

12/11/96

My Life

Approximately 2:AM November 7, 1928 At 323 Madison St. Monte Vista Colorado USA Planet Earth of an outer sector of the Milky Way Galaxy I entered into this time space continuum. Father Grover Green, Mother, Mildred [Powell] Green, Grand Mother Ida Powell.

The above address was the home owned by my Grand Mother. My parents had lived there for a number of years as my father established a bakery business and was becoming very successful and at this point a pattern began to emerge. My Grand Father Green had alcohol problems and it began to emerge in my father. A successful business man, a respected person in the community with a bright future ahead, still he began to drink. The business began to decline and then in 1928 The stock market Crashed. It took one year for the crash to swallow the banks in our area, the bakery, along with most other businesses folded. Ofcourse My father now had a liginimite reason for going bankrupt.

At this point in time my father had little problem with alcohol. mostly because it just was not available and if it were he could not afford it. Sober, broke, & jobless We survived on the wonderful garden in our back yard, the generosity of my Great uncle Bill Tipton, my wonderfull Grand Mothers [WOW WAS she Great] brother who owned and operated a cattle ranch 18 mi. west of town. so ^{accordingly} we had beef and an ^{occasional} accessional load of fire wood. The coal co. had long ago cut off delivery along with the electricity.

My memory of these few years is spotty as I am only 3 years old. Some time in late 1930 or early 31 Dad got a job as camp cook and baker for the CCC. Rosselvets New Deal has kicked in, now we can buy coal and a few other essential items. as I remember it was another year or so before we could afford to have the electricity turned on again.

In 1934 a big and wonderful event happened. Dad was offered a job at the newly opened Gold Mine, *Summitville*. He will be the baker for the company boarding house. the boarding house housed and feed on the average of 100 to 150 miners, no familys. I will go into some detail of the Summitville operation later in this document. it plays a major role in not only my life but most dramatically my Fathers.

The 2 years or so that Dad worked for the CCC his record was flawless, as would prove to hold true the 8+ years he worked at Summitville and when this mine closed in 1942 [due to the war] he went to Climax as a Baker and a flawless record there also for about 2 years. After Summitville Climax was too big and non personnel, so he left and went into bussines for himself, once in Colorado Springs and once in Center colo. both failed due to alcoh. next to Calif. and worked for his younger brother in his bakery and was frequently drunk. the pattern is set, in that working for an employer he had no drinking problem, [not to say he would on accession get drunk on time off] never on duty. On his owne, as successful as he started out shortly he begain to drink. I am old enough now to remember and to be involved in his business. 3 major ones and each one had the same pattern My Mother was a good person but not very strong, Dads drinking is distroying her. she died when I was 16. All along it was Our Grand Mother that was the foundation of the famley, at least from my point of view.

I think at this point I'll relate one of the points in my life [and my Fathers] that was not only the most influencel but one of the most enjoyable, it was an 8 year period from 1934

to 1942. As mentioned earlier Dad got a job as camp baker at Summitvill Colorado 45 Mi's. west of Monte Vista. at an altitude of almost 13000 ft. and was at that time the highest post office in the USA. accessible only by road and the last 7 miles took you from 9000ft. to 13000ft and there were 7 *switchbacks*. A whole long chapter could be written on the history of Summitvill and my Fathers and my life in that time frame, but here I will only touche on some of the high lights.

