evidence below. I now have that masterplan impression of the entire country and have now only to fill in the details - a most excellent way to study a new country. In fact I could now live the rest of my life in filling in the details of the overall exposures I have made so far. They will come in handy in my old and reclining years when I have to live in memory of past experiences.

This country has been compared with our own dead sea and Jordan River but the comparison can be carried even further, especially in regard to the topographical and structural expression of the mountains and valleys. Formerly this country was all flat and then due to some earthly adjustment it was raised several thousand feet above sea level to a high plateau. You can picture it as being a gradual sloping up

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incline beginning at the Mediterranean and culminating in a flat plateau to the east. At that point where the slope meets the plateau there has been formed a deep valley due to a down faulted block which has dropped down to form the present Dead Sea valley.



Geologically speaking I would say that this has happened only very recently as evidenced from the newness of the erosion on the two valley faces. As this valley was formed like our own valley (at least they assume our valley was created by down faulted block) you can readily picture the abrupt and precipitous east mountain. However being so recent the canyons have not had time to develop back very far into the plateau but those canyons & gullies that have taken a bite into plateau have produced deep and treacherous channels with many sharp and irregular ridges. This cutting erosional pattern is also found on the west side of the valley with high hanging canyons or deep channels. The plateau beyond is free of canyons while the hills of Jerusalem are mature and rounded with stable valley floors. From all evidence it would appear that this sunken valley of the Dead Sea had been formed only yesterday.

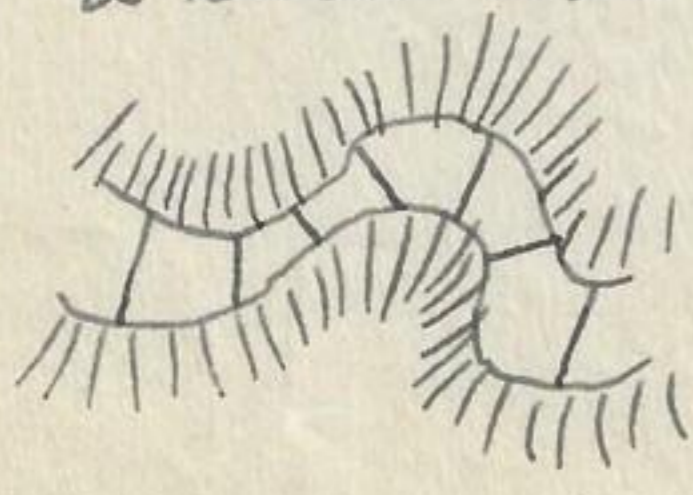
The sea itself occupies the entire valley, butting up against the bases of the confining walls. The same valley trending north and south still retain the mute evidence of the gradually receding body of water. The sea is not so blue as I have been seeing but is still sufficiently colored to make it spectacular. Due to its high concentration of salt there has precipitated enough solid crystals to make their appearance upon the surface of the water

At first and at a distance I thought they were rafts of pelican or some white bird but as I gained a new angle of observation found them to be concentric rings in arrangement.

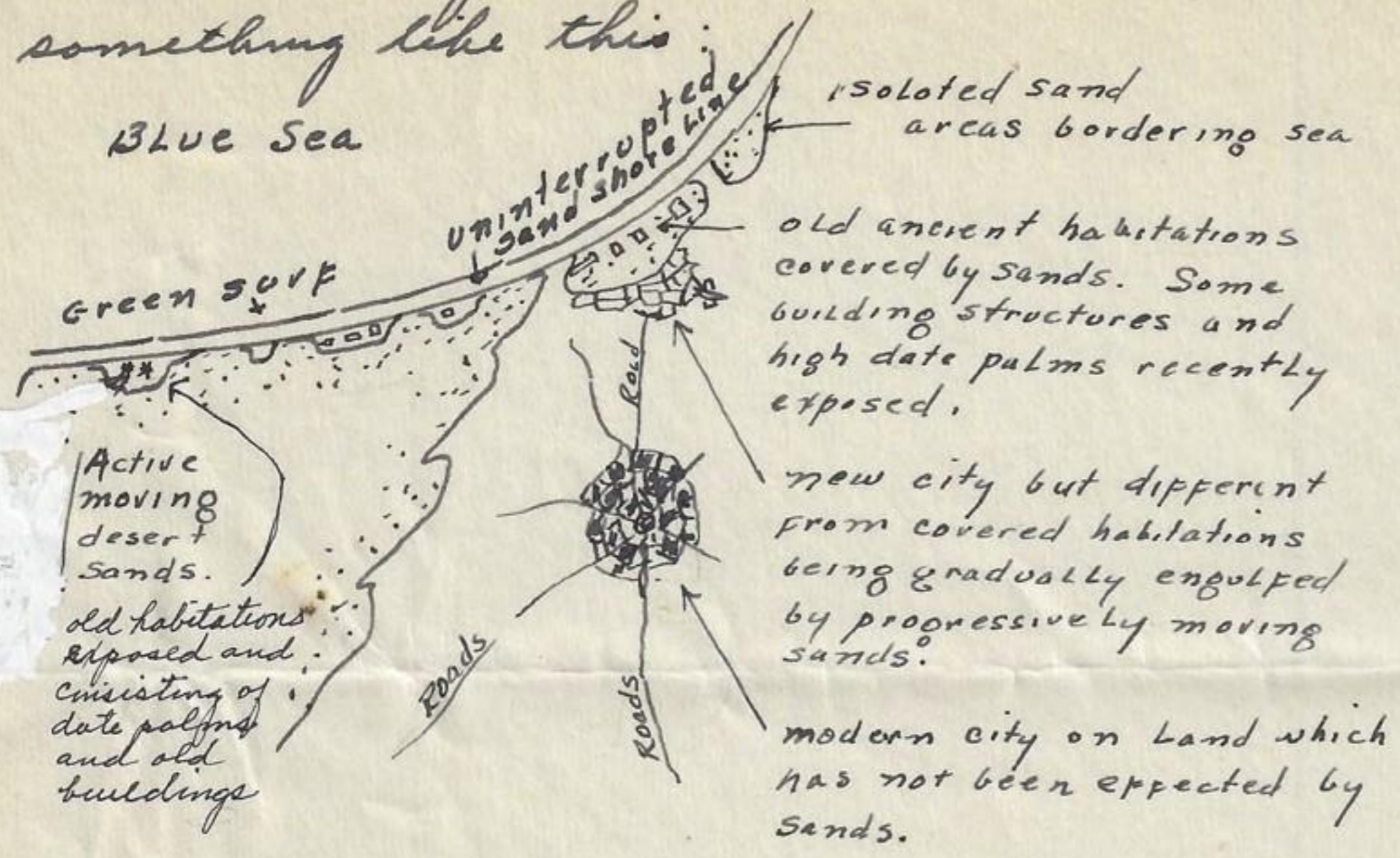


Whether they were actually salt in composition I would not be too sure but it appeared to me to be a most plausible explanation. The only evidence of life, in this otherwise land of desolation, was several very colorful pools of algae at the north end of the lake where the fresh water had been impounded on its course to the sea. The dominant color was a bluish green however several other pools were a blood red in tone. It is peculiar how a group of adjoining ponds could vary so much in type of algae, if I am right in assuming that color denotes a different species of algae. These more or less striking algae pools are also found associated with villages and other small habitations where the municipal water supply is in the form of a stagnant ditch pond.

Man's civilization is lacking in the valley of the Dead Sea but is found on the hilly slopes to the west. In our country man lives in the valleys and canyons but here there is an absolute reversal of habit. It is one of the most evident and noticeable impressions, that people live on top of hills and ridges, not only modern man but his <sup>ancient</sup> ancestors. Jerusalem is literally up in the hills. The valleys in these old and well rounded hills are dammed off so as to appear like giant steps or better a successive series of fish ponds, each flat probably being the property of one man. As I did not see any evidence of erosion would assume that these dams were not used for the purpose of soil conservation. With grazing so dominant an occupation the country has suffered in the depreciation of vegetation producing a terrain quite bare and dry in appearance. That section on the brink of the west valley of the Dead sea is a



typical desert with only nude rock and sands exposed. The classical sands however are directly west of Jerusalem on the shores of the mediterranean. Here the picture is something like this:



It would appear that formerly in ancient times there was a rather extensive strip of civilization along the border of the mediterranean but since that time the shifting sands covered it up and only recently

after either reactivation or change of direction has the old habitations been reexposed. One can only speculate as to the number of villages now completely covered by sands. I am wondering if the Bible has ever mentioned this particular area and its covered civilization. The modern city - or rather present day village is characteristic of these Biblical towns with roadway and trails leading into the center of the hub. The roads are crooked and follow the lines of least resistance. The animal trails converging to a drinking well or spring gives the same impression and am wondering if this type of village plan is not nothing more than further development around a source of water or some other special object. First John Jones would put up his tent by the spring and then John Jones relatives and then their relatives and know until the village is formed. The roads still retain their position made by the animals who first trailed in from the surrounding flats.

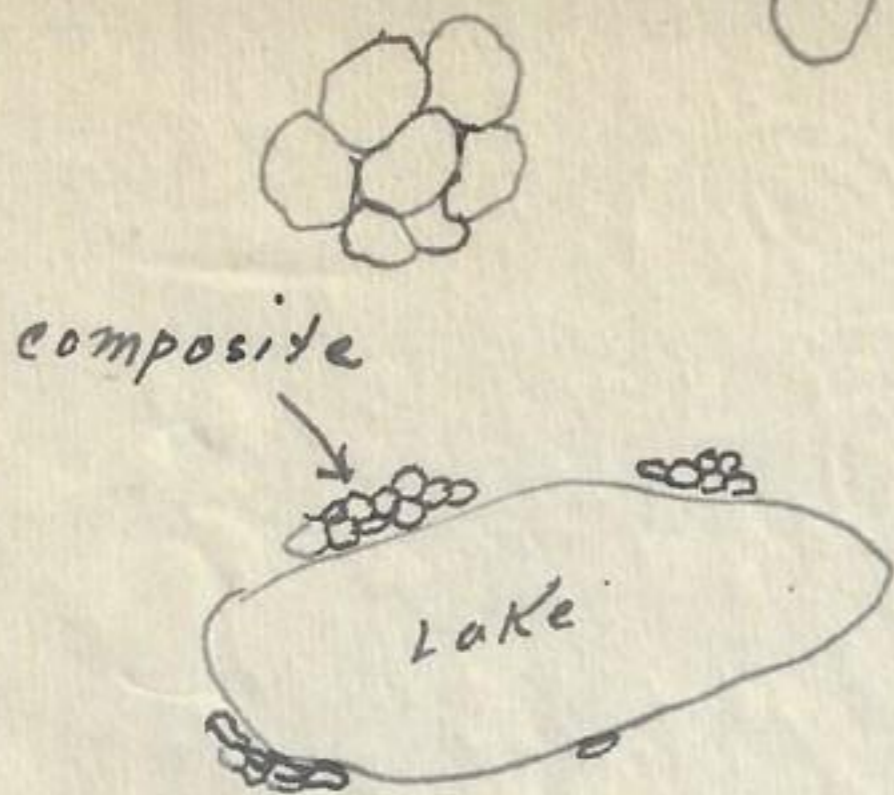
As significant and interesting as this country is, I find the real enjoyable areas just beyond to the east. It remains a high plateau and without dramatic surface feature but the thing in this instance that caught my eye was the remnants of mans manufacture and the indications of an evolution in

a culture development from the primitive to the complex. This plateau is consistently level but with local variations in surface topography, ranging from a flat surface, to one slightly eroded with smooth rounded hills, to semi-desert, to a peculiar black sink-like depression to typical desert. The stratigraphy is finely laminated and horizontal with hills like a contour relief map. Between this particular area and the Dead Sea several present day cities in typical ground plan with many ancient cities situated on top of such a hill just suggested. There are many abandoned cities and habitation which I know are ancient, some possibly antedating anything yet discovered. However the area that is to support the oldest civilization is to be found beyond and in a section of the country where one would never suspect a civilization to have developed. The successive complexity of one simple structure associated with the land topography would suggest such a supposition. This structure is in the form of a simple circular or oblong enclosure, possibly a stone enclosure and used as a corral. The numerous animal trails would indicate that they were not being used for pens at this time. Near the Dead Sea they were few and far between, almost considered to be rare, but as one goes beyond they become more numerous and complex. The sequence would follow on this plan:

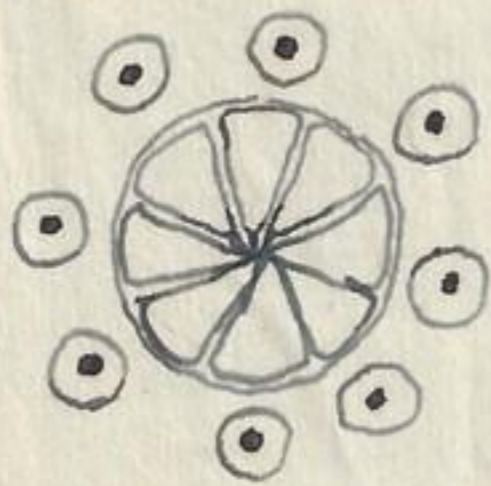


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Isolated structures, widely separated, and found under varied surface conditions. More generally found on top of divides, ridges or hills, however this was not always the rule.

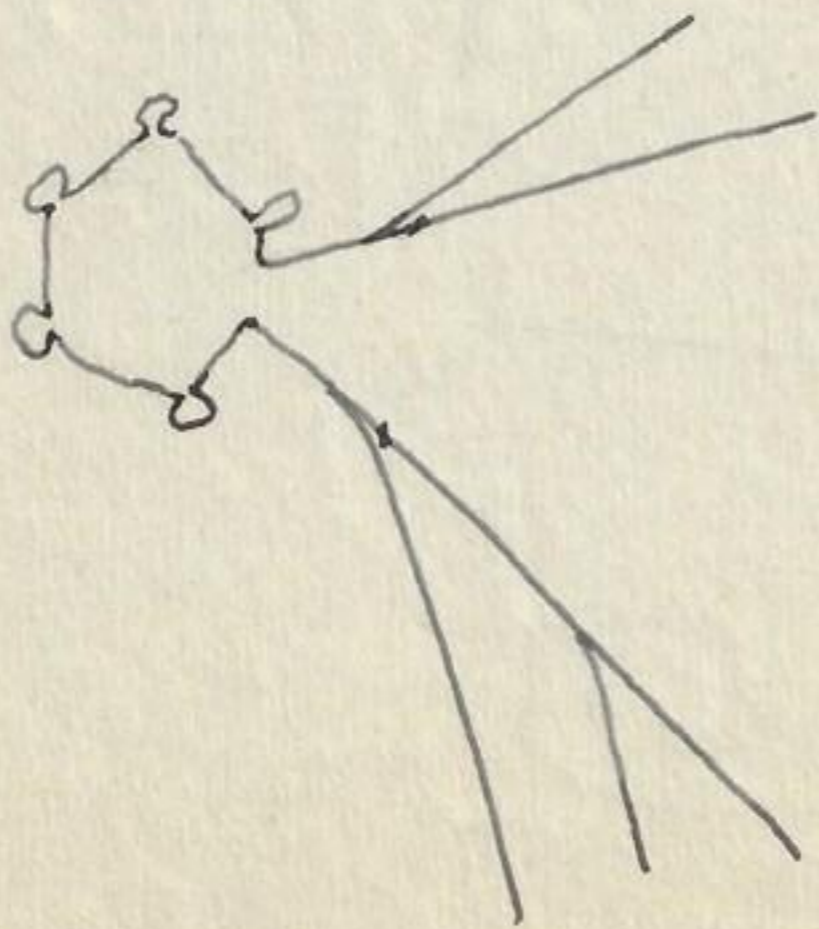


The second stage would be the composite and more generally distributed forms, each enclosure remaining approximately the same size but in juxtaposition. These were still found mainly on top of ridges but more highly concentrated around the edges of ephemeral lakes, lakes that have existed in the past or are formed only during the early spring months of the year. Those around the lake would vary in number from 1 to groups of six and seven. These lakes now supports moving sands, reflecting a color and texture comparable to pastel colors. These lakes and surrounding semi-desert areas are most colorful in tone and delicate gradations of sands.



Other simple enclosure were still present but now in aggregates of 10 to 15 and more generally distributed, rather more compactly distributed.

The following type was uncommon but found as we approached the climax type of structures. It was presumably used in the act of catching wild animals or as a means of handling their own domesticated flocks. In any event it was a most unique trap for the purpose it was intended for. Presumably, the animals were driven



into the outstretching arms, restricting them more and more until finally they were trapped in the larger circular yard

The five smaller traps around the edge of the larger enclosure allowed them to take care of the animals individually.

This final climax of complexity and numbers of structures ended abruptly and was replaced by actively moving sands, and am speculating now as to whether it represented the outskirts of a larger civilization now covered by these <sup>encroaching</sup> desert sands. Except for these peculiar types of architectures found no other evidence of community civilization or habitation.

Another item of interest was a large crater-like depression comparable with the classical Crater of Arizona. From all appearance ~~one~~, in regard to size and outline, could compare it most directly. It is situated in a country formerly wind and sand blown without evidence of vegetation except in one instance where the green lines of grass or weeds grew on the edges of the sand dunes now occupying the former river beds. These river channel sand dunes resembled the fracture system of a glacier with near shore sections suffering the least movement. The only green, as mentioned, was along the borders of these transverse dunes.



The crater proper was bordered by two of these river type sand patterns

Fifty percent of the ground was covered by moving sands.

The animal trails appeared like the canals of mars where certain suspicious objects would attract their attention thus producing this effect.

It was very striking with white trails in

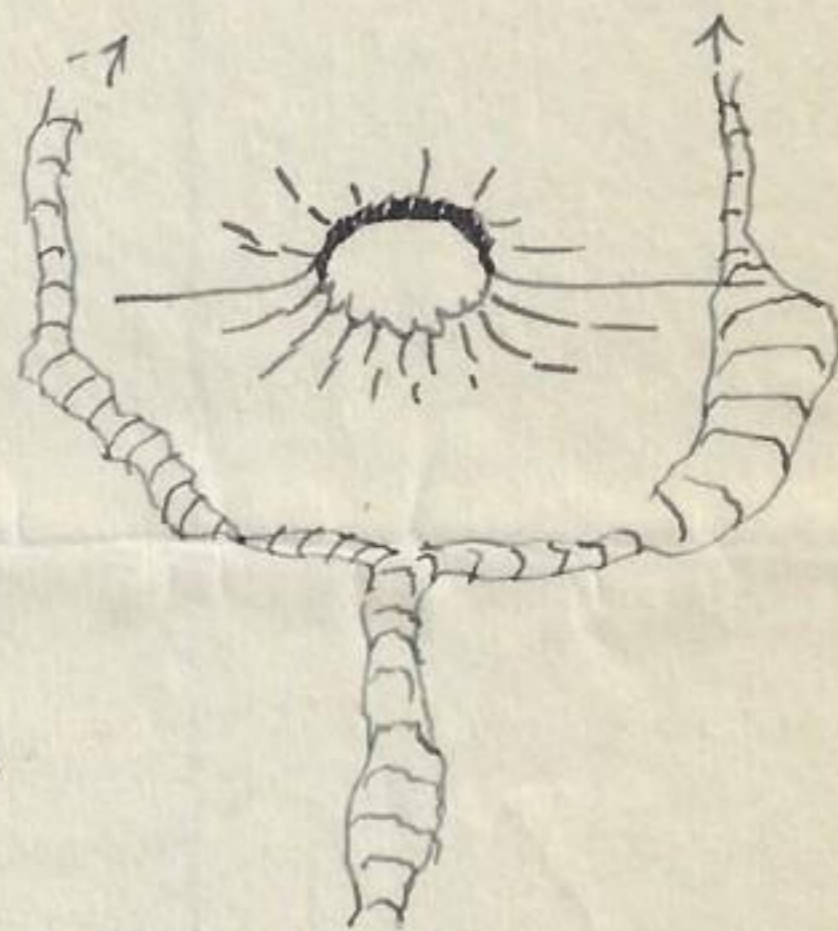
an otherwise black surface. The dark surfacing of this section of the plateau was most interesting.

