

Howard Bernadine,

June 3

Well, we bailed out of Anchorage (on schedule) on the 2<sup>nd</sup> and were now at Bear Lake Lodge. Nothing has changed much since last year except they have a new cook who is excellent. Went ~~was~~ running through the tundra on my first day here and really enjoyed it. Didn't run today because my legs are sore as hell from yesterday. Don Johnson (who owns and operates Bear Lake Lodge) told me this morning that he knows where there's a den of wolves and the pups are just right for taking. He asks if we would take him here in the helicopter because the terrain is too rough for his Super-Cub. I said we would if he would let me take a pup for myself. He said "great" so tomorrow morning (weather permitting) I may have a new pup. We saw some wolf tracks on the beach today and they make a german shepherd look like Peppos! absolutely huge!

Our pilot is the original 'small-talk motor-mouth'. With intercoms in the helicopter, he has me as a captive audience and it's a real drag. The helicopter is real nice, except for the pilot.

June 5

Really put a good one over on Lee today. Before lunch time we were walking up a mountainside in blowing mist and he ~~for~~ noticed these little birds on the ground (about  $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$ " oval shaped) and ask me what they were from. I told him they

were ~~the~~ Caribou fossils. At first he didn't say anything, then he surprisedly ask "really"?! Kirk was walking close by so he affirmed to Lee that the little fossils really are from Caribou. Then I told him that there large animals really have tiny ass holes ---

Weather finally cleared enough so that we could work some of the high country. Boy did we freeze our asses off! I took a picture of Lee & Kirk leaning about 45° against the wind on a ridge top. It was 38° and blowing about ~~80~~ 80-100 mph on that ridge! burn! I've been wearing every warm thing I brought.

6 June

Our first day of appreciable accomplishments. We began working a lower Cretaceous section on Stanovoiuch mtn to try to find fossils to confirm or deny a supposed unconformity in the section. We located ourselves in the section is little trouble and spent most of the day collecting. The work was in high country and the fog was coming and going all day, so the helicopter pilot put us close to the area we wanted to work but would not go all the way up. As soon as he let us out he went down to the valley bottom so he couldn't get caught in the fog. The day went fine for us and at lunch time the fog lifted for a while and Bob flew up to bring us our lunches and left us warm up in his warm helicopter. I was freezing my ass off; 36° and 15 knot wind with mist ~~burn~~. After lunch we worked on up the hill and work

was going quite well. However, at about 4:00 the fog came down worse than ever and the wind picked up and it started drizzling and the helicopter was forced to go to the valley bottom. Fortunately I bought 2-way radios this year so we could talk to the helicopter and find out where he was so we could find him when we got off the mountain. What a cold, wet, and fast trip down we had! I was out front leading the way because I had the advantage of not having to wear glasses. We stayed close together because the fog was very thick. We got down ok and carefully flew 20 miles back to Bear Lake to warm up, dry out, and eat.

Saw a wolverine yesterday for the first time ever. What a fantastic little animal. We were sitting on a hillside way up in high country and I spotted this critter meandering around below us. At first it looked like a bear cub because of the clumsy way it walked and its color. We watched it for 5 minutes before it scurried down the mountain.

Don Johnson mentioned that he wants to get the wolf pups again. He's been either buy or drink since we got here so we haven't gone to look for them yet: maybe tomorrow.

Two young men working for Don went over to the Hot Springs in Port Moller today and dug up 2 or 3 human skulls from an old

village site - They also found a seal-oil lamp  
and a couple points and harpoon heads.

Time 7:

Well the mail plane comes tomorrow so I better  
send this letter up. Had low fog again  
today, but managed to get some secondary  
objectives finished. Lee is a bit difficult  
to deal w/ at times while at other times he's  
a riot. I'm a bit apprehensive about spending  
the whole season with him.  
Had our first salmon for the season tonight.  
A gill-netter at Port Moller gave a couple  
King Salmon to the lodge: first caught  
in this area all season. Delicious!  
My pool game is improving but has a long way  
to go before it gets good.