The day Dad went to work at Summitville our lives changed. suddenly we were no longer in a state of depression. Dads salary was \$100.00 per month. I entered school with new cloths, I can't remember any other kid with everything new, at least in our end of town. certainly none of my friends. Now the blessing of being born into a benevolent and generally wise family began to form. I and the rest of the family stayed at our Grand Mothers home in Monte Vista, Dad had a nice basement room in the boarding house, his work schedule was two weeks 7 days per. and then two days off. there was a Dayley freight truck from Monte Vista so Dad or one person could ride the truck, it was normally about a 2 to 3 hr. trip and to say the least the last 7 mi's. was an adventure, 7 switch backs 4 that the truck could not make in one turn so had to back up and make a second run, all this on a sharp° incline, and a road only wide enough for one vehicle in most places. many times in meeting another vehicle one or the other had to back up to a wide place, it was under stood that the vehicle coming down did the backing, vehicles going up had the right -a-away winter and summer. Speaking of winters WOW what winters. Summitville being close to the top of the mountain range and only about 20 mi's. from the Continental Divide and wolf-Creek Pass which recorded the highest snow fall in the USA quite freakentley so Summitville was in that general weather pattern. Now to keep that road open for that last 7 mi's. was almost a constant jab in the winter, but was accomlisher with a cat D6? and a rotatory plow. fortunately after the 7 mi's. and basically off the mountain the snow fall was usually light, and county maintained. I was 6 years old when Dad started work at Summitville and it took almost 1 year for the good salary and my memory to take a quantum leap up, at about 1 year I made my first trip up to stay with Dad in his little room. Now a little more about our [I will say our Dad from here on as I had 1 sister 3 years older and 1 sister 3 years younger then me.] First a view of the most outstanding Intrinsic Values of our Father, he idealized Will Rogers, and he stated from his heart that he had never met a man he did not like. ironically in reviewing all I can remember I can not recall a single man that did not like our Father, this in spite of his alcohol related failures. he was also completley honest. So when I first began meeting people at Summitville [I quickly made a friend of a boy my age who knew his way around [and many of the workers etc.] He would introduce me as Loy Green, Grovers son and with out exception I was immediately accepted. With that ID my friend and I could go any where and we did. I toured the mill many times, observed the operation in general and above all the operation of the tram system. I will mention here that I am now in McCarthy Alaska, 5 miles from Kennecott. the Summitville Mill and tram system obviously was a model of the Kennecott system, which closed in 1938. In 1937 Dad told me he was going to look for an new car. [he had a 1930 Buick 4 door] He knew the dealer for Willis Night, I remember going in and talking automobiles and looking at the one on display, but some way it didn't seem quite right it must have been the color. the brochures and pictures were

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not too extensive but there was a list of color combinations, Dad and I looked them over and both locked onto the combination of Green and Yellow, I think we had the illusion that it would be one solid color and perhaps the obeisant color a stripe. Well when it arrived It was a solid Green Body and Solid Yellow Fenders, WOW. I thought it was neat and Dad went along. we had a green and yellow willies and was off for a two week vacation to Chicago. At that time there wasn't too much paving on the road system, and some stretches of building. Dad did not drive fast even on good stretches, 35 to 40 MPH speed. a distance of 1000 mi' s. took all of 4 days. We had a grant time visiting all of his Family and relatives in Ill. and Ohio, and praise the Great All, Dad only got drunk once.

I need to mention that all through the trip the little Green and Yellow Willies drew attention, and not once did we see another auto even close to that color combination. At first I tended to be embarrassed, but Dad was not and soon I also begin to love it. Is this adding another brick to the life before me to be different, see different and act different?

Another strange thing about me and my family is that I seemed to always have the respect of , not only my parents but my siblings also and by the same token I always had respect for them, there just was no rivelry, well ofcourse there were little squabbles, and it seams that the privileges I had were things that my sisters didn't want anyway. Examples. I always road in the front, generally standing between Dad, driver and Mother, who always road in front because riding in back gave her a sick head ache. Sisters in back mostly quiet. I'll mention here that our parents did not allow much bickering, No pouting or talking back if we were asked to do something, at the same time we could express an opinion and even discuss an issue, this especially true if Grandmother or Father were present, true Mother could be a bite unreasonable and stubborn and I will admit that I learned how to get around her in general.

There were Three major persons that dominated the influence that set the foundation for my life. My Father in the 8 years of his Summitville career. My Grand Mother, and her Brother, the cattle rancher Great Uncle Will [Bill] Tiption.

From my 7th year of life after we took the trip to Chicago in the little green and yellow willies I spent every moment possible either at Summitville with my father or at Cat Creek at my uncle Wills Ranch. or at another uncle and aunts sheep ranch [mothers sister] only 7 miles from town and a duck hunters paradise. I rode my bike too and from there many times and in the fall duck hunting was the only thing in life. Uncle Will was a bachelor and successful and prosperous cattle rancher. He was not a teacher, but expected me to learn by watching and doing... and if I didn't learn his verbal wrath was un merciful. so I learned to learn. I learned to ride a horse to shoot, and extend my self beyond??? Uncle Will shot his last deer at 82. he used a modern 270 but holding true to his standard of allowing only 1 shot to take his game. Had it not been for arthritis he no doubt would have stayed at his ranch many more years. He sold and moved to town and died at 90.