This area has some highly colorful surfaces but the most unique earthly reflection was at late twilight when the land becomes like a red sea.

So much chatter for now - ideas are getting woolly and my mind dictates sleep.

Good by now -

James.





10-24-44 W side Dehing River, 2 mi nnw Margharetta, Assam, India.  
Collected 39 butterflies from jungle and savannas. (see March 24, 1947)

Ledo, Assam

10-25-44. Made DEHING river, trail trip today APO 689 and recorded the following pictures. (1-10-25-44) Typical grass thatched Hindu hut in its surroundings of forest sophistication. Plant on right much like our *Sagittaria cardatum*? The front entrance and gate leads directly on to the foot path that follows along the river. The greater part of the yard as limited as it is is to be found to the rear of the homes. (2-10-25-44) The river and large bordering tree where many Indians pause to discuss their problems or to rest on their trek to the village or bazaar. The goats are a usual animal found around the Hindu home. (4-10-25-44) Hindu fisherman on the De Hing river. Controls three poles, one with the right foot, one with the left foot and his favorite one held in his hands. The large and well spaced toes act as good substitutes for hands. The river supports a great variety of fish adding to their lack of fresh meat in their bill of fare. Many of these Hindus eat meat and which goes against their regulations. It pays to be practical sometimes. A serene site is exhibited when a dugout boat silently floats by with the immobile statues posed to throw the fish net upon some unexpected fish. (5-10-25-44) Paddy fields and snugly settled thatched home. This rice is practically ready for harvest. The naga mts in the distance. The fence lines are mainly for the purpose of guarding the rice from cattle rather than a demarkation for property lines. The elevated dikes serve that purpose. It is remarkable that out of several hundred small paddy section the people are able to recognize their own little section from the confusing aggregate.

*Ledo, Assam*

10-26-44. Visited Hindu village 3 miles north of APO 689. Enroute recorded the following pictures. (1-10-26-44) The first bulding encountered was this ceremonail storage hut in its usual jungle surroundings. I have never seen anyone in this area except a small Hindu herdsboy with his group of about 10 cows. (2-10-26-44) Ibid. in close review. This thatched hut is supported on legs and made rat and animal proff by the insertion of large circular disc between the floor and supporting poles. Inside is two baskets one used for their fire offering. Have noticed from time to time that this basket changes position and receives a new collection of charred material. Above the door is arranged a series of sharp point sticks, each one piercing a type of food such as dried meat, dried fruit, seeds etc., as if an offering to the gods above. A crude eleted pole leads up to the platform. Outside the hut and approx 40 feet away is a religious ladder like contraption leaning against a high date palm(?). (3-10-26-44) Large tree, cow shed and paddy fields. These trees are certainly grand old monarchs and I can easily see why they are so frequently whorshiped. Note the particular thatching on the apex of the cow shelter. The paddy fields are always located conveniently located to the homes of the people.

10-26-44. Picture (8-10-26-44) of the DEHING <sup>LEDO, ASSAM</sup> river, APO 689 with dugout boats moored to their respective home landings. Each family along the river edge has its own personal dock, which consists of nothing more than a stake to tie the boat. It is remarkable how few ducks one finds on this river or even in the entire area itself.

10-27-44. Picture (1-10-27-44) of DEHING <sup>LEDO, ASSAM</sup> river, APO 689. Passing dugout. Framed with river bordering jungle. The broad hats the navigators use lend added interest to the picture. They are used frequently when on the river or during a rainy day. Boats propelled and guided by long bamboo prodding poles.

10-28-44 W side Seling River, 2 mi. n/w Margharitta, Assam, India. Collected 5 butterflies from jungle and savanna (see march 24, 1947).

172a  
Photo-10-27-44 De King River, E Lado, Assam, India

441027-173



11-4-44 W side Dehing River, 2 mi. n nw Margharitta, Assam, India  
collected 15 butterflies from jungle and savannas. (see March 24, 1947)

Ledo, Assam

11-5-44. A group of Hindu workers (2-11-5-44) preparing binding material.  
(see page 231.1)

This stripping is made from a natural reed like plant which grows abundantly in the area. It has a remarkable quality of strength and at the same time a perfect pliability. It is as strong as rope and can be tied into knots with as much ease as could be handled with rope. It is used for many purposes but mainly as a medium for tying two bamboo together in the construction of their homes. The actual part used is as indicated. Several pie shape sections are cut from solid stock halves and from each one of these triangles the final product is fashioned to conform with the pattern indicated in diagram. After the edges are all trimmed and uniform it is ready for use. This is all done with their large knives which they hold wither in their toes or hand. These men will sit from morning until nite in this same position and whittle out this typing material. I have tried this apparently insignificant and simple act of stripping but found it more of an exacting job, and one that requires ability of manipulation that I had formerally supposed.

*Ledo, Assam*

11-5-44. River trail APO 689. Picture 3-11-5-44 of old Hindu character. (for picture 4-11-5-44) see page 174) 5-11-5-44 Hindu male with turban. Picture 7-11-5-44 of a dumb Hindu boy and Muslim girl. This young lady is approx six years of age. During our usual conversation they were happy and always laughing but as soon as they were posed for a picture the joyful expression passed from their faces. It is most difficult to record the true character of these people thru their faces. The river is a most delightful one giving that feeling of serenity and calmness. It is bordered by a bench of about 20 feet high. A Hindu man is taking a bath in the river below, a very common site with both the men and women of this area. In both cases they bath with only a cloth from the waist down, a cloth which is never removed except during the momentary change from the dirty one to the clean dry one. They complete the routine by washing the dirty cloth. From the commonness of the site would be led to believe that these people take a bath daily and during each day more frequently in the morning. This river water is used for bathing, washing, drinking and personal toilet and it is therefore not surprising that some of the water carried diseases are so common and epidemic in extent, however, the water volume is so great that what little contamination they may introduce is too completely diffused to effect the next party below.

*Ledo, Assam*

8-11-5-44 Picture of tent mates APO 689. From left to right: Virgil Braughton, William Ewing, Bernard Kaplan and James Broz. Lee Johnson not represented in picture.

4-11-5-44 (see page 175) at margharitta near Ledo, Assam  
 11-5-44. Group of three posed ivory statuettes acquired AFO 689 includ-  
 Goddess Lakshmi, Brahma and Shiva. Lakshmi (Pronounced Lookē) Goddess  
 of prosperity and wealth and wife of Vishnu. Stands on a padma or lotus  
 (m in padma silent) Also holds padma in hands. This god is in my opinion  
 the most beautiful of the Hindu idols and no doubt the most delicate of  
 workmanship of the entire group. The most significant thing about this  
 Goddess is the association with the lotus. This mythical flower represents  
 the perfect symbol of creation, divine purity and beauty. The many petals  
 open with the early morning rays at daybreak and close again at sundown.  
 The colors come in red white and blue, good old American combination. The  
 red for Brahma the creator, the white for Shiva and the blue for Vishnu  
 the preserver and upholder of the Universe. Brahma the Creator. One  
 of the three gods of the Trinity or One god of Hinduism. There may be a  
 question about the identity of the God but am assured by many of the natives  
 as being the God Brahma. As in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity of  
 Gods the Hindu has three gods. It is not a conception of three different  
 Gods, though it is frequently presented as being separate, but different  
 aspects of the One God. Strangely enough Brahma worship is but little  
 practised. Shiva (or Siva) God of Destruction. When angry aftern referred  
 to as Samhara Rudra. He carries the trisul or three pronged spear as  
 representing a weapon of destruction. The cobra is his constant protector  
 and more frequently wears a tiger skin. He is worshipped even more than either  
 Brahma or Vishnu. When the English Mt Everest expedition tried their as-  
 sult upon the Mt they were warned to be agreeable with Shiva as he controlled  
 the mt and its environs.

*Ledo, Assam.*

9-11-5-45. Bori Asmakahton. A young Mohammedan girl of approximately six years of age. She was found playing with two Hindu boys, which is, as one is led to believe, stepping out of their religious caste. Should one believe what is observed or go under the false impression of what one hears about, as explained by some foreign writer. I find that things are not strictly adhered to and those policies set up are generally by those individuals who have never had a look at India. Here is a case of a boy and a girl of two different families playing together away from home and of different religious casts! Just isn't according to the books. If however they are of the same caste it becomes a different story. Child marriage for these uneducated people is in my opinion based on a good physiological basis. In the first place it is only when the boy and girl are in that early stage of life that they can still be moulded to each others outlook. At a later stage they harden into habits and outlooks which are difficult to modify. That will probably be true in <sup>even</sup> our own society. If these boys and girls must live harmoniously they must have the opportunity to mould each others thoughts and actions and ways of life. When they are married young they play together and quarrel together and are reconciled but they live as husband and wife only after they reach the age of puberty, and this is extremely early for these people. One frequently sees mothers appearing about 12 years old and carrying <sup>ing</sup> babies. This early child marriage is punishable by law but am wondering how strictly these people obey, or even if they realize that a government even exists. The Hindus have a betrothal ceremony where a boy and girl are betrothed when still young but this does not involve living together nor is it to be confused with the regular or official child marriage. Another observation I have made at other places is separate schools for boys and girls. Whenever one sees a group of children returning from school they are separate groups of boys and girls-never mixed. It is a rare site to see a boy and girl walking down the street together.



441106-178  
Following drawing made at Ledo, Assam of native birds  
of the area,  
Nov. 6, 1945  
JWB

From Whistlers Indian Birds.



JWB



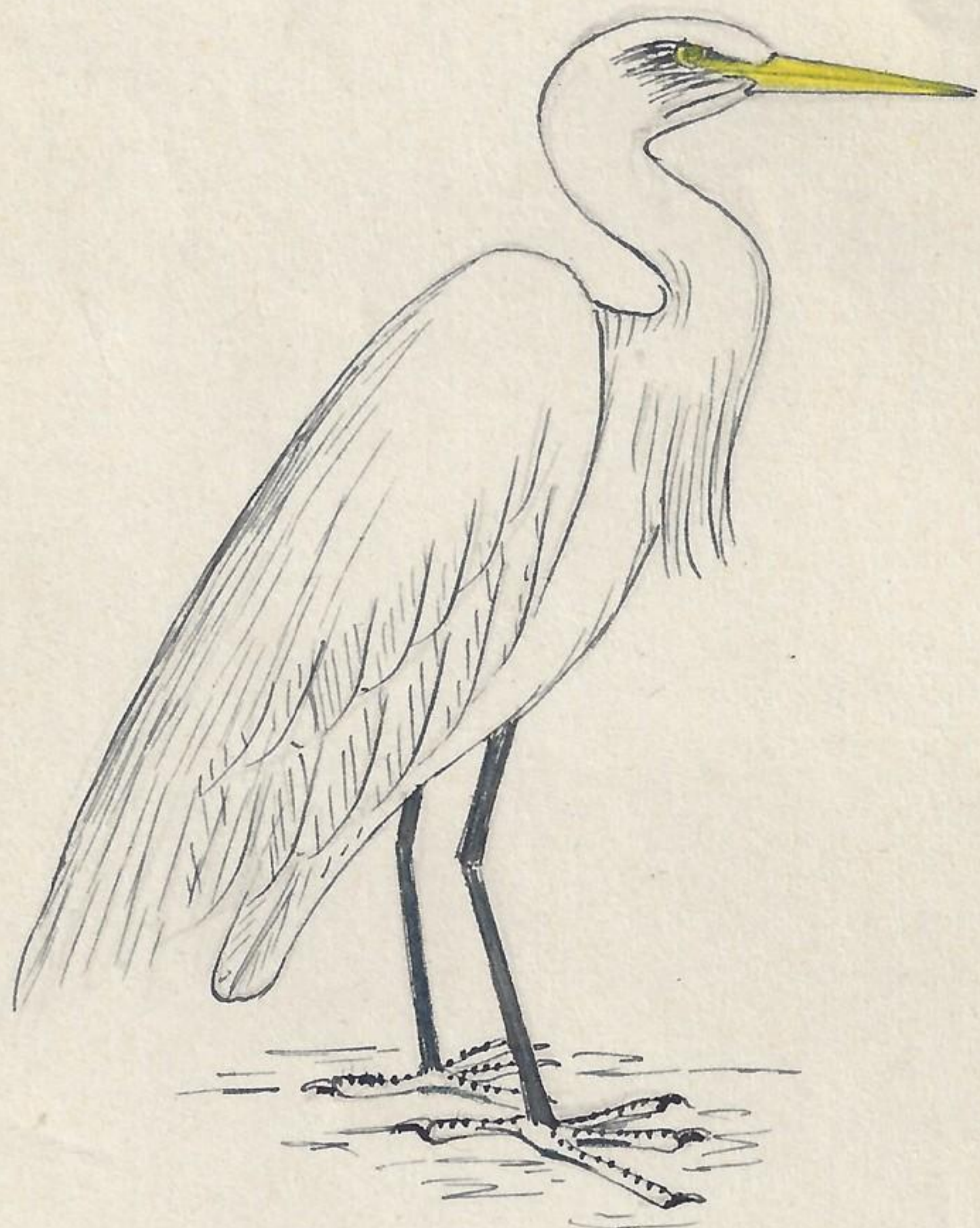
JWB

441106-178

Following drawing made at Ledo, Assam of native birds  
of the area,  
Nov. 6, 1945

JWB

From Whistlers Indian Birds.