How<sup>3</sup> are things going in Colorado? Has the  
garden come up yet? Has it stopped raining?  
I really miss the dogs' ... how are they doing?  
And how about you: doing lots of running I  
suppose. I've been running <sup>only</sup> every other day  
because my legs have been adjusting to all  
the climbing. Generally, I'm real happy  
to be here. There's lots of snow in the mountains  
and Bear, Caribou, and Moose are everywhere.  
Had a bear come into camp tonight and cause  
lots of excitement. I was glad that I had  
a cramp in my leg tonight because the bear  
was exactly along the route I'm on  
and he was there exactly the time I'm!  
Call you tomorrow night ... sure wish you  
could come here to visit!

Bill

June 12

Howdy Bernie,

Been a busy few days and now I see that mail plane day is coming up soon. King Salmon are just starting to run at the creek mouths on the Bering Sea side. We caught 3

25-35 lb Kings three days ago who got high grounded in shallow water where the King Salmon river flows into the Bering Sea.

It was simple: just walk through 6-10"

water flowing over gravel and pick up

those giant fish lying sideways in the shallow water. Yesterday I really caught

a King (using my new pole) and it must have weighed 35 lbs! Absolutely huge - like pulling in a submarine with a string!

All of our fish are now smoking and Kirk will bring you a batch when he comes home.

Also, trying to arrange for him to bring you some frozen Kings - interested?

Celting Lake and I didn't get to bed last night until 12:30 (stayed up drinking beer w

Don Johnson, our "host", about hunting and flying and killing and wind and 'fucked up'

government - he never talks about women or sex) so I better not stay up late again tonight.

We eat breakfast at 7:00 AM and I usually get up at 6:15. We're in the field by

8:30 and generally work until 6:00 PM. Very often lately we go fishing on our way home.

I'm about 3 miles in the tundra about every other day.

June 13

Well today was our first official "down-day". Cold and blowing rain in the mtns. prevented any meaningful work. We caught a few kings on our way back to Bear Lake, then spent most of the day ~~with~~ doing paper-work. Sylvia Johnson and I were talking this morning before breakfast and somehow we started talking about you. She asks if you knew how to cook and I told her you are a fantastic cook. She said that I should have brought you up to help cook while we were staying here and that she would like to have you cook when (and if) we come back. I told her you might consider it.....!

I've decided to give Fishing-Floot hanging flower pots for Christmas this year. Consequently, you can expect a batch of Floots to arrive in the next couple weeks sometime. Also, I'll be mailing some nice glass balls Thursday. I just pile all the packages I mail home somewhere out of the way and will go through them when I get home.

June 14

Today is our second official down-day: gale winds blowing and rain predicted. We picked up a large Corbu rack yesterday and brought it back to camp. Before anyone saw it (everyone but the picket were at camp when we picked it up), I set it on top of the walrus skull we brought in several days ago. It fit right on the skull so it looked real. I went into our cabin and announced that Bob and I just found

a Walabur<sup>skull</sup> and everyone looked a bit puzzled but anxiously ran ~~off~~ aside to see this new creature. It was real funny when they realized they'd been fished in.

Saturday we move to Port Hedden. I'm not a bit anxious to move there except that will be seeing some new and exciting geology. As for Port Hedden: its the pits!

Bernie, could you do me a favor? There's a camera shop either on Glenarm or the next block northwest between 16th and 15th St that has a fairly good selection of used camera lenses (Bob Lynn at Amoco can tell you the name of the place).

Could you see if they <sup>have any</sup> (FT2 5450976) 135 or 150mm lenses for a Nikkormat<sup>n</sup> single lens reflex camera (bought in 1977) with an internal light meter. I want an automatic lens, ~~\$~~ made by either Vivitar or NIKON <sup>(prefer Nikon)</sup> IF they have one in good shape for less than \$150.00 would you please buy it and mail it to me. It would be a good idea to show it to Bob Lynn before you mail it to be sure it is the correct lens and in good shape. I will pay you for it as soon as you let me know the price.