The family stayed in Monte Vista and Dad came home every 2 weeks for 2 days which was mostly a joy for all except when he got drunk, then every thing crashed. As I mentioned I spent vacation, holidays and any time allowed at the 3 [4] wonder lands. It was really wonder lands because my home in Monte Vista with my sisters, my Grand Mother, and Mother was a child's paradise also. I always had 2 or 3 good friends.

In the 3rd grade a friend ship began to blossom that is unsurpassed in the relation ship of two buddies. Glen Wadleigh. He had two older brothers and a father and Mother [Father especially] that set him on a path of education and success. Our friend ship never faltered even though I was and remained on the bottom wrong of education [formal schooling] We did *everything* together. In 1942 Glen's oldest brother took us for a ride in a T-Craft air plane, that did it, we decided to learn to fly.

Monte Vista had an air port with two runways, why I don't know as there was only 1 airplane and one pilot in the community. He was a dentest and notorious in a number of ways. His flying was especially notorious. He was an aerobatic flyer of the highest caliber. At the time I become aware of him he had a Rewin Speedster, two place tandem straight eight inverted [brand I hope to recall later] engin, for that plane and weight and of the date it was extremely high performance, HOT. The run ways were over 2000" [Incidentally Monte Vista in the San Louis Valley is over 8000".] I have seen Doc. Noadac take off and upon clearing the runway 50 " do a role and fly inverted, pull up vertical do a complete inverted half loop and roll out on top. I could write a complete chapter on Doc. but will end it in approx.. 1948. Doc. was separated from his first wife and the mother of two sun's, he had remarried and bought a Bonanza Beachcraft. he had interests and friends in Creed a historic Silver mining town, altitude 10,000 ' + 1 runway. It was customary for him to buzz the town as he left. I'm sure you can see the hand writing on the wall. He had his Wife and two son's and the final Buzz was directly into the mountain at full throttle, End of show.

Monte Vista and its two lengthlry smooth, County maintained runways, a 10' x 16' Shak. and 1 airplane, in spite of the high altitude was on ideal place to learn to fly. Alamosa, our neighboring town 17 mi. to the east was larger, 7,000 a state collage and an airport with a hanger, a flight service, Kramer Flying, and other facilities. When Glen and I expressed our desire to learn to fly, [Glens oldest brother Don flew for Kramer] so with Don's influence Kramer decided to come to Monte Vista one day per week to teach flying. Glen and I his first two students. The year 1941 Glen and I are 13 years old. Dual instruction is legal, 14 to solo and 8 hours of dual required. Flying has now become THE purpose of life. Our parents are not footing the bill. Every penny we can earn, scrounge, or other wise buy flying time we do. It took a year for us to acquire the necessary 8 hr's. to sole and of corse reach the required age. Glen is a couple months older then me and he soloed about that much ahead of me. My birthday is Nov. 7th. I had reached the 8 hr's. two weeks before and had trouble coming up with the cash \$4.00 to buy 30 min's. flight time. I had spent the week end at Cat Creek at my uncles ranch, he knew how much flying meant to me and were I stood. on the date for Kramer to be at M.V. I think two days after my 14th birthday Uncle Will Handed me the keys the to his 1941 Ford pickup and a \$5.00 bill and said drive the pickup to the air strip and back.happy birthday day Loy. Uncle Will was concerned not in the least that I was too young for a lecnese, he knew I was a excelent driver.

Norm Kramer and his T-Craft [tandem] was there I handed him the 5spot, got in the front seat, he in back. he said take off , make a left handed flight pattern and land which I did and up on landing he said ok stop he opened the door got out and said make one take off and landing and if you feel good make another one, it wasn't the best landing but

certainly acceptable so I made another one of about the same. I had soloed. The second resident to do so in Monte Vista.

The 2nd. world war is in full progress, gasoline is rationed along with an number of other items, tires, sugar, most meats, etc. There were very few private aircraft and pilots in the country so they were considered potentially a internal defence, the CAP was organized. Gasoline was not rationed for aircraft. also as the San Louis Valley was a major farming area farmers had a very liberal Gas ration quota so there was no problem to fly and later in 1943 [still not old enough for a license] Glen and I bought a 1928 Model T 4dr. sedan and as we both had friends on farms we always had gasoline. in 1945 I acquired a 1935 ford V8. Actually my Father gave it to me after another failed business in Colorado Springs where I had worked with him in 1944. He then went to Center Colo. and operated a cafe for a summer and again failed due to alcohol, at this point he went to Calif. and worked for his Brother in his bakery. The war ended in the fall of 1945. by Nov. I had for all practical purposes dropped out of high school. I had not identified with school sense the 3rd. grade. [I'll relate the story of the 3rd. grade teacher Miss Telley and the general school system later] I and Glen virtually lived at the air port and doing anything for flying time.