JWB



JWB



JWB

MAGPIE ROBIN

*Copsychus saularis.*



JWB

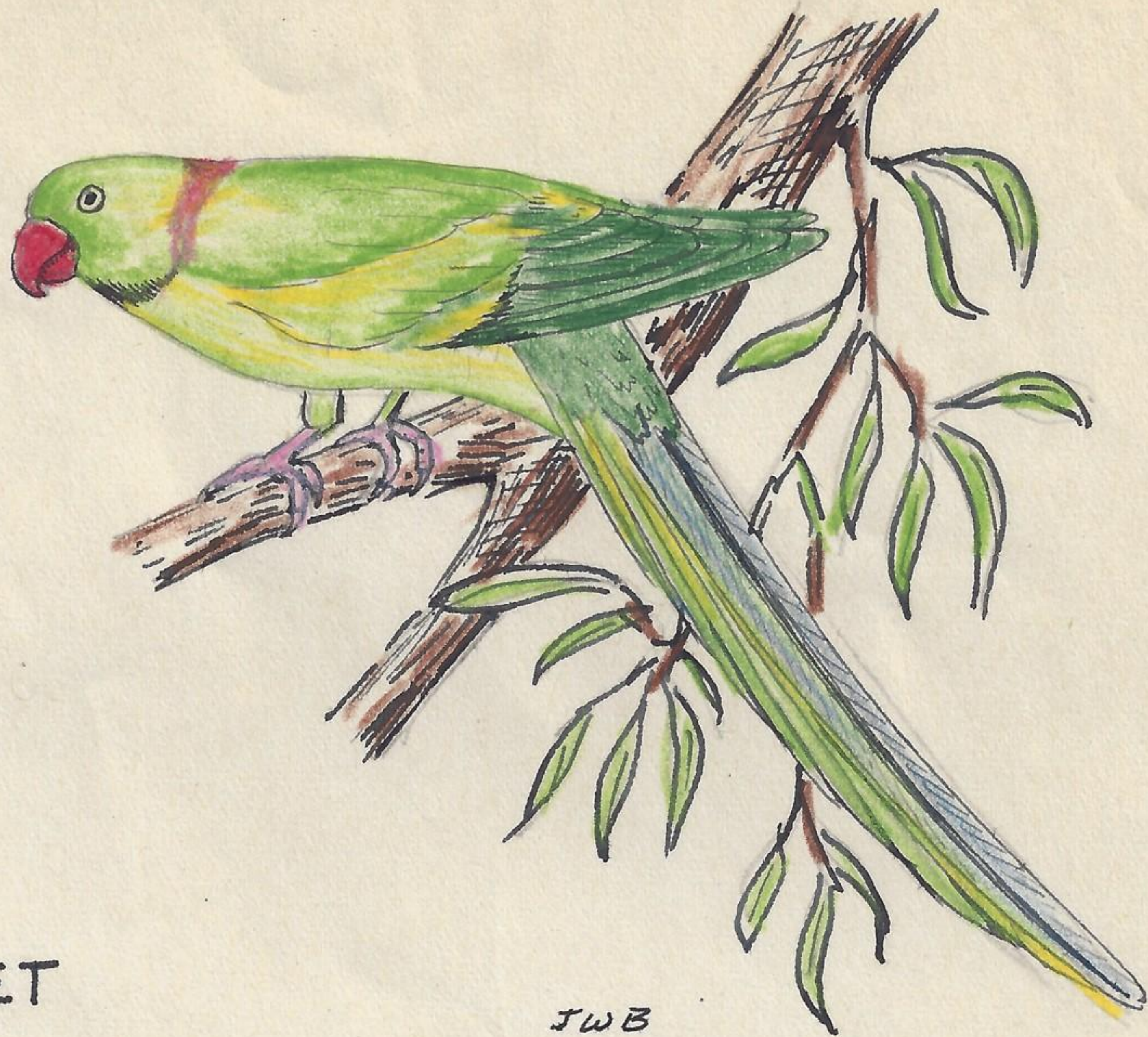
MAGPIE ROBIN

*Copsychus saularis.*



GREEN PARRAKEET

*Psittacula krameri borealis*



GREEN PARRAKEET

*Psittacula krameri borealis*

JWB



KING CROW

*Dierurus macrocereus.*

JWB



KING CROW

*Dierurus macrocercus.*

JWB





SHORT-BILLED MINIVET

*Pericrocotus brevirostris*

JWB



SHORT-BILLED MINIVET

*Pericrocotus brevirostris*

JWB



BLUE JAY  
*Coracias benghalensis.*



JWB

BLUE JAY

*Coracias benghalensis.*

1  
6

CROW PHEASANT

JWB

*Centropus sinensis*



1  
6

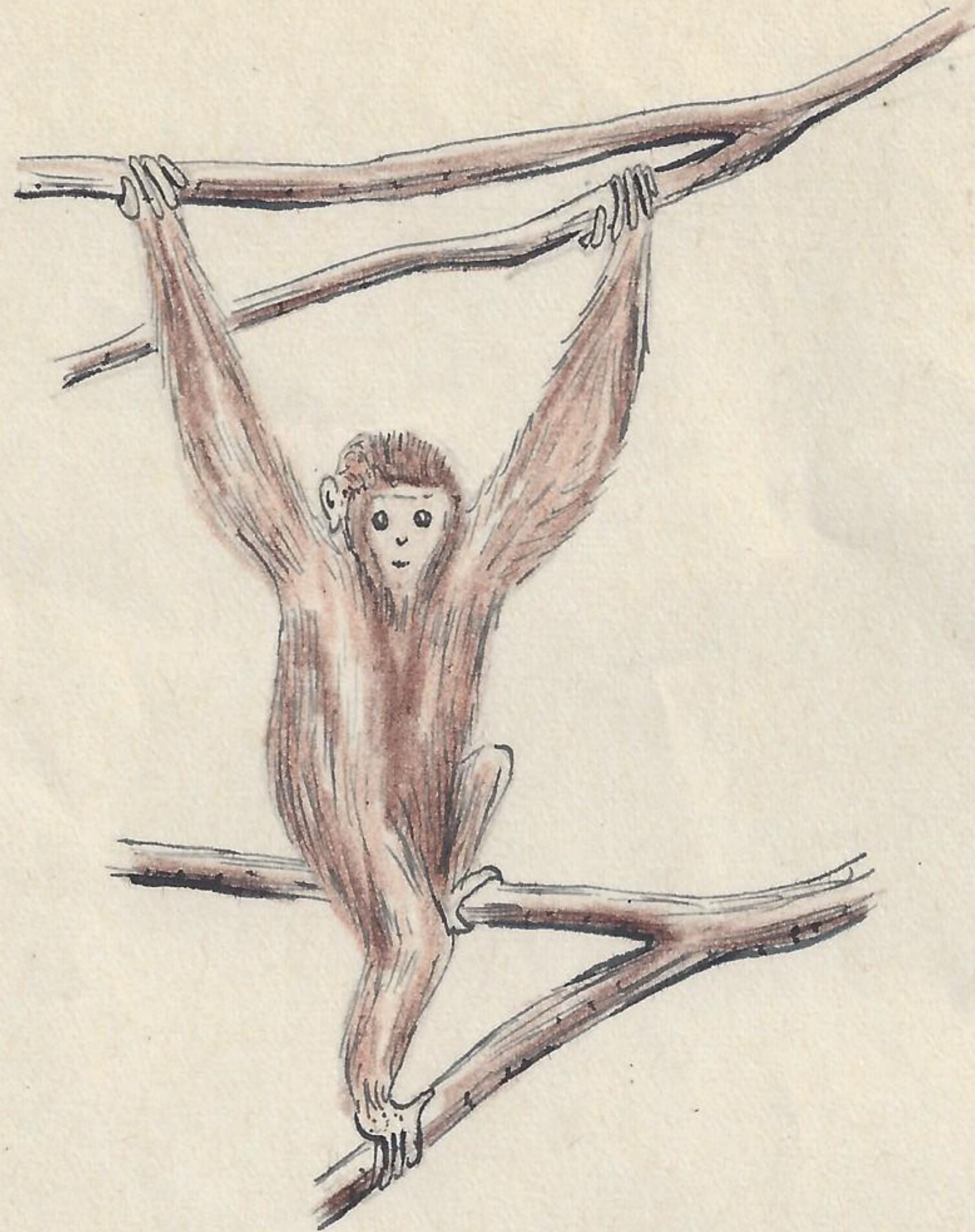
CROW PHEASANT

JWB

*Centropus sinensis*



JWB



JWB





JWB

INDIAN ROBIN

*Saxicoloides pulicota cambaiensis* $\frac{1}{2}$  nat. size.

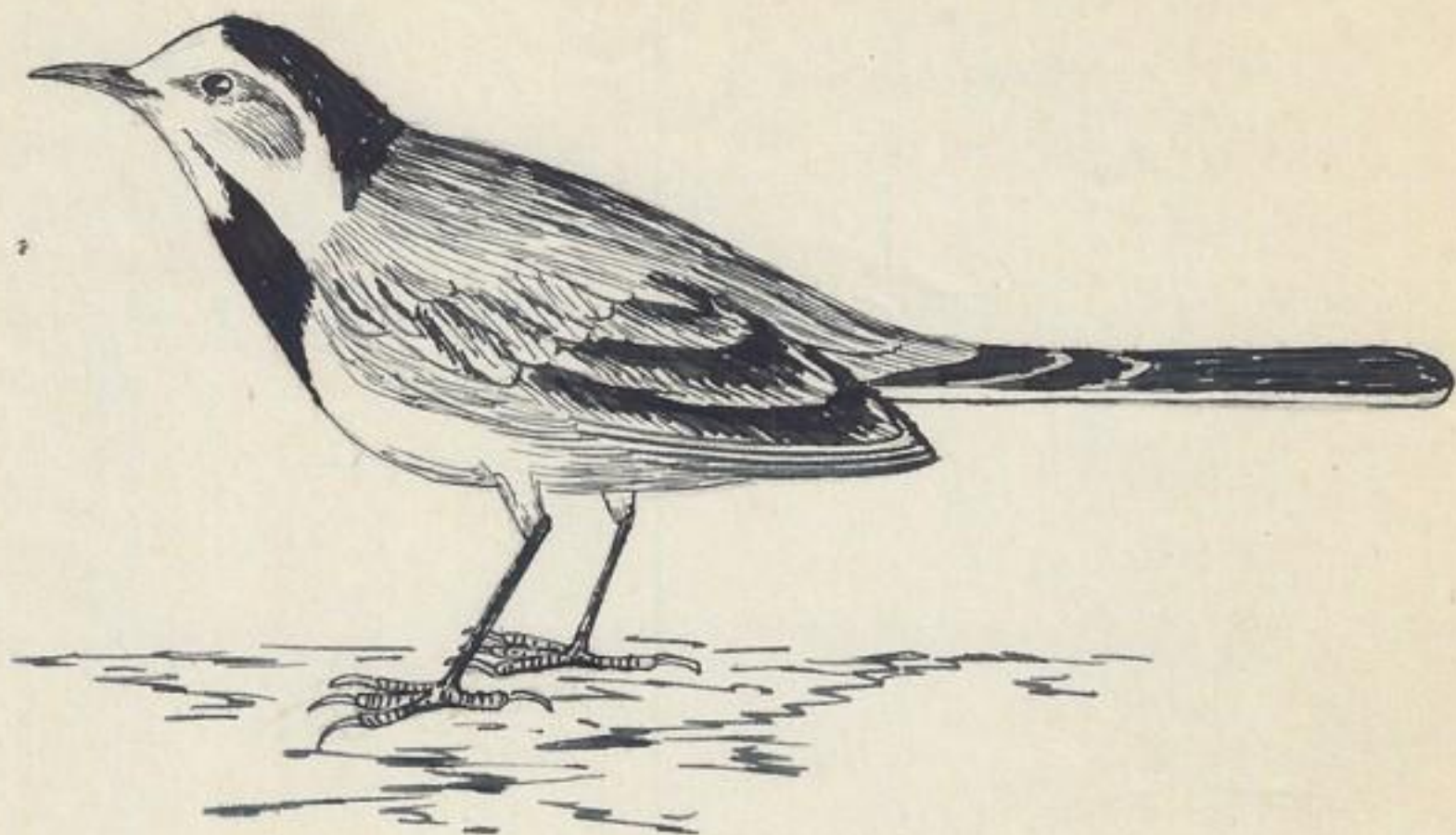


JWB

INDIAN ROBIN

*Saxicoloides pulicata camboiensis*

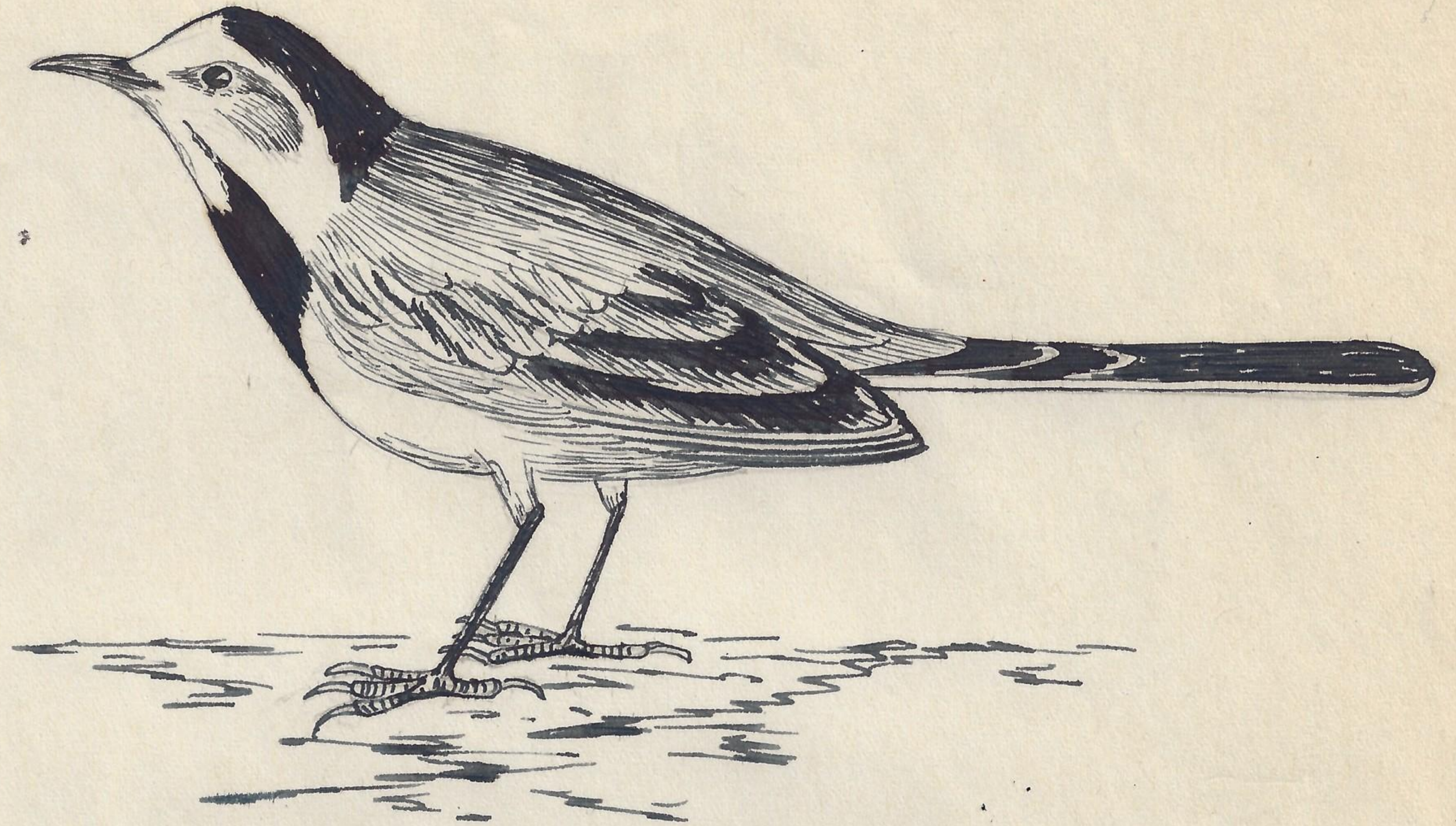
$\frac{1}{2}$  nat. size.



JWB

WHITE WAGTAIL

*Motacilla alba olboides*



JWB

WHITE WAGTAIL

*Motacilla alba alboides*



JWB

COMMON KINGFISHER

*Alcedo atthis.*

186

441106-188



JWB

COMMON KINGFISHER

*Alcedo atthis.*



SPOTTED FORKTAIL

*ENICURUS maculatus guttatus*

$\frac{1}{3}$  nat. size

JWB



SPOTTED FORKTAIL

*ENICURUS maculatus guttatus*

$\frac{1}{3}$  nat. size

JWB





RACKET-TAILED DRANGO

SP. ?

JWB

441106-190



RACKET-TAILED DRANGO

sp. ?