Did you get a fishing pole yet? All for now,

Bill

23 June 78

(1)

Dear Bernice,

Well I don't expect you'll receive this letter for two or three weeks, but I feel like writing it anyway. I have thoroughly enjoyed being in Alaska and climbing mountains and catching fish and watching bear and caribou and moose and swans and eagles and all the flowers. Everyday is full of adventure and exercise.

The geology is fascinating and serves as a writing thread for everything we do. There's nothing I would change except to have you here to enjoy it with me. Sometimes I spend entire days in this dream-world sliding down snow banks and finding my way through fog and wind-blown rain, always to you in the back of my mind. We try to get back to camp on mail-days hoping for special letters.

Today was a long hard day. We started work at 7:45 AM and didn't get back to Port Heiden until 7:20 PM. Our new field hand (Steve Pappajohn) was amazed at the places we work: he couldn't believe we climbed in such dangerous places routinely.

Today was mail day and that thought was active in everyone's minds all day.

My books finally died on a high ridge and I came all the way down shuffling on my own sole. Our mail was in our bunkhouse

when we came in I received 50 blank letter-head envelopes from Denver, and that



On the brighter side, we haven't had any accidents or injuries. We're not flying today because Bob (our pilot) has a sore hand and doesn't feel that he can operate the helicopter safely. The timing was good because the winds blowing to 30-35 knots and the fog is on the deck. When it's blowing at 30 knots here, we can expect 40-45 knots in the mountains. Bob can't fly as good as Eric did last year so consequently we do more walking. He is really spooked by the wind so we don't even ask him to land in tricky spots when the winds are strong. Guess I'll spend the day plotting up our Jack Point section and writing a summary for the Upper Miocene rocks in the Port Moller/Herdenen Bay area. That's the busier part of our work, but it must be done carefully because it's the net product of all of our effort.

Sure wish I had a dog up here to play with. I run about every other day for about 30 minutes. I would run more often but we usually get into Port Herden just at dinner time so there's no time to run. When I do run, I run about 1 1/4 miles each direction along a dirt runway here. Port Herden is really the pits. It has a regular population of 3 persons who run the Reeve Aluehan Airways here. Many

PS: Bob just got the word from his home office in Juneau that he is to return and have his hand examined and that a replacement pilot is on his way. We won't be seeing Bob for the rest of the summer. He invited us to stay w him at his apartment in Juneau.

people come through here on their way to places further out on the peninsula. Meshik village is about 4 miles away and about 200 natives live there. Port Heiden is located on the Bering sea side of the Bristol Bay lowlands just near Anaktachuk Volcano. This is a recent volcano and ejecta from it have devastated a huge area. When the wind blows it looks like a bonfire of Golden dust storm. The beaches have lots of glass balls (which is a gross understatement!) but they're all sand blasted. The boxes of glass balls that I mailed home are in real nice condition and will have to think of something creative to do w them.

I enclosed a couple photos I've gotten back for your amusement; I'll send more as I receive them. I'm working on my seventh roll now but only one roll has come back from Kodak so far.

Found some old Mason jars in a deserted Russian village and I'll mail them home soon (today maybe?). My fellow workers are amazed at the 'junk' I pick up but they just don't realize that in the right house that they are priceless antiques.

Got to sew-up this letter quick because Revere is due here shortly. Think about you often,

Bill

Rear Bernie,

①

23 June 78

Two letters in one day?!

Our new pilot arrived and our old one is on his way to Anchorage. The new pilot is a real nice person and brought a guitar to him. He is very small and probably weighs 70 lbs less than Bob (which means we can carry 10 more gallons of fuel!). Only 3 problems with him though. First, he's never flown in Alaska before. Second, he's never flown in the bush before (that's a serious problem). And finally, he has only flown an Alouette II helicopter 28 hrs total!!