In 1944 A retired Army pilot, //LeRoy Knowles came to Monte Vista with a J-3 Piper Cub. As he stationed himself in M.V. We began flying with him and quickly realized that the J-3 is a superior air plane in all around preference over the T-Craft. its disadvantage was that its weight and balance required it to be flown solo from the back seat. once that adjustment was made both Glen and I realized that this plane is really fun to fly. Knowles taught us a number of airobattics, so mostly that is what he and I did. when Knowles acquired another J-3 we could fly together in separate planed [We still didn't have enough time for a private license] It didn't take Knowles long to began getting alarming reports as to the acrobatics, formation flying etc. that we were doing, so he simply forbid us to fly at the same time.

My mothers brother, my uncle George also a pilot and financier of Knowles flying and for over a year had been living in his trailer house beside our [Grandmothers] house in M.V. Uncle George was another major influence on me, he did many things for me, we spent considerable time together including hanger flying at the airport. I will mention at this point that a formal educating was not too important in my family, uncle George not withstanding. In early spring of 1946 sitting around at the airport shack Uncle George said to me How would you like to go to California with me? well the answer to that question is quite obvious. His trailer house was a two room modern house and he had a 1941 Desoto. 4dr. sedan. Uncle George was professionally a mechanic and had made a small fortune in an AlisCharlmers farm equipment co. during the war. It was a wonderful experience and drive from M.V. to Long Beach Calif. Rt. 66 was the state of the art in road systems in the 40s [a song *Route 66* was a hit parade no. in the 40s & 50s]

Upon arriving in Long Beach after parking in a trailer park a few days, checking out, trimming grass and general fixing up a house he owned in L.A. [enfact he had built the little house himself] he placed it in a realists hands and we were off touring southern California. Shortly he bought a house and adjoining filling station at an intersection on Highway 101 in Long Beach. we moved into the house filled the tanks with gasoline and

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opened for business. It was not a very modern station and 101 at that point had traffic moving quite briskly and only traffic going into town could pull into our station. Business was slow.

Uncle George soon got itchy feet and again spending time touring around not tending to business. He had told me many stories about his younger days with his father and mother living in Long Beach [3 years I think] and operating a charter fishing boat, so he [we] began looking for a boat, finally we looked at an old tug in drydock. She was a 65' fan tail, solid as the rock of Gibraltar. Very little hold space [she was a tug] and a Chrysler Marine gasoline engine, this is bad and a serious fault of Uncle George began to emerge.

As it turns out Uncle George is not only very stubborn but has very little respect for bureaucrat regulations, procedures etc. He had hired a boat builder [of excellent talent] so the three of us spent the summer re-building the old tug [The Fighting Bob] into a party boat. When ever the subject of the gasoline engine in a party boat came up he would ignore any advice and refuse to discuss it stating he will take care of it when the time comes. Well the time came and he began applying for licensing. The modifications for a gasoline engine in a party boat were so major and the fire equipment so extreme that there was no possibility of ever meeting the demands and as the rebuilding into the party boat was complete so to redesign for and to acquire the Diesel engine to qualify for licensing was out of the question so we [Uncle George] decided to try fishing for Albacore, which we did for 1 summer. We had a wonderful time fishing in the area of San Caliminnie and Catalina Island, spending considerable time playing on the islands and catching just enough fish to pay expenses.

From the time I left Mv for Calif. 1946 to 1949 a complete chapter could be written on the trial and tribulations of my siblings in Mv. Perhaps I will relate that period in a later chapter.