JWB



GREAT HORNBILL  
*Dichoceros bicornis*  
 $\frac{1}{7}$  Not. size

JWB



GREAT HORNBILL

*Dichoceros bicornis*

$\frac{1}{4}$  NOT. SIZE

JWB



PIED MYNAH

*Sturnopaster contra*

JWB



COMMON MYNAH

*Acridotheres tristis*

JWB



JUNGLE MYNAH

*Aethiopsan fuscus.*

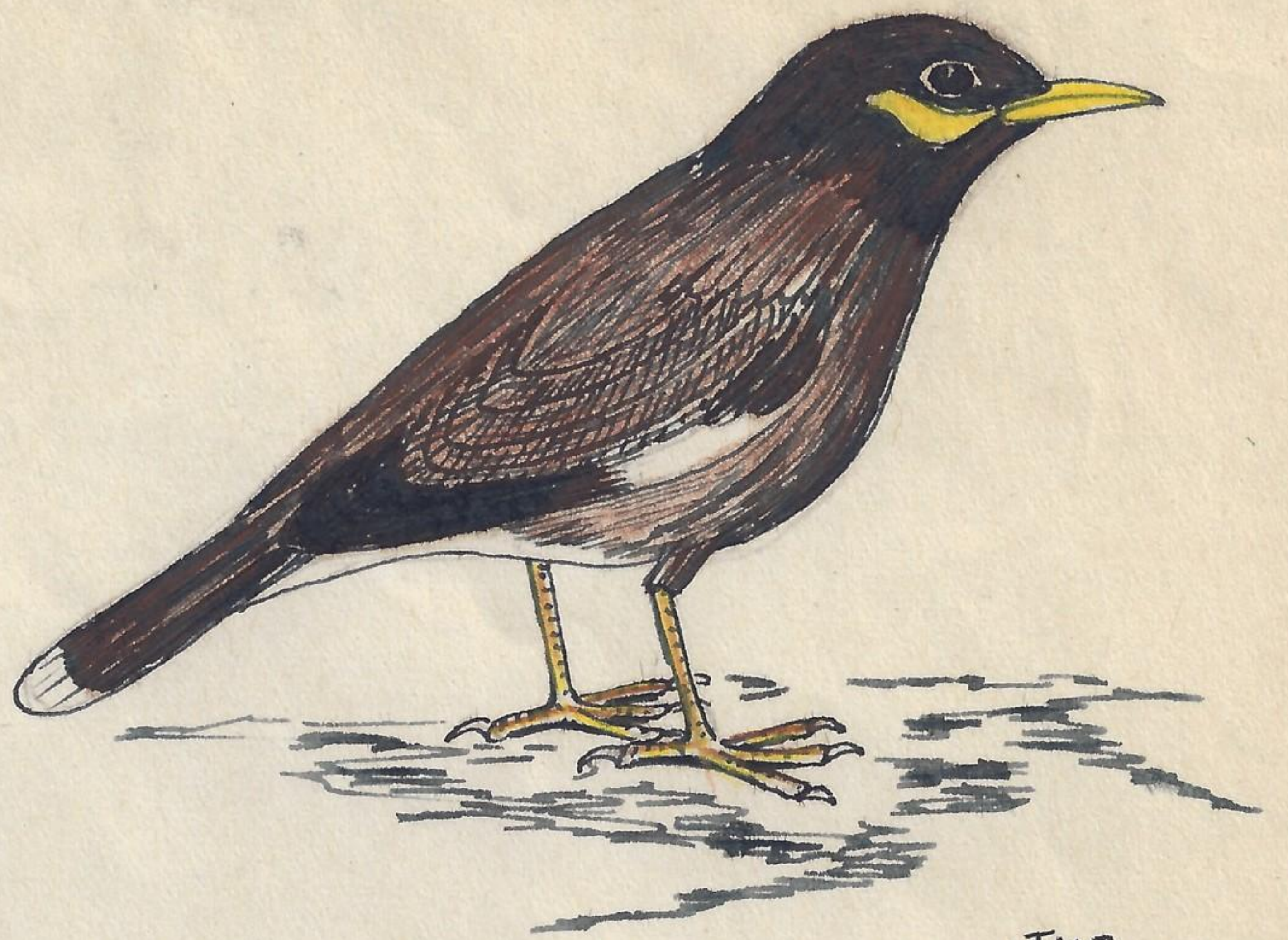
JWB



JWB

PIED MYNAH

*Sturnopastor contra*



JWB

COMMON MYNAH

*Acridotheres tristis*



JWB

JUNGLE MYNAH

*Aethiopsar fuscus*



KING VULTURE  
*Sarcocyps colvus*



WHITE BACKED VULTURE  
*Pseudogyps bengolensis*

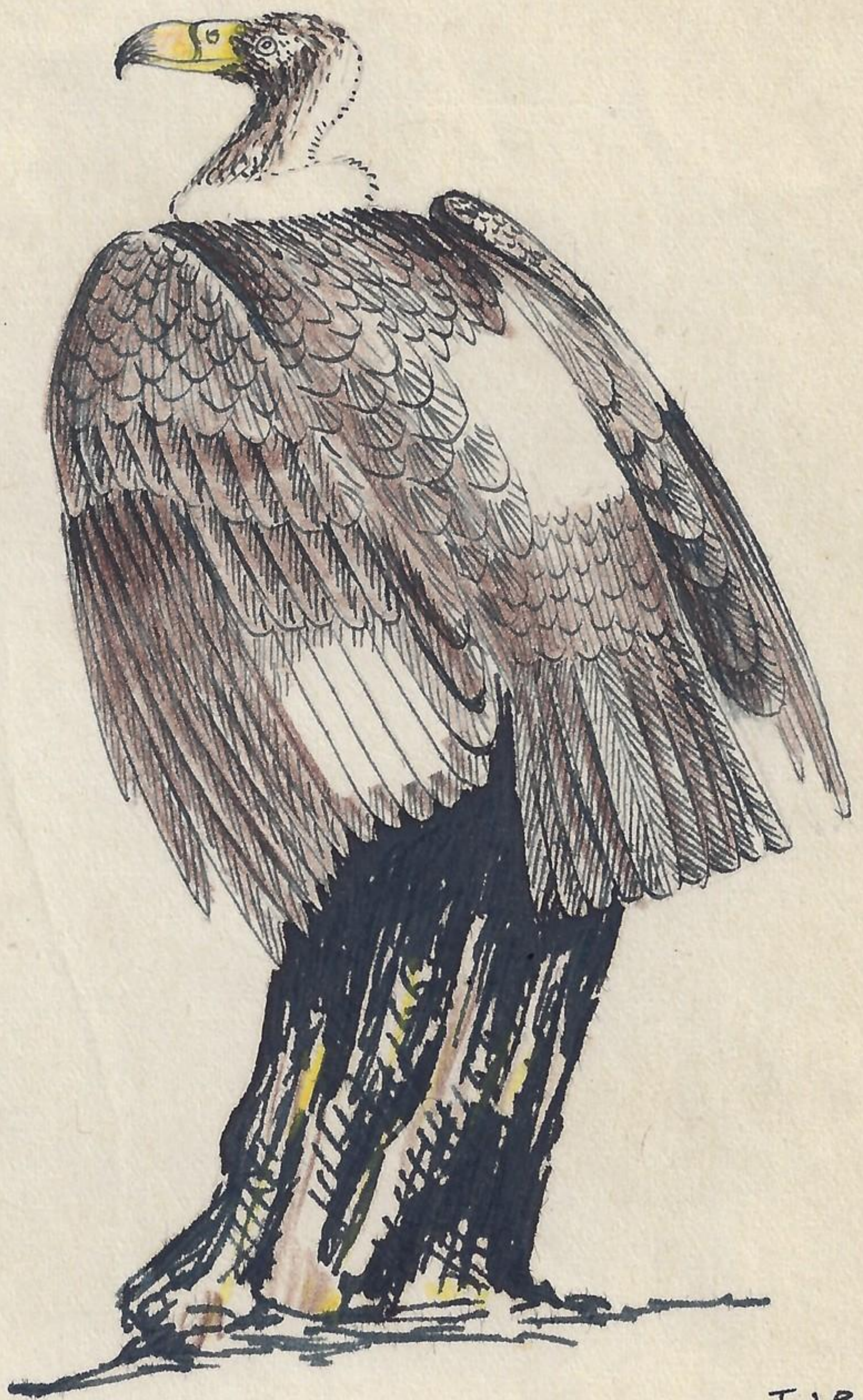


NEOPHRON  
*Neophron pernanopterus*



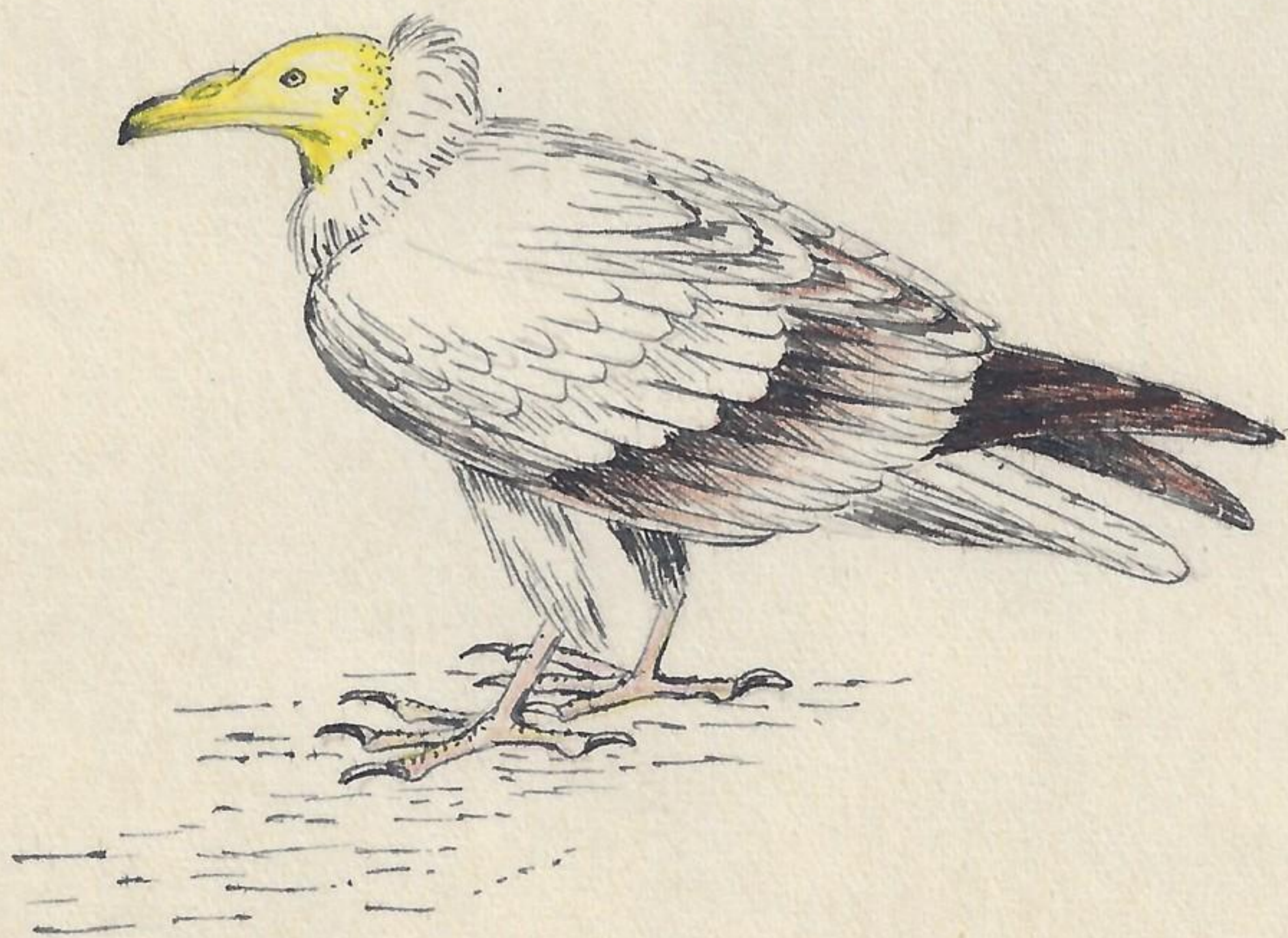
JWB

KING VULTURE  
*Sarcogyps calvus*



JWB

WHITE BACKED VULTURE  
*Pseudogyps bengolensis*



JWB

NEOPHRON  
*Neophron pernanopterus*





JWB

$\frac{1}{5}$

192

441106-194



$\frac{1}{5}$

JWB



HOOPOE

*Upupa epops*

JWB



HOOPOE

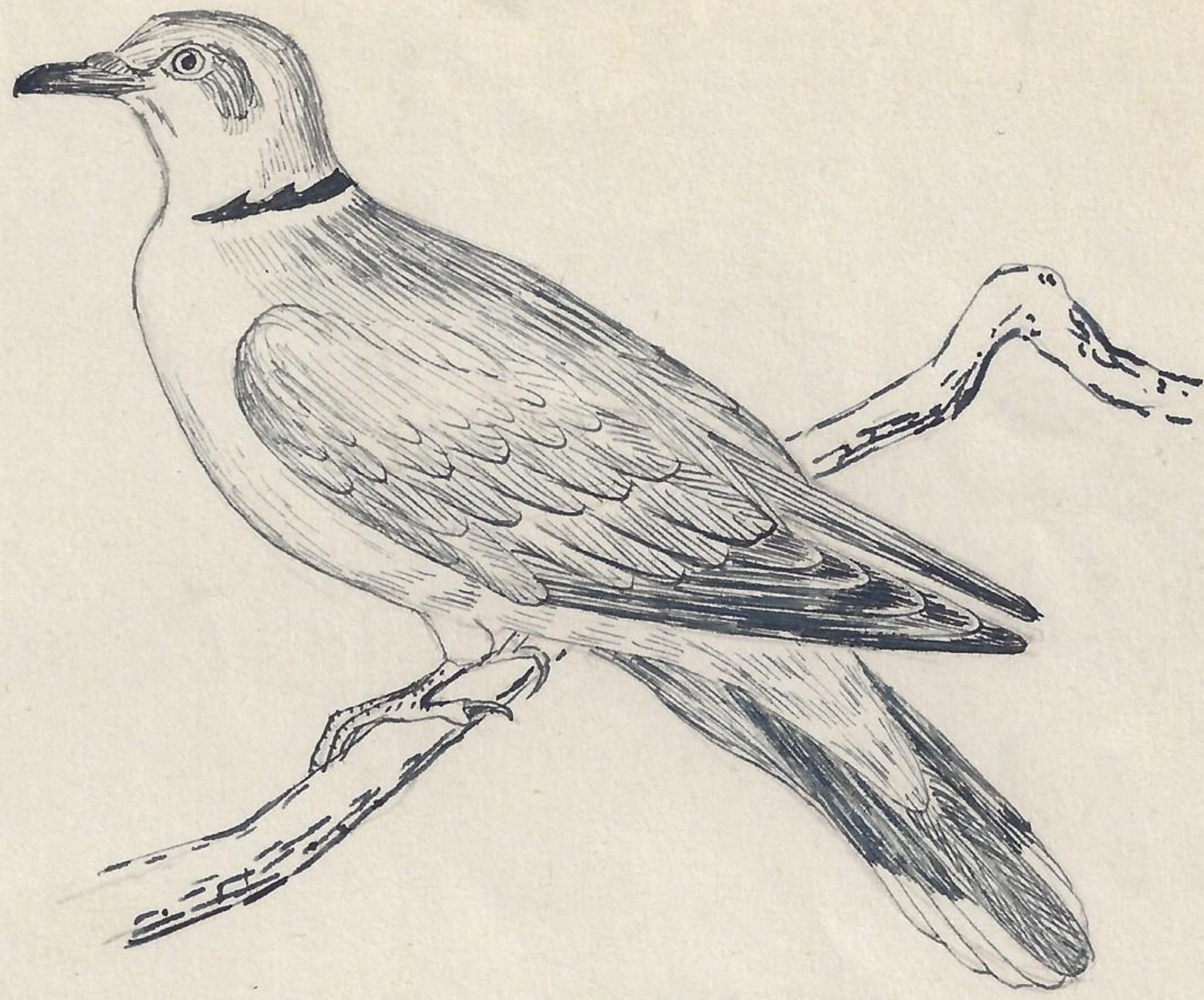
*Upupa epops*

JWB



JWB

INDIAN RING-DOVE  
*Streptopelia risoria*



JWB

INDIAN RING-DOVE  
*Streptopelia risoria*

11-6-44. Picture (2-11-6-44) of water buffalo and native. A frequently used crossing for cattle. Found these animals roped to stakes with the buffalo partially submerged in the water. They remained in such a position for several minutes and then would turn over to expose the other side to the coolness of the water. During turnovers they would continually chew their cuds or abruptly twitch their heads to momentarily eliminate the hordes of annoying flies that persisted around the head regions as securely as the mud adhered to their backs. A rope inserted thru the septum of the nose help them in the area. Many of these animals graze in the fields where they are stakes to a small wood peg not too securely anchored. It is this beast who dictates to my choice of route. This animal is considered to be the most ferocious animal in this country and I have had enough experience with them to not question the statement. Have noticed that most animals in this country like the cat or even this buffalo have a peculiar way of accepting a foreigner. In the case of the animal he will throw back their head with the long horns curving over their back with eyes strained as if in an angry mood. This may all be merely a pretense in attitude but to me it suggests a charging repose. When one see little children of seven years of age herding they around all day one is prone to believe that this is only putting up a bold front. In addition to its striking pose it emphasizes the breathing in attempt to pick up any unusual odor. It is always my policy when passing by one of these animals to pick out an avenue of escape or a tree or stump to dodge behind. The usual combination is to find them in pairs with occasionally an immature calf in tow. A common site is to see a young boy either standing by or in the immediate vicinity or more frequently riding or reclining on its broad back. I know of one young fellow who was always found on the back of his Buffalo whenever I chanced to pass the area. It seems so remarkable that these six and seven year old lads can manage these presumably wild animals. They have a most

powerful get away as I found out one day. It happened at a time when a small boy was sitting on the back of one of these bufflo and as I approach I took out my camera and in so doing frightened the animal so as to initiate a charge but fortunately for me was in the opposite direction. It was so abrupt a take off and so forcefully perfected that the young fellow was literally suspended in the air to fall a second later into the muddy paddy field where the animal was grazing a moment before-perfected something like the sudden exodus of Walt Disney's characters-sip! These animals will be used later during the ploughing of the ricefields.

(3-11-6-44) Indro riding bufflo. Indian in typical dress or rather lack of dress. Even after an hours soaking the original dried mud remains upon their skin. The bufflo is used in the field to plow give a poor quality of drinkable milk but is not considered sacred.

Ledo, Assam.

Nov. 6, 1944

Collected a *Leptotepheps* no 1-11-6-44 from a wooden floor of a house elevated approximately 2 feet above ground in semi-jungle area. Collected in A.M. Placed in 4% formalin.  
Total length 81 mm



*Photo 9-11-6-44 (taken in Ledo, Assam)*

11-6-44. Ivory statuettes generally described to identify and travelling from left to right: Lakshmi. Goddess of learning and prosperity. Krishna 9th incarnation of Vishnu. He is a popular and prominent Hindu God and is usually represented by playing the flute. He is figured in the Epic Mahabarata and seems to be rather popular with the young ladies. Budha Gautama Budha founder of Buddhism. He belonged to the warrior caste of Hindu but quite contrasting ideas as far as his religion was concerned. Jesus. Brahma. Shiva. Vishnu. Questionable as to identity (Vishnu only.) Vishnu is one of the three of the Trinity. He is much worshipped and denotes a power to preserve the oppressed from cruelty. There are ten incarnations of Vishnu each one representing a natural way of overcoming evil. Rama, Varana and Krishna are notable examples of the incarnations of Vishnu. Gonesh The elephant god of Wisdom. Will try to describe these Gods in more detail at a later date but I think there is sufficient description to identify.

*Leds, Assam.*

11-9-44. Picture (1-11-9-44) of two Hindu girls with nose rings and a liberal wearing of bracelets. Here again is a noticeable evidence of shyness in thesetwo individuals. (2-11-9-44) Hindu girl approximately six years of age. This is more typical of the appearance of young girls in this out-lying area. There disposition is like any other young lady of the larger city by the untidy hair dress gives them the appearance of a wild girl. In my own estimation these girls have more character in their makeup than the more highly educated and refined women of the cities. As wild as they may appear they still impress me a being cute.

Photo 1-11-9-44 Assam, India, (Leds). Hindu girl.

441109-201



441109-202  
29 November 44

Dear Jim -

But you figured I'd forgotten you didn't you?  
Well, good reason the way I scribbled but I'll  
try to catch up on some lost time here and now.

I've taken the liberty of making you a copy -  
hope you can rest it - of the last trip to  
Chamon Black and so on. Mom and I went  
down there by great good fortune and we  
really had a swell time. I know the change  
and the scenery on the way all did her  
good and of course it suited me fine, indeed.

I'm ashamed to admit I never got out to  
the lake - piled a little wood instead so maybe  
you'll forgive me at all. Anyhow I have  
sent the list (wow! - I'm sending it) and  
perhaps you can use it and then describe  
it a something. Fair it's not terribly good  
and I didn't cover all the area the way you  
did when we were there the last time.  
Harriet Jim, you'd have loved watching the  
seals playing there. They looked just  
like happy children. And when I'd seen  
the monk I knew the trip was a success  
and felt happy, plenty. I sure wish we  
could have had you along - we missed you.

Well, let me see. We landed here on the  
nineteenth of August and arrived here at  
the hundredth group on the twenty-fourth.  
Flew our first mission the twenty-fifth of  
October and now the last has thirteen of them.  
More damn fun. Laugh. Not bad though.

If you've received the card you maybe  
know we saw some wonderful country on  
the way. Mom told me - she'd heard from  
you from - you were headed for Burma  
and had written from a place in N. Africa.  
Whatever the deal is, I'm sure you've seen  
some new and odd lands too. I'd often  
wondered if you were able to see the fan-  
like erosion patterns of all the dry  
streams as I did in Arizona. Surely some  
of the area there near the Atlas Mts.  
should resemble Arizona and southern  
California. I sure hope you've had enough  
clear weather to satisfy some of your  
desires for a bird's eye view.

I guess the most impressive thing I've seen was the ice cap on Greenland. That is completely beyond any descriptive powers I'll ever have. Next best was the land in Labrador. I guess it's a pure Hudsonian zone cause all the trees look just like our little needle-shaped ~~tree~~ Alpine Firs at timberline. Only difference is these trees were all spruces - maybe Black Spruce but I don't know. Some are very large and hardly any are taller than about 50 feet I'd guess. The "forest" floor is quite clear with the exception of what I took to be Kindu Moss and a small very-huckleberry maybe. As far as we could see it was exactly the same.

I don't think it's any secret that we landed on the Hamilton River up there. This creek is perhaps the common sort of river up there - at least quite like the others we were able to see. (We came in through solid overcast on instruments) It was an old creek, sand bottomed with many spits and sandbars and damn little real channel to it - mostly shallow. It was easy to see how dissatisfied it was with its channel. Many other old channels and terraces were there and of course it was busily unseccutting even its present banks. A very graphic proof of its search for a new bed is the number of spruces half detached from their soil and tilting at crazy angles out over the river. There and there were the remnants, a tree floating downstream or grounded in the shallows. In almost the same manner one could tell the age of the abandoned terraces easily, not only by the size of the new forest growing there but also by the shade of green - the older the darker.

As we were on a part of the old floor plain judging by the rocky soil I can't say what sort of forest existed on the rocky hills some miles away. At least, the trees seemed the same wherever we looked. The humus was quite soft underfoot even where we were. I saw one Canada Jay - at least a Jay anyhow.

202  
 We approached Greenland at earliest dawn after watching the northern lights softly playing over the heavens. The effect was one of hazy blue curtains high overhead just hanging in easy folds. It wasn't very spectacular but still awesome. We saw land as a flashing light which we could later see was a massive beacon barely shining through a ground fog some hundred or so feet thick. As the light kept coming gradually we could see a great long fjord (spelling) running several miles into the island until it met to high plateau. Of course we couldn't see the water because of the clouds but the sides of the channel rose above the fog to show glacier rounded tops. To make a short story - she was beautiful.

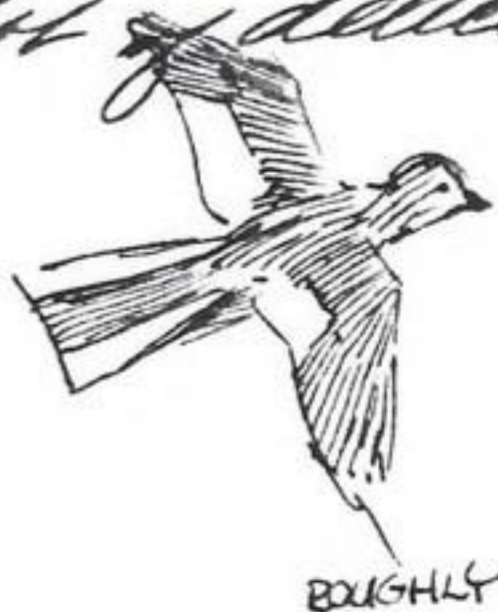
We went across the cap at thirteen thousand because you need awfully clear weather to fly over at 9 or 11. We could tell we weren't very close to the ice but couldn't tell that we were terribly high either. It's about as confusing as water. Some places we were able to see the huge wrinkles on the cap and once or twice we saw the tops of mountains - all but submerged. Dawn didn't come till we passed over into the Atlantic past Cape Adelaide. As we crossed the divide though we could sense the steepening of the slope and the more frequent ice-falls increased the tempo south of. Finally the ice split a couple of times and came snorting out into the sea - rather in the way it had carved in more vigorous days.