Talk about a serious lack of proper experience! Guess I probably should wait and fly to him before I say anything, but I really do feel uneasy. Tomorrow I'm having Steve stay in camp while Lee and I and the helicopter <sup>mechanic</sup> go out. I want the mechanic to fly to this guy and check him out on the machine. The mechanic can't fly a helicopter although he flies airplanes) but he completely rebuilt this helicopter and knows it inside/out.

Well see.... But I was just thinking that I've never made out a will or anything like that (mainly because I don't have much) and I really should lay out some ground rules.

The only things that matter are these:

Paddleboard } Duane  
Cadillac }  
Rug (from Grandma) } Steve  
Rocking Chair }  
Rocks } Glenn Gray  
Glass balls }

Steve }  
 Kitchen ware } Neil  
 Personal Family items like gold watch }  
 Chest of drawers in my room } Mom  
 Musical instruments }  
 Buddy, planks, vacuum, pistol, }  
 misc. trinkets, remaining furniture } Bonnie

That's pretty sketchy, but I've seen too many times what happens in a family if no ground rules are made. They fight like cats and dogs and lose the most valuable thing left behind: good memories. I don't expect anything could ever happen to ~~be~~ <sup>me</sup> because I'm the toughest guy on the block, so this is all a waste of time.

At the rate mail's been moving around here, I'll probably see you before this letter does. Bought a pair of boots from a small aircraft pilot who stopped in for fuel here at port Hudson today. They're a bit too big for me and they're pretty used and they're high-tops; but they work. I offered him \$20.00 and he took it. Still no sign of your letters or packages on today's mail plane and John McKeever still has seen no mail for me other than the books... guess the 'Alaska mail monster' had a feast! Miss you alot and look forward to hearing from you.

Bill

25 June

Made it through the first two days w/out singing pilot. We were flying in the fog today and I let him get good and lost. It was a bit scary because he was so nervous. He kept trying to look under and around the fog for a road sign or something, and kept changing course and following rivers ~~and~~ and going higher and going lower. Finally he told me we had to go back to Port Herden because the fog was too thick (as if he could have found his way!). I told him that if he goes north he will run into the <sup>Barrington</sup> T-line and can follow it NE to Port Herden; but that if he wanted to go ahead w/ our plans and fly to Chignik, just do as I told him. I went ahead and told him to fly 270°. He did and I ~~to~~ figured out where we were and soon found him all the way to Chignik. I think he was quite surprised at how easy it is to navigate when you relax and believe your map and compass, and realize that there are no road signs so you may as well not strain your neck! His flying has a bit to be desired. Quite frankly, he scares me. Not now during routine work because you can always screw up and make a second go of it. I'm worried about when we are in a tight situation like landing on windy ridges or being overgrassed and having unexpected hard landings. Do

I complain now and request a new picket or be passive and hope this guy is a fast learner? I really don't think our management would want to fly to him when they find out about his lack of experience. <sup>Are</sup> our management's hides worth more than mine? Maybe to someone, but not to me!

Getting late and I want to get up early to write my Monday morning report for George. Take care and hope to hear from you soon.

Bill

28 June 78  
the Continental card

Dear Bernice,  
Good talking to you tonight, kid.  
I haven't seen any one dry salmon like in this post card but it looks like a good idea so I may try it. Glad to hear you liked the salmon: not to put myself on the back or anything but I think it's the best! The helicopter is still on the ridge top because they didn't get all the parts they need to fix it. So tomorrow's another down day and I'll get caught up on the Salmon drying on the shore of the Bering Sea at Kotzebue, Alaska. The dried fish is eaten by the natives during the winter months.  
Bill 248-Color Photo by Jeanette M. Lowen



Bernadine Terryullo  
4820 McIntyre  
Goldens, Co 99401  
.....  
my plotting. \$ Please  
and never once for me.  
See ya, Bill

Published for C. P. Johnston Company, Seattle, Wash. 98109  
MIKE DEWENTS  
BERNELEY 94710