The icebergs were not very large on the east side and we were unable to see many on the west in Davis Strait. However those we did see were obviously not very small. A couple looked huge. Seeing some small areas of pack ice I clearly remembered the night we stopped on the # bridge and became hypnotized watching the black Columbia ice that pushed ice down stream. Wasn't that a sight? We had to run to catch the bus too.

Though I kept up my hopes we never were lucky enough to see any whales or porpoises. I watched so hard and never saw even a likely looking splash. We had some beautiful 7x50 Bausch and Lomb glasses too and they were honey, indeed.

Well next thing I know we were coming in again and still a new place. There was Iceland dead ahead - mountains and all. The weather favoured us with brisk winds and nearly clear skies. Not very warm in that place either. And guess what I saw about first thing? Why heck yes - a whole bunch of jaegers. After watching them fly and feed I'm pretty sure they were Parasitics but I sure could be wrong. There were a lot of gulls flying down by the water but that was out of bounds to us and I didn't have much chance with 'em. (Likely wouldn't have known a single one!)

There was also a small Finch which buzzed itself in the short fragrant heather (?) and the pitted volcanic rocks strewn everywhere. Because I didn't know any better I just called him a Rock Finch. He reminds me of the *Leucostictes* sort of - also very shy. Had an unusual flight pattern. Showed a lot of white trim in flight and a bit of delicate pink on the ground. They were in small flocks of about fifteen or so. Seemed to post a couple of guards - at least there were always a couple of them head up and watching me. I can't remember much of the call. Wow, is that awful!!



BOUGHTLY!

The Jaeger, which I think was parasitic, was very dark - showing hardly any white at the base of the primaries. The tail was (the two central feathers I mean) not the fat-looking twisted contraption of the Pomarine nor did it seem long enough for the Long-tailed Jaeger. However, I'm sure the feathers were at least four inches longer than the rest of the tail feathers. The birds themselves were about the size of a King-billed Gull. Rather surprised me to learn they are no larger. Even now though, they keep a certain powerful look in spite of the grace of their flight. They are really aerialists. Reminded me a little bit of swallows.

when at rest on the ground they seemed quite shy. On the wing they were prone to come quite close, screaming all the time. They would dash along close to the ground sometimes going between the parked planes as though these had been right there for ages. Once, two of them had a little spat and then they really showed what agility they possessed. What fun.

There's an ice cap up there too. We saw the southern extremities of it where it thinned out and melted away to form cascades of water over the brink of half a dozen hanging valleys. There were several waterfalls, quite nice too. The ice there looked pink in the sun; maybe Greenland's ice cap would look pink in sunlight too. The snouts of the glacier cap on Iceland were weak looking, seemed only to be retreating though I naturally can't say not knowing more of them.

In great contrast were the purpled heather covered hills of Scotland and Wales. Each crest had its velvet blanket welcoming us to the United Kingdom. Of course, the mountains of Wales are not of such hospitable nature at all. Instead they are a somber brown and barren to see. The few pines and firs (there's a fir here that very closely resembles our Douglas Fir except in stature, ~~and~~ found only cones yet either) are confined to the sheltered valleys as is the nearly constant off-shore winds all too much for them. Couldn't see Scotland's uplands because of an overcast hanging there.

Well, we were in Wales just one day and night next to salt water so I managed to taste it and get my feet wet (a mistake) while I chased skulbids and gulls. There were a whole mess of terns there too and I have no slight idea what they were. I was amazed to see that, aside from the pinnacles, the Oyster-catchers here had the same call manners, flight, and all such that our Blacks have 6000 miles away. And to think I had seen both in just three weeks!



Well, since I was worked with my most reliable  
 reliable memory I things seem long ago but  
 had no authentic bird book you must  
 not take my word for the list that follows.

Probably sure - Black-headed Gull - *Larus ridibundus ridibundus*  
 Great Black-backed Gull - *Larus marinus*  
 Lapwing (positive) *Vanellus vanellus*  
 Puffin (doubtful) *Philonachus puffinax*  
 Oystercatcher - *Haematopus ostralegus occidentalis*  
 Crow (Carrion Crow) *Corvus corone corone*  
 Heron (like Great Blue) *Ardea cinerea cinerea*  
 Tern - no idea, what kind  
 Coot - *Fulica atra atra*  
 Woodpecker (likely Spotted W.) *Dryobates major anglicus*  
 Raven - *Corvus corax corax*  
 Turtle Dove (positive) *Streptopelia turtur turtur*  
 Wood Pigeon (positive) *Columba palumbus*

I've taken the names from a book by Edmund Sandars  
 first printed in 1927 and made into this edition in 1933 so  
 the stuff should be half way accurate.

Since I've been located permanently here I've managed  
 to add some smaller birds to my lists but I  
 won't bother you with them at all. On eight-day  
 slab leave (rest and recuperation, unquote) I was  
 lucky enough to pick up the Tisted Duck and the  
 Sparrow Hawk though. Tupter looks like a seagull and  
 the Sparrow Hawk is one *Accipiter* all over again.  
 We do have a black Thrush which acts and sounds  
 much like our Robin but which they call "Blackbird".  
 The "Robin" here is a red-breasted warbler of dainty  
 habits and gorgeous song. Things are different here.  
 So now I have about 35 new species to my credit (?)

Where we are, here are only rather open oak  
 wood lots if any trees at all. In a few  
 places they have pines and we also have  
 beeches (few), elms, and laurels. Also hazels.  
 It's not like your favorite rain forests, Jim.  
 It's gonna be good seeing that stuff again.  
 I can hardly wait.

Meanwhile, we sweat our missions but  
 and I do mean on some of them. We got  
 shot up pretty high one time a few weeks  
 ago. What a deal. We were able to see the  
 Swiss Alps one day from far far away  
 and that was a real sight. Looked plenty  
 okay after this flat country here. We've  
 seen the cathedrals of Belgium and Holland,  
 the Zuider Zee, and the Rhine Valley  
 which is really beautiful. Honest Jim,  
 I think that Rhine Valley is almost in  
 a class with our Columbia Gorge. Perhaps  
 a little further up it's even as precipitous  
 but even where I saw it the other day.

Tell you what, well make a personal inspection  
 soon of the dump when this hairy old war  
 runs out of men, munitions and money.  
 Gee, the alps were some gorgeous all  
 blue and purple pink there in the south.

Jim you'd like seeing this place, some  
 thirty thousand. It gets cold up there too.  
 The last time we went up, she dropped  
 down to minus fifty centigrade. That is  
 when it begins to get cold. Amen.  
 Well doggone, here I've rambled on all this  
 way and surely you're asleep by now. Not much  
 just talking about London and such, it was  
 an interesting city the first time and ever  
 since has been dull. I'm on 48-hour pass  
 now and haven't left the base yet. I guess  
 I'm just incurable a something. Haven't  
 gotten polluted yet though and I sure don't  
 figure on it. That's my pride.

Don't know if this will reach you in time but  
 Merry, Merry Christmas to you Sir! (And if  
 it's late at least accept a most hearty  
 wish for a Happy New Year to you kind friend.  
 Whenever this finds you I do hope you're  
 all right and have a small corner of happiness  
 at least. No matter where you are I know you're  
 adapting yourself and as you once taught me  
 that's half of this existence.

I'll have to go see the postal lady to find  
 out some dope about your address and  
 whether or not they might have a newer  
 APO for you. I'm supposing this to be a  
 temporary APO. Could be wrong.

Jim, believe me, if there's anything I  
 can do for you just holler, loud and clear  
 and my special geni will be at your command.

I guess I'll knock off now. Mom keeps  
 talking about you in her letters and wishes  
 you well I know. You've got two families  
 these days, you know. Be careful. Heck,  
 makes me laugh my telling you to be good.  
 So long - be seeing you. Always your friend,

-Mickie (1)

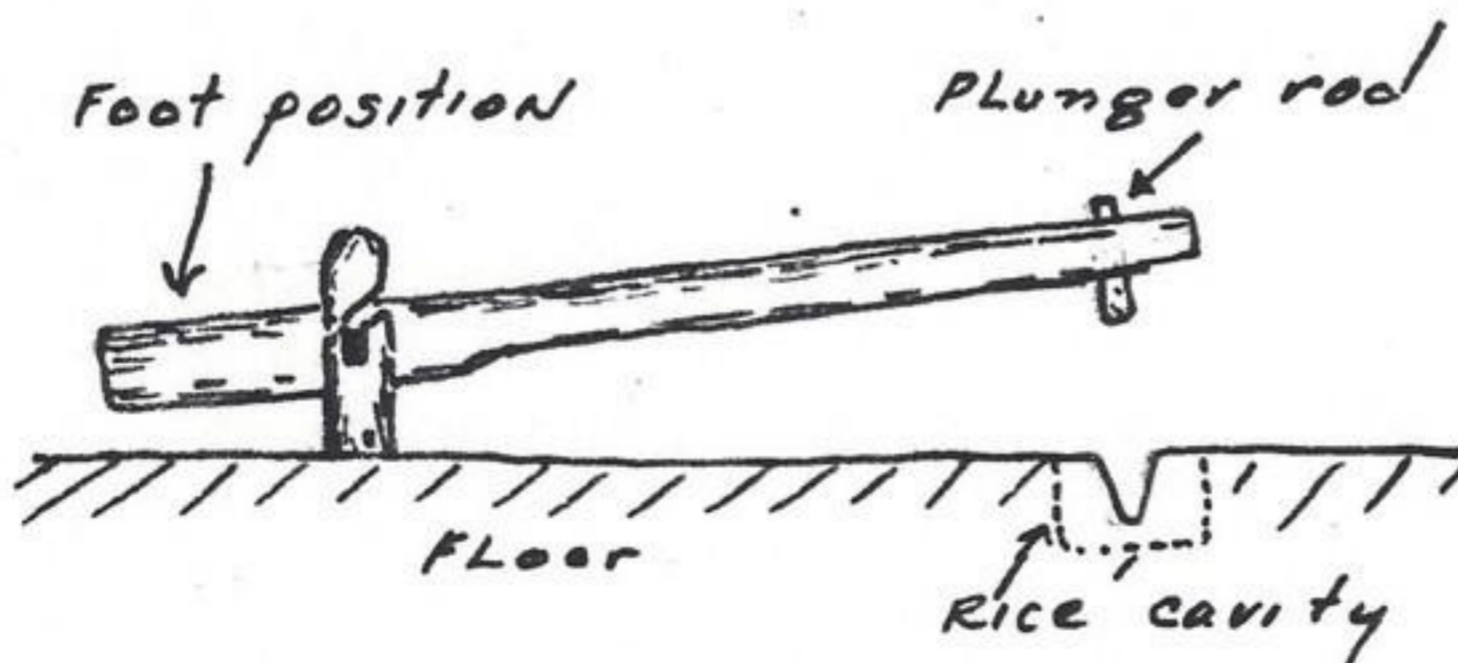
P.S. The post office lady weren't too sure  
 so I'll leave the address - New York.  
 I sure hope this reaches you okay.

Good luck Jim!

*Ledo, Assam annette*

11-23-44 Left camp APO 689<sup>^</sup> with <sup>^</sup> at 10:00 and visited a Hindu and Muslim village located approx 2 miles directly north of our station. Returned 3:00 PM Found the Indians still working in their rice fields but nearing the completion of the harvest. Made one casual inspection of a Hindu home. (The man with pocket watch.) These homes are simple and primitive but even in face of the apparent poverty are scrupulously clean and neatly arranged. The building or hut is constructed as usual with bamboo walls and thatched roof. The interior floors are solid and veneered with a mud or clay surface which in one of the rooms extends uninterrupted up the side wall of bamboo to within  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet of the roof. This room supported the grinding apparatus. Such earthen floors are only possible when the occupant goes without shoes. The other two rooms are without this side protection of mud. The only barrier between the living room and the presently occupied cow shed outside is the loosely constructed bamboo wall structure of the side of the house. Imagine the odors and flies that must gain entrance from this outside source. The door leads into the first end room. A percussion grinder, mancos and metate and a semicircular fireplace are the only pieces of equipment in the room. The large foot thrasher or grinder is the most conspicuous bit of furniture and demands most of the room for its operation when in effect. It crudely

(Deke)

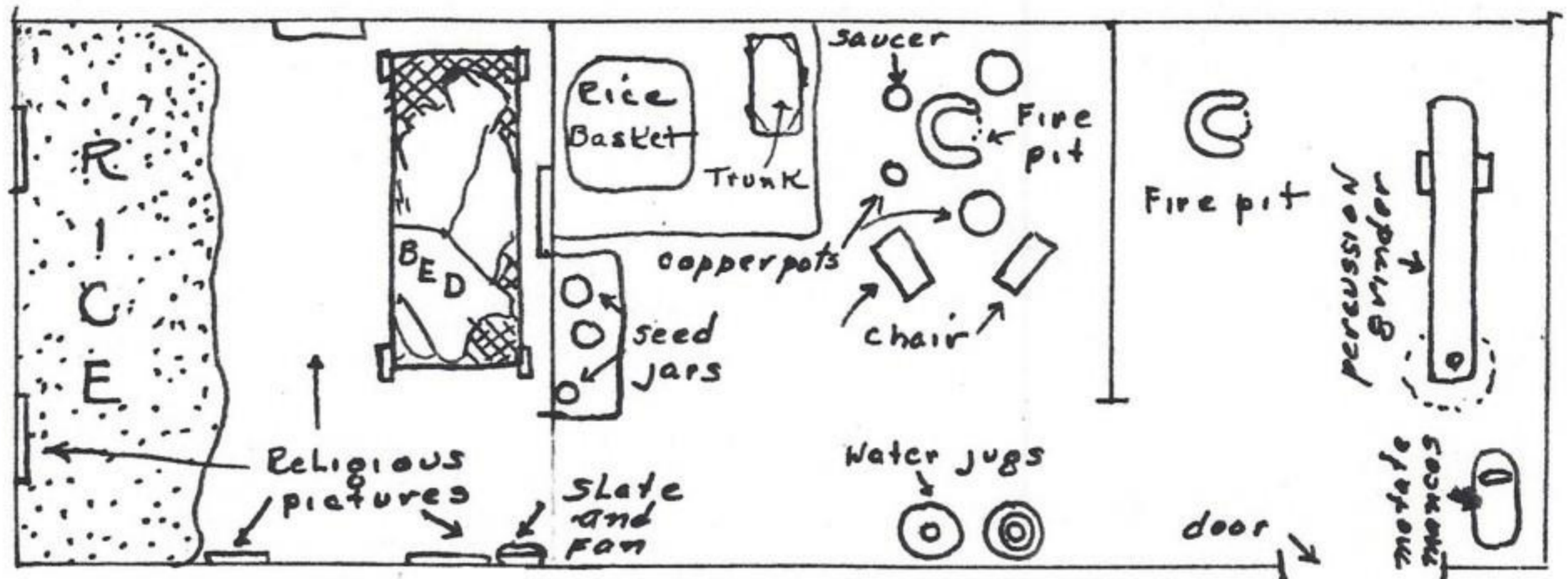


measures six feet long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in height. It is made entire of wood and nicely fashioned. The purpose of this instrument is to dislodge the husks from the kernels of rice and in part to break down

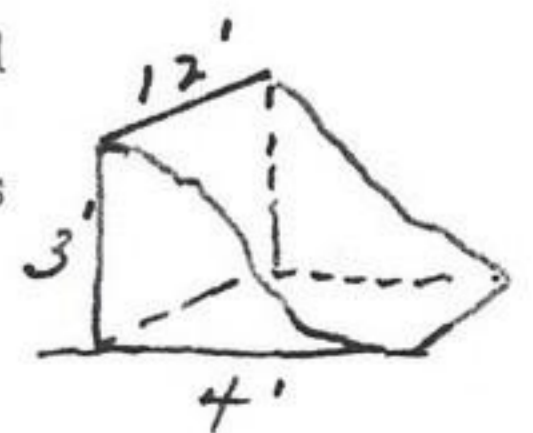
the solid structure of the rice kernel proper. It depends upon the condition of the rice before being placed in the crushing receptacle as to the final product produced. If it is partially soaked or green will flatten out but if it is thoroughly dried and harden will disintegrate into a powder. This

partially ground rice is then taken outside where it is winnowed by exposing the compound to the air or by fanning away the husks with a vigorous sweep of a large flat basket used for that purpose. The man power used in the operation of this percussion grinder is generally supplied by one of the older children and involves the placing of his weight on the end of the lever and then when in an elevated position remove or release at which time the plunger at the end of the beam forcefully drives itself into the circular hole harboring the crude rice. Frequently the operator will have a long curved stick which he probes the pit to keep the rice circulating. The rice pit is a receptacle carved in a hared piece of wood which has been imbedded in the eathern floor. Accompanying this operation is a particular quality of sound and rythum that is characteristic of these primitive villages at this time of year. The stone grinder stands near by but is not used in grinding rice. The fireplace is available for use but is probably not used wxcept during special occais-ions or if the room requires heating. This room appears to have been intend-ed as a place to work the rice when the weather outside will not allow for the operation. The center room is for cooking and also acts as a living room. It is characterized by the mor domestic kitchen equipment as copper pots, saucers and eathen jugs and jars all of which are clear and polished. The center of attraction is the fire pit. It is a small horesehore like rim of clay about 4 inches high with one side open and leading into the slightly excavated fire pit and so constructed as to received the larger copper pots and water jars. A black greasy tar like surfacing completely covers the ceil-ing in long pendulous strings indicating its frequent use. Suspended directly above this fire is a bamboo rack or baking plateform. I couldn't help feel that it would make a most excellent smoking rack for venison but I question whether it is ever used for that purpose as Hindus will rarely touch meat except an occaisional piece of goat meat and then only by those less orthodox individ-uals. The smoke escapes from the room via the tow end openings of the roof.

In addition to the several eating pieces aligned around the periperal edge of the fire pit are several clay water jars resting against the wall one of which is filled with water. One semi domestic cat also takes his position among the cultery on the floor and hugs the clay rim as if absorbing the last remaining heat. These cats fear white man but not the Indians. This condition exists among many of the other domestic animals of the village especially the water buffalo. In one corner is an elevated platform about 3 feet high. On this shelf affair is a large bamboo basket about the size of our furnace and lined with a clay and used to store rice. Another shelf 2 feet higher and to the side of this one housed several jars of seeds and miscellaneous items.



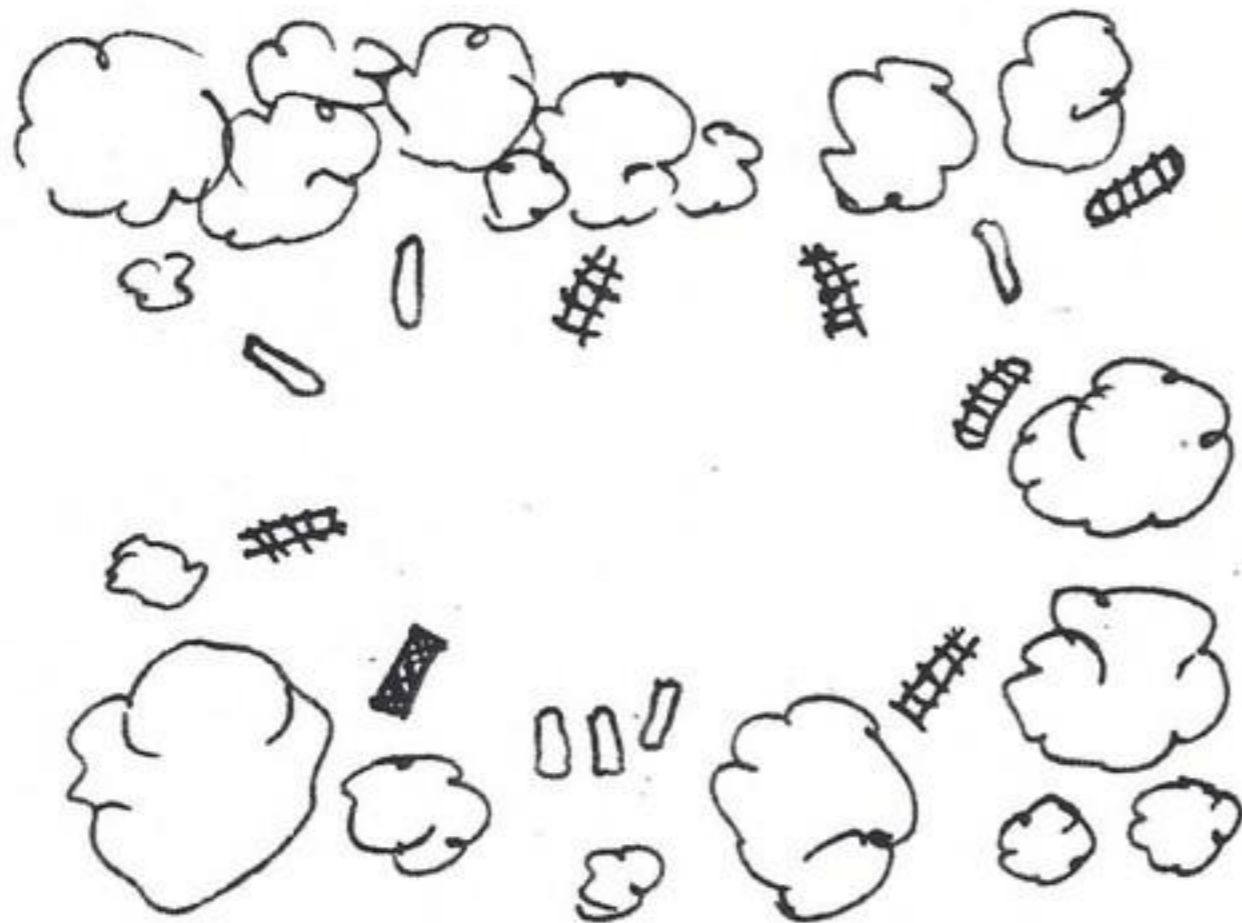
. One personal trunk remains on the floor under the shelf and contains the more prized possession. A family photograph was taken from the bottom of this trunk and then returned with as much care as if replacing a delicate piece of glass. The last room was used for sleeping purposes. A mohogeny bed sted or frame with rope stretched across as a loom would appear was used as a platform for sleeping purposes. The blankets remained as was left when occupant left them in the morning. On the walls were suspended pictures of Gods to protect the slumbering individual and to especially guard the rice store that fills the one side of the room. This unhushed rice pile measured approx three feet by four feet by the length of the room which is approx ten or twelve feet wide. This volume of rice is expected to last them for the remaining year or to the same period of the



following year. It is quite evident that the Hindu religion is still playing a significant role in the daily life of these people, even as obsolete as it is. Outside the hut one finds the usual arrangement of surfaced thrashing area, cow shed, and garden plot. Recorded two picture today.

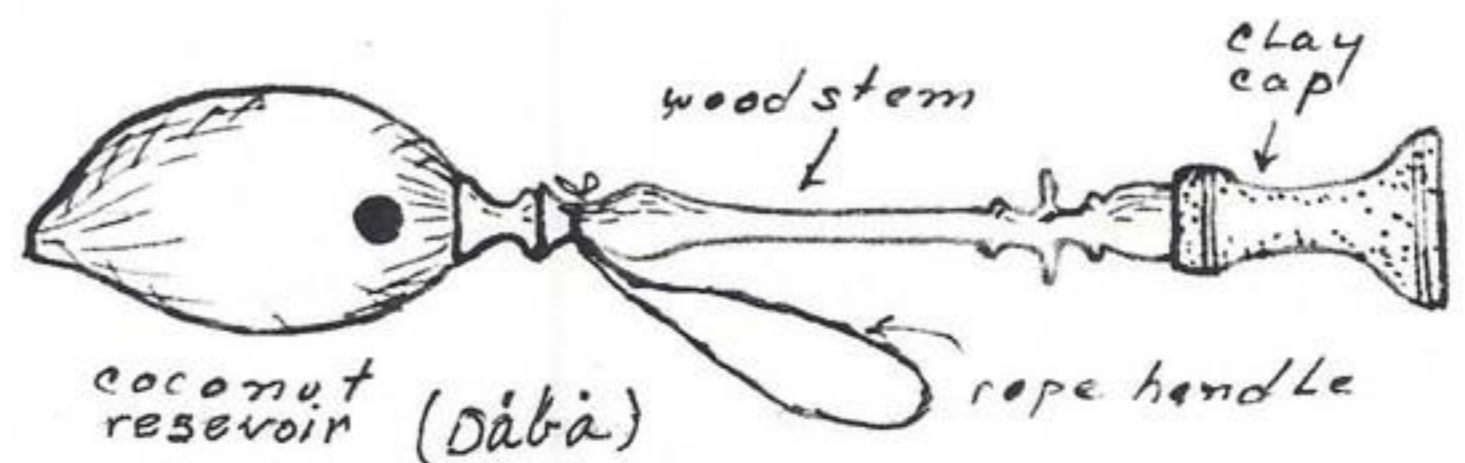
1-11-23-44 Tea workers village adjoining English tea plantation. M offering meta bakhshish to some of the children. Three miles north of APO 689.

2-11-23-44 Muslim graves near Mohamedan village. These few Mohamedan huts are (see page 231.1) slightly different than the Hindu home being true in outline and yard architecture. Found a few beautiful roses in this community of which I purchased one at a price of one rupee! The Muslim grave hard supports about fifteen graves in all stages of age from some with the mounds practically obliterated to those with fresh floral and leaves still remaining on the grave. Apparently the grave is a shallow one as not too much dirt has been removed. Upon the mound, particularly the more recent ones, is placed a ladder like litter which was used in transporting the body to the grave site. One or two bed were placed over the mound indicating that the body and the death bed were intended to be removed completely from the home. Except for a copper bowl and a few leaves and rarely a flower the mounds remain barren. These graves are arranged around



the edge of the clearing and bordering the fringe of vegetation. One grave was placed at the edge of a natural dirt mound and formed by merely drawing the dirt down from the higher section of the hill. This one had two large earthen jar placed at the head of the grave. No color

ing of any kind was employed such as flags or cloth or paint, as if frequently found used by the Hindus in their religious gathering places. On the return trip purchased a water pipe from one of the Indians. It was made from a coconut shell and carved



wood stock with a detachable clay terminal to hold the burning tobacco. A string tied around the center of the pipe was used for carrying purposes.

*Ledo, Assam*

11-30-44. Visited Hindu village 3 miles directly north camp APO 689.

*The following photos from above locality.*

5-11-30-44 Hindu male. *Ledo, Assam.*

6-11-30-44 Hindu sheppard boy. *Ledo, Assam.* This child held the responsible of guarding a small herd of cattle from morning until dark. It is a lonesome job and was always found alone except when occasionally his father would drop by. This solitary life definitely molds the personality of this boy to the extent that he would rarely talk or respond to questioning and then only slowly. He was at the some time clever and intelligent in handling his job. Apparently he lived off the country as he always was eating some tuber or bitter root or fruit from the immediate environs. He appears to be healthy looking but when standing has the telltale sign of the protruding stomach of malnutrition. Whenever I visited this area I would leave him several slices of GI bread. The bulb was later cut in two and partially eaten. The large knife remains close at hand and when the boy moves about is carried under the arm.



8-11-30-44, A dignified Hindu character. This man is more of a typical Hindu of this area possessing the more mongoloid characteristic. There has been such an inroad here of Indians from all parts of this country that the original type is a rarity. During the time required to adjust the camera this Hindu had formed several perspiration beads on his forehead probably due to his infrequency contacts with white man. The normally dark hair was shared by 50 percent white ones which made him rather distinguished in appearance. This Hindu had his hair cropped in the typical Western style. Hair styles are varied. In this area it is mainly a problem of keeping it short enough to keep it out of their eyes and to reduce that hazard of creating a rats nest. A recognizable style is undiagnosible. In some areas they remove the hair from a part of the head in front, over the temples and neck and grow it only in the center. Others shave or clip the head leaving only a few uncut strands of hair that trail behind. Some shave their heads and then turn right around and grow a beard. Hindus are not supposed to grow beards but at the same time I find many who, like myself, take the more comforting liberty of not shaving. The more religious individuals do not cut their hair at all but coil it into a crest in imitation of the God Shiva. Also the Sikhs never shave or cut their hair and as a result look much like a woman. According to their religion they must keep the hair covered in public and this is done by wearing a closely fitted turban. They feel that if a razor or anything sharp touches their face or body it is considered sacrilegious. These Sikhs appeal to me as being the most fashionably dressed of the bunch. Most of the women have beautiful black hair which they wear long and parted in the middle. Most of the young girls, particularly in the large cities have pigtailed either single or double. I have watch Indian women wash their long hair for as long as 20 minutes by consecutive application of soap and then rinsing. A beautiful job results.

10-11-30-44 Three Hindu Boyssin tree. Whenever one meets a small group of children and there is a climbing tree available they will most surely display their climbing talents. This is one tree near their home which is among the bamboo at left hand side of picture, that is used as a climbing tree as evidenced from the wear and friction of its continual use. If they have no tree to refer to they will wristle and if they are not inclined to fight they remain bashfully immobile hosts. These three young boys have learned to know me quite well and will come running out of the fields a block or so away. Their power of recognition is most remarkable. The camera and binoculars hold them spellbound as long as I allow them the chance to look. As close as I could interpret their name would read from left to right. Mōhan Singh-Mōhās-Ducookēson. The jungle trail is discernible in the left hand side of picture. It is along this trail that most of the Indian homes are found. Paddy fields in the distance.

12-11-30-44 Mohan Singh. A Hindu boy whose job is to watch the water buffalo. I have never passed this area without seeing this lad riding or watching his two animals. At twilight he herds them into open sheds at his home. This boy has a most pleasant smile and such white teeth. The name is a common one and is probably a combination of the occupational caste and fathers name.

14-11-30-44 Hindu child. Lips pronounced negroid. Eyes not fitting into any particular classification. However would appear slightly mongloid in shape. The elequent beads were uniformly made and a most brilliant red in color. Note the rings in the ears. Most of these children, if not already wearing earrings, have a piece of stick inserted thru this ear aperatures.

15-11-30-44 A ghar or hut under construction. Had the pleasure of helping this man from the time he started pulling in the bamboo until the house was approx 3/4 built. At this particular stage the framework has been completed and the siding of bamboo applied. The dirt of the yard is being leveled off and the superficial dirt placed on the floor of the hut as a foundation, elevating it approx 10 inches above the surrounding yard. This, for the purpose of raising the ground floor above the water level during the rainy period of the year. Some houses have elevations of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 feet. The sidings are woven on the ground and then placed into position. Later the roof will be properly ribbed and overlain with thatching (bata) material. This entire home can be built from the materials in the immediate vicinity of the hut.

16-11-30-44 Tincore Matchegon, a Hindu male. The turban is loosely applied to the head. The front teeth are prominent but clear and clean. One finds a certain range of personalities in the Hindu peoples as is found in our own race. This particular one reminded me of an individual in the states. Had a particularly interesting incident with the fellow in that I was helping him carry the rice shalks in from the field and as we passed one of his neighbors they started to laugh and with such emphasis that it embarrassed the poor fellow, at least to the extent that he asked or rather forced me to let him carry his rice. For me to have carried or worked for a Hindu in such a low caste was probably unthinkable. Our position is considered relatively high in the eyes of the Hindu. This fellow is one of the many who has encouraged the growth of his whiskers.

17-11-30-44 Pictorial shot at two Hindu cows, in front yard of Indian home. Dwelling quarters on right, cow shed to left, paddy fields in background. The cow is the most sacred animal in India, and no Hindu will allow it to be used for food or beaten and when it is too old will send send to a rest institution where all the aged animals are fed and cared for until death, like pensioning riding and working horses when too old to be of further service in America. The cow will enter Hindu bizzars and will frequently munch a <sup>long</sup> handful of vegetables and for this act is supposed to go unbeaten, however, I have seen differently, but presume that they do or would not consider actually killing the beast. This sacredness and respect is due to the usefulness of the animal in the agricultural economy but so is our cows of our country so would presume that it is based more on their religion than in their respect based on a practical viewpoint. The main purpose of the cow is to plough the paddy fields, pull carts and supplying manure for the land in the form of dung. I understand that in some areas where fuel is scarce the natives will follow a cart for miles to avail themselves of the dung the might be passed along

the way. The physical quality and breed is very low being in many cases a sterile animal being used only for plowing purposes. This lack of milk in the Hindus diet is an unfortunate thing. Also being a creature sent by divine grace is not eaten at least by the more orthodox Hindus. During the new moon they feed green grass to the wondering cows and when one realized that there are on an average two cows per Indian it become quite a heavy drain upon the grass resource. It is a shame that this excellent source of food is not developed for eating purposes. Whenever one sees a effigy of a bull outside a temple is sure to know that it is a Shaivite temple. Apparently their God Shiva rode upon a bull at one time. As far as quality of breed is concerned would consider these cow as falling far below even the minimum standard in America. It would be an admirable movement for some genetical research group to disseminate among the peopple here and preach the practical gospel of good cow breeding!

with Annette, Ruth Vanderzee and Lee Johnson  
12-4-44 Spent the day on the river trail DEHING, AFO 689. Recorded

the following pictures at the home of Jolish Claud Banti, a Hindu gentleman of exceptional kindness. Approximately three miles up river from LEDO, along the DEHING river, west bank. *Following photos from above locality*

1-12-4-44 Wife of Banti. Location as above. With no visible objections from Hindu Banti took the pleasure of photographing the lady of the house. The women in this area possess an appearance and attitude that does not conform with the general belief of just how Indian women are expected to act. If only one could believe those things he reads or hears by those who are supposed to know would find his mind at ease, but when you run into so many contradictions which are not as explained, your mind turns to frustration. I have become to know some of these families quite well and I do not find that extreme reserve or the chastity of women that is alleged to exist. I speak of these people as found in their native home and not of those reactions when a primitive people is forced to expose themselves to cities and civilization. These women remind me of Jack when a superior dog turns him tail to the front porch, where, within the protection of his own home turns around and challenges with confidence in his bark and growls. We would certainly not be justified in adjudging Jacks normal actions from his abnormal retrogressive movements only. It is true that these women fear an intruder outside their territory but when within their home and when under more intimate moments of acquaintance there is established the picture of a complete reversal. The man becomes the inferior with the dominance in initiative and intelligence being taken over by the women. They are most excellent hostesses and good company. Why these women act so fearful of man outside their home is still a mystery to me, but with further experience with these people will probably find an answer. Temporarily I will go on the basis that their fears are natural and wholesome ones which have been

rooted in many centuries of perilous history. The difference between the woman of the larger cities of India and the women of this area can probably be explained on the basis of unequal or degree of civilization. In these modern cities I find a near heartbreaking situation of total and complete but artificially imposed fear as dictated by city custom—quite diametrically apposed to the true natural way of living. You can imagine how annoying it is to see some forced shying women walking down the street and exactly where the face ought to be, there is a perforated piece of cloth behind which will be found the eyes of the gal. Decidedly unfair I will say to see all the world go by in her self implied ego but if you were to share that privilege would regard it as a sacrilege. I understand that only the husband or the most immediate members of the family ever see their faces. Barbarious! With all due regard for the dignity of this act still consider it inhumane and if it is based on a religious belief or doctrine would suggest an immediate revision. That is why I say it is a great relief to get back into the primitive area where one can approach these people and women, even if only on a primitive level, in anything like a really civilized people should be.

It might be bold to suggest it but am wondering if possible we, as members of society have not put the incorrect interpretation upon civilization. Could it be possible that modern civilization in the form of cities and conveniences of living are nothing more than escape mechanisms for evading the existing natural realities of the world. It causes me to wonder if my referring to nature and willingness to lead a life in harmony with the outdoors is not more of an instance of boldly facing life than those who are forced to use the escape mechanism of life in the form of civilization. Who now becomes the introvert. Here in this primitive society introversion is impossible and a philosophically equitable way of life is almost inevitably and certainly that is a good sign of the natural way of life. These people have exposed me to a peace and serenity of living as is never found in our

society where opportunity has afforded chances of education and civilization. There would be no argument in my mind in my choice between living in this tranquil and hospitable atmosphere of the primitive people and the dirty filthy immoral and poverty stricken multitudes of the larger Indian cities blessed with civilization. My primitive peoples here will naturally suffer change as time goes on but my sympathies will be extended when the evils of social change begins to bite. How wonderful it would be if they could be transported to our own ultimate American society thus avoiding those degrading evolutionary changes required for a social change. My suggestion would be that if we, as a nation or any other nation in fact, cannot offer them this one quick broadjump to our modern civilization, don't touch them at all. These primitive peoples as they presently exist are doing an excellent job or taking care of themselves.

When concerning women, wonder why I should deviate so far from the subject. Bibi Banti as I have inferred is, is not the city class of individual but simply an individual of a group living independently of the rest of India and civilization. Her attitude is entirely different, a frank kindly smile, a good hostess, warm hospitality and above all magnificently herself. She not only answered all questions but willingly offered us the comforts of the home as well as being initiative in carrying on the conversation about the home, its operation, and such subjects as bracelets, dress, children and many other various subjects. One could now see who was intrinsically dominant in the house. It is quite evident that the difference between this woman and the women of America is only one of quality. They possess charm, dignity, responsibility and tact but lack only in its development. It is peculiar that I should be the one to mention it but I am forcibly attracted by the grace of these women. It is striking in the higher class of Indians in the cities but exists to a far greater degree in the jungles or the poorer groups of people. The posture is really unique among them, more so than I



have ever observed before. It is a carriage which has been produced by a combination of their outdoor activity and I would assume from the effects of balancing objects on their heads. This beautiful form is more evident when they are found carrying a jar of water on their head or particularly inevident in the grace of a young girl with her graceful figure and her slightly swaying stride. Nor is the dress uninteresting and while it lacks color there is a beautiful grace in the folds even of the type of sari that Mrs Bandi wears. While working they do not bend at the knees but retain a ridged leg position with an exceptional and pronounced curvature of the back. There is visible signs of the ardent business like qualities in the women as demonstrated by the instantaneous decisions she makes and the manner in which she accomplishes her many tasks. They are entirely the ones who have inherited the vitality of the race. The men equally share in the work but are forced to labor under an artificial enthusiasm whereas the women have that feeling of job responsibility and approach it in an energetic business like manner. The men it is true are forced to expand into more varied fields and other contacts but it hasn't as far as I can see, been helpful in stabilizing the family as a unit. I certainly give the lady of the house the credit for keeping intact those sacred family loyalties that the men are so lavishly bestowing in the villages in the form of artificial enthusiasm and patriotism of tribal laws, religion and organization. There are so many intricate functions and operations of these Indian homes and lives and of which I do not seem to fathom that it has caused me to investigate it more thoroughly; to become a member of their family, not as a friend or visitor or one who merely wishes to study their customs and habits but to be a real Indian in their normally functioning home. This plan of course would not be permissible but at the same time I am positive that it would materially assist in dealing with these people when that time comes for a revision of the governments and policies of the world.

(2-12-4-44) Location ibid. Male member of the family assisting at the time of our arrival with the rice thrashing. Possessed with a solid jaw, untrimmed mustache and a few chin whiskers. Haircut conforming with the occidental plan but lacking personal attention. As with nearly all Indians it is most difficult to record their normal fascial expressions. At the moment they step before the camera the face changes from one of cheerfulness to an expression of dullness and forced fear. A dirty dhoti circumscribing the waist constitutes his sole means of protection, except of course the chained necklace suspended a little lower around the neck; a most practical outfit for this climate during this particular season. Only modesty and custom dictate to this more comfortable attire in the other members of the family.

(3-12-4-44) Location ibid. Neighbors rice harvest in clearing and ready for thrashing. As the rice is processed it will be replaced by the continual flow of rice being gathered in the paddy fields.

(4-12-4-44) Location ibid. Metata and manos. For all tense the purposes is exactly like the American version except the ingenious incorporation of parallel striae opposing the normal direction of the grinding movement. These superficial grooves supply a biting edge for the grinding foods. Rice is apparently not used on this instrument but the telltale residue of yellow peppers adhering to the surface would indicate its being used for that specific purpose. Many other foods were, however ground on this stone. It is located on the outside of the hut near the door and under the protection of the roof.

(5-12-4-44) Location ibid. Typical Hindue family group; a few of the members suffering from anaemia. The contrast is so evident that separation by description will not be required. The hut offers living quarters from the elements as well as a place to retire at night but only for such purpose do these people seem to use it preferring to live out of doors in the light and warmth of the sunshine. The interior is objectionable dark and decidedly bare

as if deserted. It is in perfect order and immaculate in gross cleanliness. A few crude copper pots and cups are peripherally aligned around the the fire hole which is in turn in one corner of the room. The ceiling is darkened with a greasy black smoke accumulation produced from the cooking and heating fire. It does not effect the clean appearance of the ground level. The seating accommodations are meager being merely a flat board with 2 inch blocks to raise it a few inches of the ground. One remains unoccupied directly in front of Johnson. This type of chair allows the maximum exposure of the body to the fire as they set Indian fashion around its edge. The door opens directly behind the group with the darkness of the chamber indicated. A touch of forest sophistication lines the background with palms and other jungle shrubbery. The thatching of the hut is completed with a plant from call in Hindustani, pata. One of the many copper pots found in the yard is located in the left hand side of the picture.

(6-12-4-44) Location Ibié. Mrs Banti and visiting neighbor poise for a photo. The upper extension of the sari is partially draped along the side of the head producing a touch of dignity to an otherwise simple and plain attire. The bibi on the left would suggest certain facial characteristics of the Dunn or Daynes family, particularly when the eyes are takne into consideration. The two heads of pineapple in the immediate foreground are no doubt being favored for some special occaision. In the background against the base of the hut is found a dust pan-like basket used in the rice thrashing process. The hammered husks are removed from the rice kernels by shifting this receptacle in a upward thrust exposing the husks to the winds and is then carried beyond while the solid kernels obey more strictly to the laws of gravity and return to the basket. Generally the act is accompanied by a definite rythum. A hand broom lies directly in front of the only modern item in the picture. Our Indian friend on the extreme right examines the rice at one stage of the processing.

(7-12-4-44) Location Ibid. General view of the front yard of the Banti home. The children were the first to approach us for bakhshish. The front yard is in reality a continuation of the living room. It is entire covered with a smooth surfacing of a resistant type of mud and applied with a small hand brush or broom. It is swept daily with as much care as a living room. This approximates my own theory of how a home should be constructed; a house with the out of door leading directly into the room without the wall barrier. The rice is processed on the surfaced ground by piling the cut rice in a circular heap covering a surface diameter of approx 12 feet. The rice kernel is separated from the stems by the continual physical treading of three cows which are driven around the rice mass in a circular manner. The stems are then removed and the rice husks and kernels remain on the floor. They are then placed on long linear mats to be dried by the sun. These mats are pictured in (5-12-4-45). After thoroughly dried they are crushed and the husks removed by separating with the aid of the wind and sifting basket.

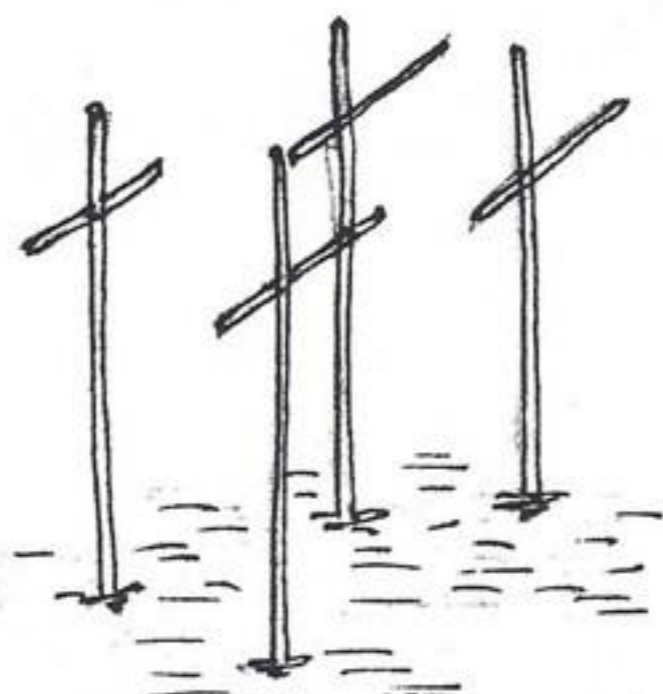
12-16-44.

Annette and I made trip

to a lone Naga Indian village located on the east exposure of the main ridge paralleling the town of LEDO APO 689. The night preceding this safari was crystal clear and cold, with fog generating during the earlier part of the morning. At the time we left Ledo the sun was shining with clear skies above except for a few high cirrus fragments. The ridge and the object of our ascent was still partially shrouded with the remnants of the mystic fog that was so loathe to leave the main valley. Only the crests of the more prominent ridges were discernible through this opaque covering with the intervening valleys still very much asleep. The towering jungle trees behind this partial veil produced a most weird form and appearance. Our ascent was perfectly timed with the fog masses lifting until finally they were absorbed into the ethereal space beyond. Now clear above, low cumulus clouds to the north and remnants only among the rolling ridges and peaks to the south. It will be only a matter of minutes until the last remaining fog bank dissipates from the higher mountains except where some cool pocket favors their perpetuation. The north exposure of this valley bordering ridge is a most delightful spot with the trail now traversing the slope in a series of giant steps finally leading to the divide on that otherwise long and continuous dominating ridge. The soft and single pathed trail is smoothly moulded by the continuous impression of the small bare feet of the Indians and without those sharp edged shoe imprints we were so carelessly trailing behind. Many sections of the path were traversed with selective foot placements creating definite but irregular step-like patterns. Wherever solid rock surfaces imposed themselves upon the trail one finds the most concentrated of wear particularly where a fracture or crevasse lends itself for a more secure footing. My mind and thoughts were wandering from the present to the past with a mute picture of thousands of lone trailing primitives each one carefully placing his foot in the one and only secure anchorage clef in the solid rock trail. The

visible signs of trail abrasion, particularly at these sections of the trail, would indicate a long period of use, and so remarkable when one realizes that it is accomplished by friction from soft bare feet. The trail is snugly lined with entanglements of jungle with larger giants towering skyward. As impenetrable a mass as this jungle is one finds evidence of its being used as a great harvest crop by the Indians with crudely fashioned trails ramifying and penetrating the forest to their source of wood, bamboo, thatching material and food. Due to the northern exposure of this ridge one finds an undue amount of moisture which is probably responsible for the luxuriant growth of vegetation. To step off the organized trail would mean a soaking by the visible dampness suspended from every leaf and blade. Much of the dew probably remains from the rains of two days ago. At the particular time we passed this area found the sun low in the sky to the south making every attempt to penetrate our cool and invigorating pathway. The solid jungle barrier was too much for the lights to penetrate. From the greatest height of the trail at the divide it leads down across the head of a canyon and hence onto a graceful slope of the main ridge. This ancient but delightful trail had all the prerequisites of a good *vantage* trail in being level and traversing near the crest of the ridge. The quality of the jungle now changes not only as a result of a new exposure but by the influence of man. Observed several areas where the jungle had been partially cleared of the old master trees as a result of fire but since reinvaded by choking masses of vegetation the demarkation being gradual and consequently not to conspicuously in evidence. The bird life now presents itself in greater numbers and in variety. A pause for lunch along the shaded trail with moments to hear new noises not discernable during active trail movement. As we progressed found an ever increasing indication of the Naga village beyond with newly cut bamboo poles, fragments of thatching material and residue of bark threads lying along the trail. At last a partially open slope and ever increasing amount of success-

ional grasses and finally the grass roofs of the village springs into view. The first intrinsic evidence of our village was in the form of a loosely woven bamboo basket about the size of a football and insecurely fastened to a pole some 200 feet from the outer limits of the village proper. A short distance beyond found another fetish in the form of a doll fashioned from grass stems and cloth and again fastened to a pole. The last item and only a few yards from the first hut was four perpendicular poles about three feet high with cross arms of wood inserted in the notch about one foot down from



the top of the stick. They were arranged in a square design and probably had some reference to deceased members of the family. These same types of stick arrangement was observed in connection with a worshipping tree near

camp. The village immediately impresses one as possessing some of the prerequisites of a Shangra La. Its most outstanding feature, however, is one of position. It is situated on a slightly flat and short lateral ridge lying just under the brink of the main ridge and from this solid background this inhabited ridge root extends out into space, where, after a short run ends abruptly with a near precipitous spur to the jungle choked valley thousands of feet below. It is as if this sky village had been raised upon a pedestal without support except the attachment to the mother ridge. From this vantage point one beholds the world far below with an uninterrupted vision of the mountain beyond. Could it be possible that the original selection of this paradise above the clouds could have been influenced by these aesthetic values so in evidence on all sides. One particularly unique object that attracted me and an object around which the village was built was an exposure of solid rock protecting as it were the outermost extension of this village platform; a bareness of surface in contrast to the dense jungle landscape beyond. Upon our arrival the children instinctively availed themselves of the protection of this added extension of their sky home as if personal security were being

loaned by the rock itself. The dozen or so grass huts conformed to the general atmosphere of freedom and airyness being loosely arranged and without that planned alignment or plotting so common to our own villages.

The following pictures taken at this village may suggest those subtleties of mind so difficult to place upon paper or in written words.

1-12-16-44 Mother and child and bashful daughter. A rather fine featured Nago mother with small child of almost white mans proportions and disposition. There is an interesting study in these three individuals in respect to acknowledgement of our presence. The young boy is totally indifferent, the mother cheerfully accepting our company, while the young daughter shows distinct signs of bashfulness. She recognizes the protection offered by her mother. It is remarkable that such beautiful and attractive individuals should be found in such primitive situations. This particular village rarely has a white visitor. *(also photo 7-12-16-44 of this same subject, see page 228 for photo)*

2-12-16-44 Old man of the village. Shortly after we made our entrance this old man presented himself, having just returned with a load of dry bamboo for to be burned in the fireplace. The mongloid element in his face is readily evident in the eyes, cheekbones and mouth. Several small pox pits cover his face. It seems peculiar that the hair on the chin should be so long and at the same time so sparse in distribution.

3-12-16-44 One of the young Naga girls of the village who finally condescended to pose before the camera, nor would this shot have been possible if she had not been commanded by her father. Even with fathers orders she was still prone to turn her timid face over her shoulder or hide it with her chin snugly pressed against her breast. One unguarded moment permitted the poorly recorded picture.

4-12-16-44 A smiling Naga boy. One of several young boys of the village. A cheerful face is less difficult for a boy than for the opposite sex, a condition even true in our own civilized society.



6-12-16-44, A curly headed Naga chap with hair dress more closely approach-  
the mor primitive styles. (*for 7-12-16-44 see page 225*).

9-12-16-44, Domesticated Naga pig and one not too distant from the native wild  
(*see page 141, 1945 for this photo*)  
boar of the jungles. Its appearance and actions are decidedly wild. It  
feed from a specially constructed wood feeder trough. At the time we made  
our inspection it was feeding on the refuse dropped from the elevated floors  
of the buildings. It also acts as a self appointed sewage deposer for the  
7 or 8 huts in the village. The elevated hut in the Background is partially  
surrounded by a bamboo fence which acts as an enclosure for the pig at night.  
A notched ladder leads up into the hut. Beyond the building the ridge drops  
abruptly down for a couple of thousand feet into the jungle choked valley  
below. The load of dried bamboo in foreground will be used for firewood.

11-12-16-44 General view of ridge with the thatched roof houses on the  
flanks of the ridge. The rock where most of the children perched lies in the  
background. A banana tree on the left supports edible fruit and available just  
for the asking. Elderly woman stands by a tree on the right. This cleared  
sky village is bordered on three sides by steep canyon slopes. A typical el-  
evated Naga thatched hut is illustrated.

These huts are generally divided into

two compartments, one enclosed and the

other with the end open and extended with an open air platform. Flooring made  
of bamboo lengths. The fire box is centrally located with smoke outlet or

escape through the open front of the building. As a result of the use of this  
type of

type of fire, the roof has become completely encrusted with a black and greasy like

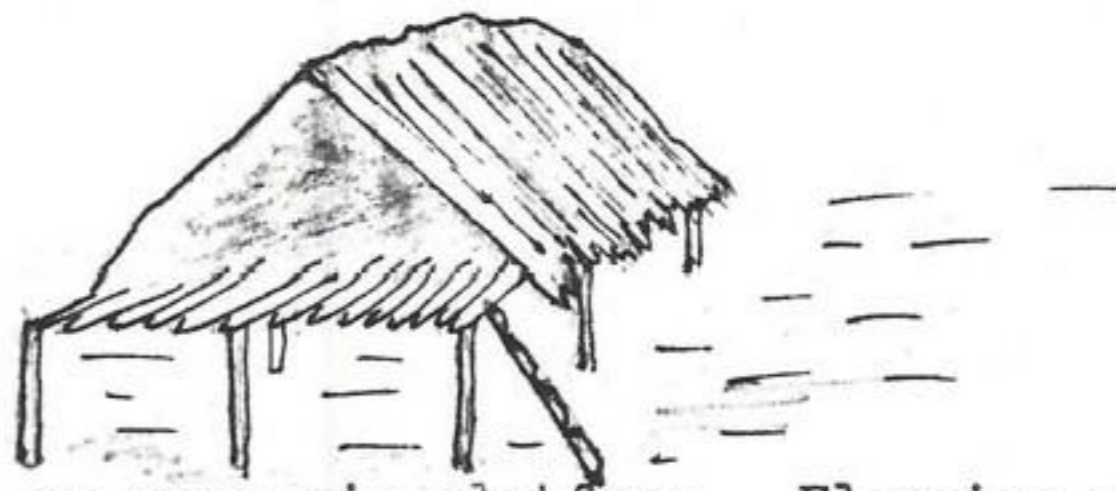
film. A rack which is suspended directly above the fire is no doubt used to

cure meat and cooking any item of food requiring such a handling. Many misc-

ellaneous and unidentifiable items were suspended from the rafter or hung on

the side walls. A great predominance of skulls and antlered heads ornamented

the rooms interior and indicating a concern and dependence upon the wild life



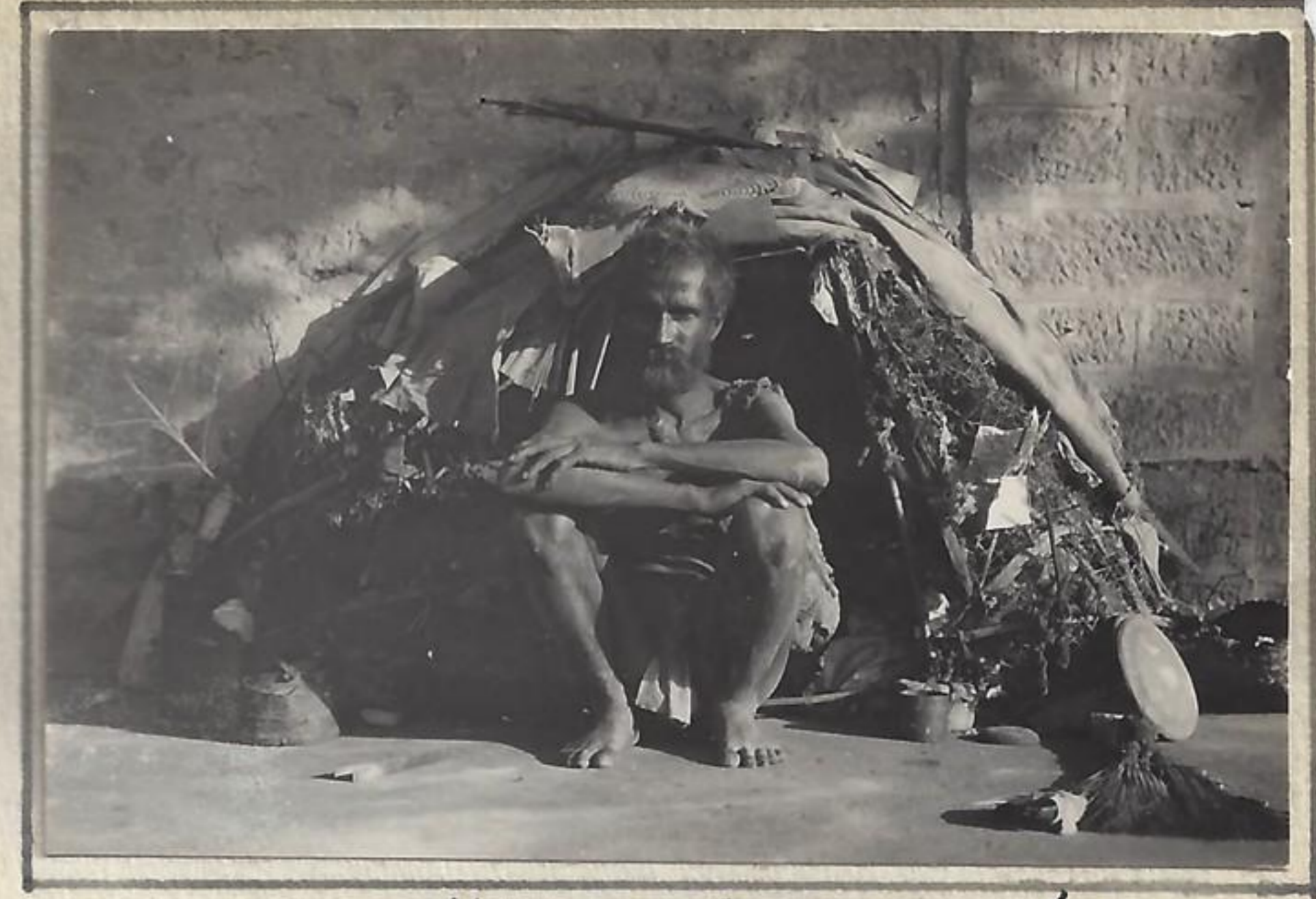
for existence. One rope was strung with about ten small animal skulls of the same species. Rug and cloth weaving was also one of the many varied occupations. The hollowed out percussion type grinder with rod to fit is a common instrument in nearly all of the huts.

Dec. 16, 1944  
Photo taken in year 1944, India, Assam, China.

441216-228



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5-10-8-44 (page 228)



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4-12-4-44 (page 219)



3-12-4-44 (page 219)

Lakshmi, Krishna, Buddha, Christ,



9-11-6-44 (page 199)

Brahma  
Shiva  
Vishnu  
Ganesha



2-11-6-44 (page 197)



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8-10-26-44



10-11-30-44



1-10-26-44



2-10-25-44



1-10-27-44



2-10-26-44



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5-12-4-44  
(see page 219)



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3-11-6-44  
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(see page 170)



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7-11-5-44  
(see page 175)



4-11-5-44  
(see page 176)



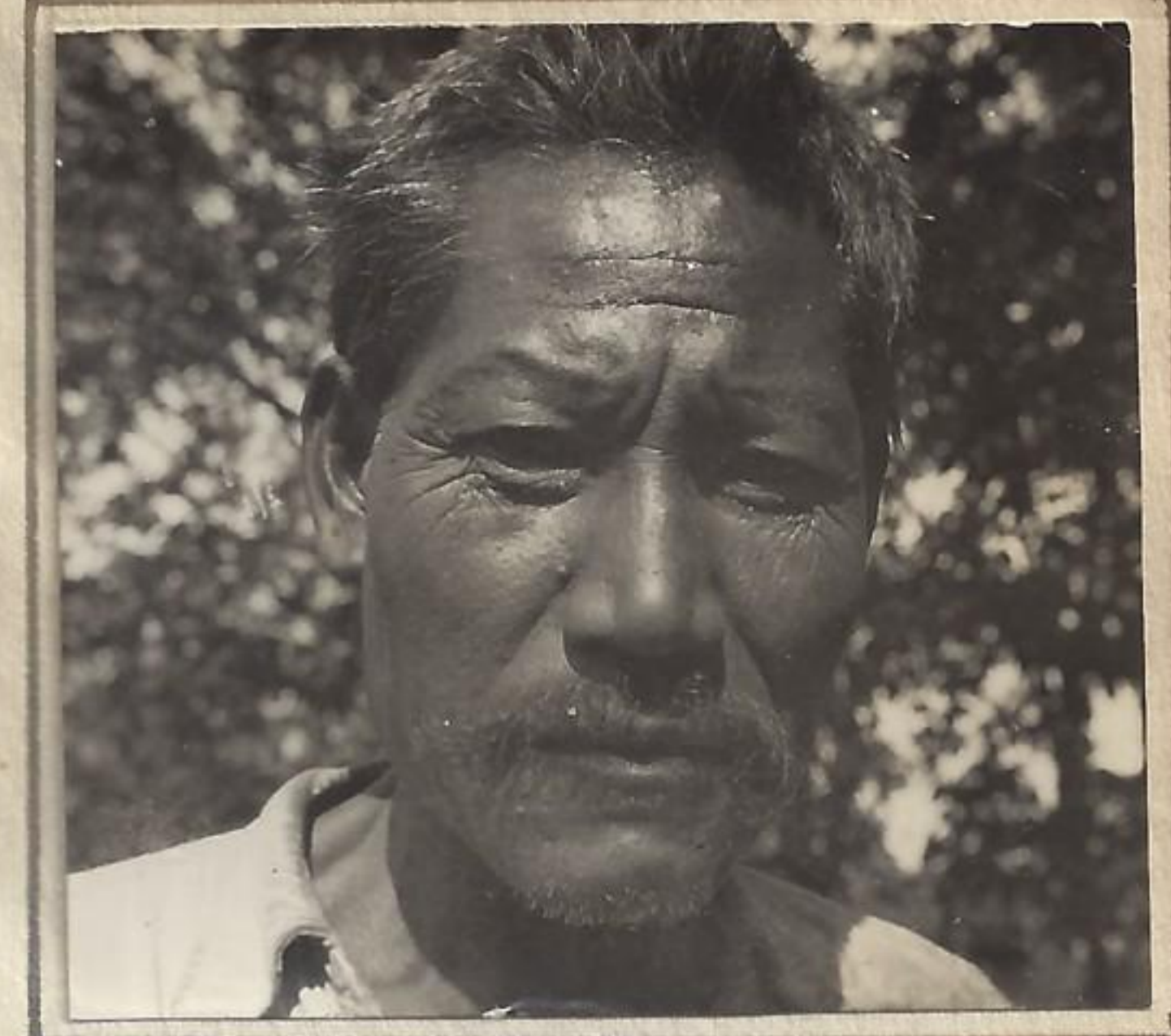
8-11-5-44  
(see page 175)



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(see page 219)



12-11-30-44  
(see page 211)



8-11-30-44  
(see page 210)



1-12-4-44  
(see page 215)



2-11-9-44  
(see page 200)



14-11-30-44  
(see page 211)



16-11-30-44  
(see page 213)



5-11-5-44  
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9-11-5-44  
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1-10-8-44  
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6-12-4-44  
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(see page 225)



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(see page 225)



(see page 174, 1944) PHOTO 2-11-5-44



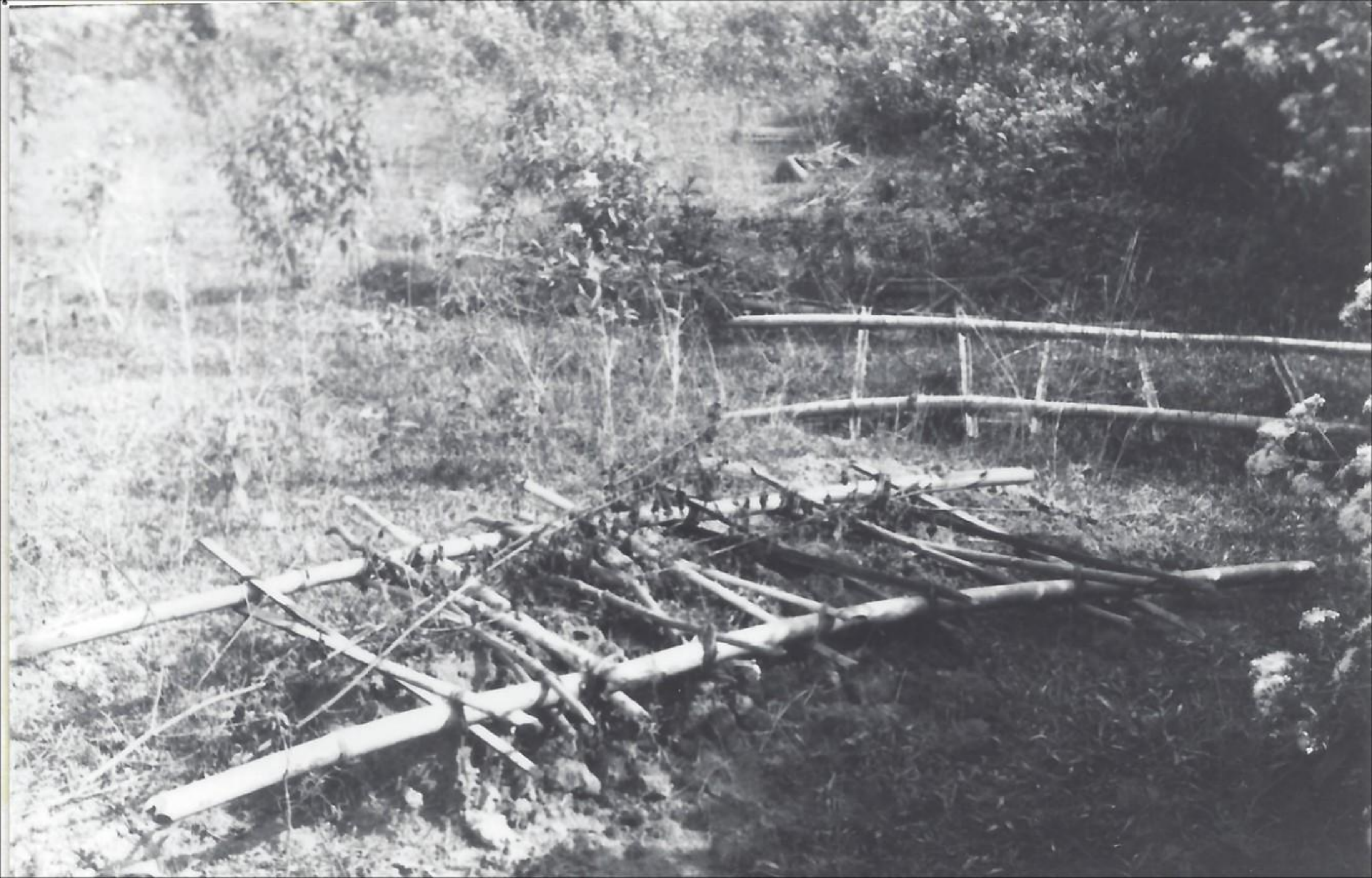
(see page 211, 1944) PHOTO 14-11-30-44



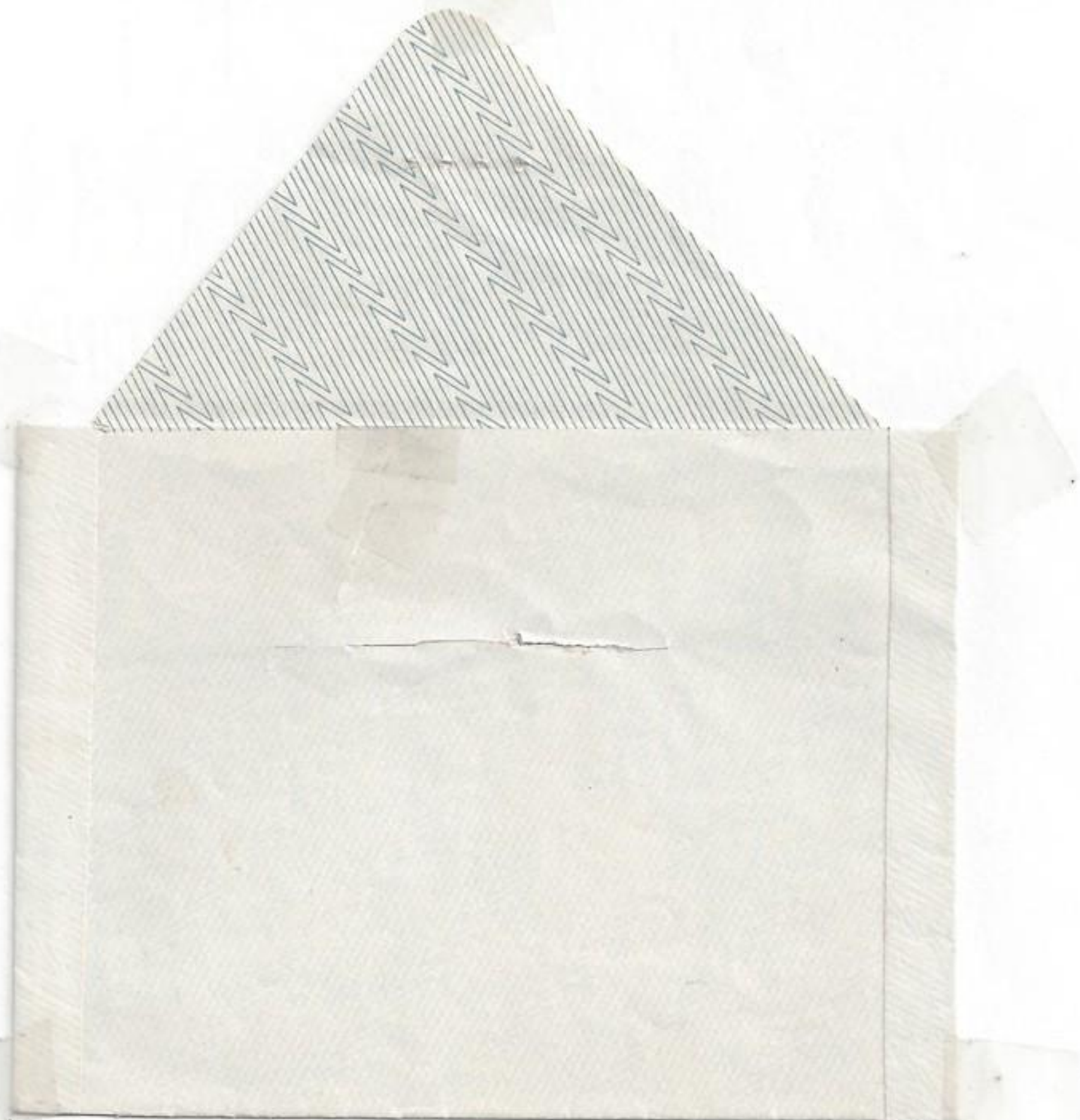
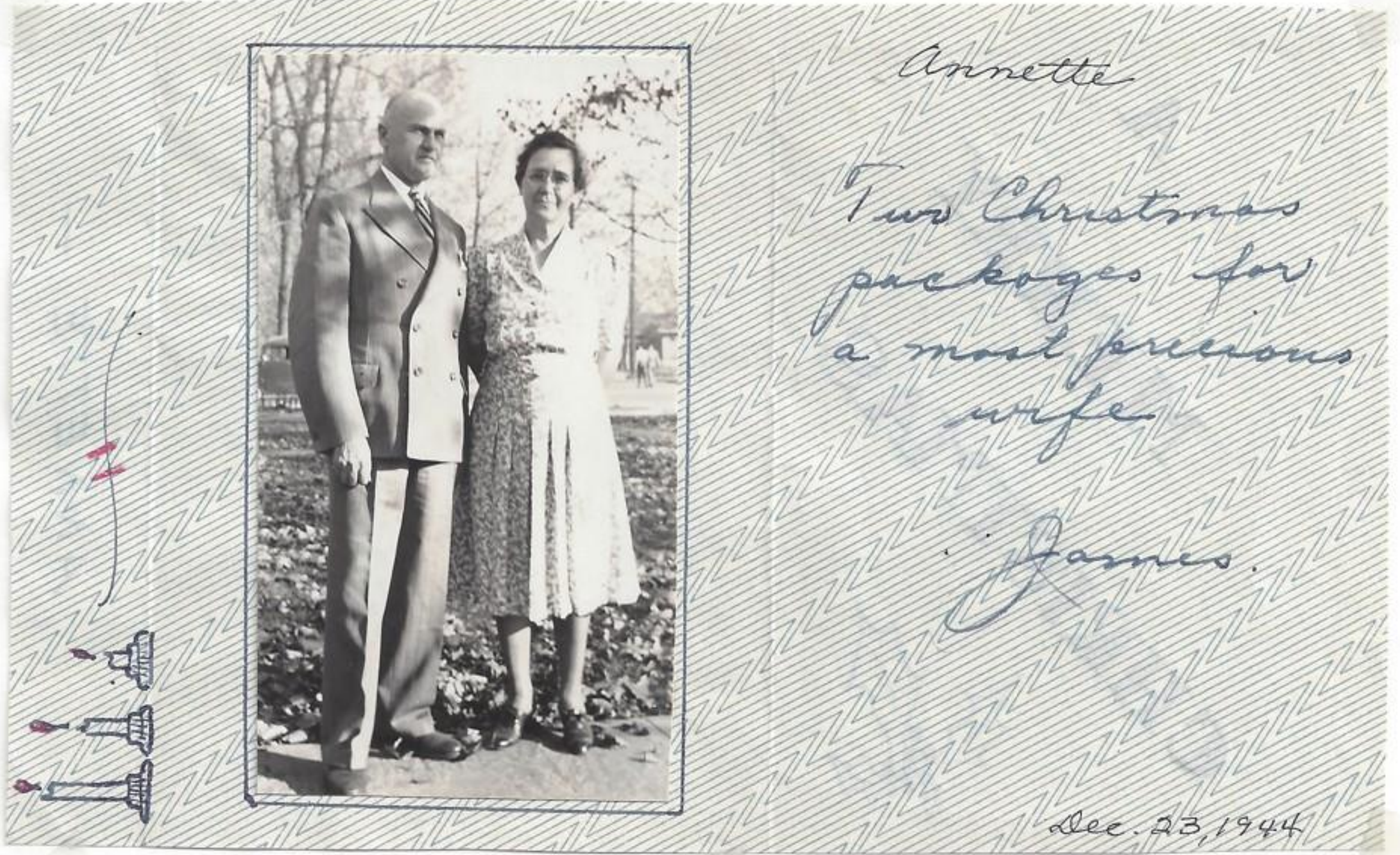
(see page 208.4, 1944) PHOTO 2-11-23-44











CHRISTMAS EVE  
CANDLELIGHT  
SERVICE

Sunday, December 24, 1944 . . . . . 70th Field Hospital

Captain Edgar L. Douglas, Chaplain

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\* \* \*  
\*  
\*

PROGRAM

- 1. O Come All Ye Faithful . . . . . All
- 2. Prayer . . . . . Chaplain Douglas
- 3. Silent Night . . . . . Lt. Malseed and Choir
- 4. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing,  
O Little Town of Bethlehem . . . . . Choir
- 5. He Shall Feed His Flock . . . . . Peterson  
and Imbraglio
- 6. Angels We Have Heard on High . . . . . Quartet
- 7. The Christmas Story . . . . . Chaplain Douglas
- 8. O Holy Night, Organ Solo . . . . . Imbraglio
- 9. Fairest Lord Jesus,  
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear . . . . . Quartet
- 10. Joy to the World . . . . . All