Meanwhile back to self in 1948. Uncle George and I made a trip to Mv. in early spring and as the fishing seemed to be on hold I decided to stay in Mv. The worst of the winters hardships of Martha and Curtis were over, so I just kinda picked up where I had left off in 46. Hanging out at the airport, doing odd jobs, pumping gas at a local station, a little flying and my first serious love affair. A very pretty 16 year old orphan girl living with a man and woman in the process of breaking up. He somewhat of a scoundrel she a religious fanatic. Looking back I can see that this is a stacked deck of disaster for all. As she was a ward of the state orphanage when they learned of the developing marital problems of the couple in question they sent notice that shortly [a few days I think] there would be a orphanage representative arriving to retrieve her. She did not want to go back to the orphanage, even though she had a brother there. There is no doubt that a hot and passionate love affair of the very young has no reason. We decided to elope. I had the great 1935 Ford V8 so the plotting between her and I with the assistance of one friend in particular [Glen Wadleigh] our trusted friend, flight instructor and his mechanic developed a plan. The flight business is going bust, the mechanic plans to leave soon for Calif. the place I intend to go as Uncle George is still there. The mechanic will be seeking a ride to Calif. so it is agreed that he will leave, as it turns out tomorrow with my young lady and myself and pay part of the expenses. The reason for the sudden eagerness to leave is that the orphanage rep. has arrived, we have to get out of town tomorrow. The plan is for the

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The pain is for Meriam to leave the house as soon as Les B. goes to work, she will only have one small bag with the bare necessities and meet me at an intersection. phase 1

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OK. next a conference with Glen and decide to hide out a few miles out of town on a back road, he will keep us informed, he has the use of his fathers car. the day moves on slowly Glen makes regular trips to our hide out. around noon he informs us that the machinac cant leave until tomorrow, new panic. I decide to approach Uncle Will, we need the financial support of the machinac but can't wait until tomorrow. Uncle Will has moved to town in a little house on the edge of town ,we skirt the town and I Tell Uncle Will the whole story, He simply nodded his head got up went to his bead room and returned with a \$100.00 bill saying only "you might just as well have this I will never need it." I will mention that my Aunt and uncle of the sheep ranch was there taking care of Uncle Will so they were privy to the entire proceedings, at this time I didn't give that another thought as I loved them and they had always been a wonderfull aunt & uncle. I mention this because it will be brought up again in a later happening. Meriam isn't with me, Glen is taking care of her at the hideout.

I arrive with the news and decide to send Glen to the airport with the report and with the possibility that the machinac can leave with us today. Shortly Glen returns and with the look on his face we knew that all was not well. Les B. and the orphanage rep. had put the picture together and had put out an all points alarm with my auto licence number and all discriptions with the state police and to be broad cast on the local radio soon. It is obvious that we haven't a chance of crossing the New Mexico boarder un-detected. At this time the passionate love is now fear and despair, Meriam is shattered, did I mention that she is only 15. I am 18.

Defeated we decide to make an attempt to save some face. Glen goes in and arranges with the orphanage rep. that we will surrender if they will drop all charges, cancel the alerts and not hold any of this against Meriam or me. He accepted. We drove into town stooped in front of Les.B's house she got out and I drove off. She went back to the orphanage and the next day the machinac and I left for Calif. Our love never egnited again, we exchanged letters for 8 or 9 months [she soon informed me that all letters coming and going were read by the orphanage] everything was cold. I left Calif. [George had put the boat up for sale] so went to Denver in the hopes I could re-ignite our affaire, at ;east I was present to expectance the complete collapse of the affaire, I really didn't have a very dramatic hart break. Denver had presented me with many new challenges and acquaintances. I was living in a boarding house, with meals working for a auto parts and store and met Mike Ledbetter and his beautiful wife Faith also living at the boarding house, he was an intellect and studding to become a Chiropractor via correspondence, working? for a man in the box lunch business, Lunches to the factory workers, a 3 shot per day in the factory parking lots, 1 for 10: am break 1 at 12: lunch and 1 at 3: PM break we were payed at the end of each day, a % of the sales. I say we because Mike had talked me into taking on a new route his boss had opened. Fortinately Mikes wife had a steady job as a waitress at a very busy drive-in so she could pick up the short days [which were many] that Mike had. I had no wife or any one else to prop me up. I was just squeaking by.

Mike the great intellect sold me on the idea of going to Sanfrancosco, he is from Sacramento. Calif. the land of wealth the place to be to go back to for both he and I. we both quite our jobs found a ride to Sanfancisco for shearing expenses. when we arrived we

had \$25. 00 between us. so it was to ----St. a flop house hotel and hamburgers. we knew no one in Fresno. so it was the wand adds in the papers for jobs. Our dream is beginning to fray at the edges. No matter how early we arrived at the place of the job there were already many there ahead of us. Soon our money is completely gone, tomorrow morning we will be bums on the street. Now some interesting things began to emerge about the super intellect Mike Leadbetter. As mentioned he is from Sacramento so he places a collect call to his mother and step father there, the first call was refused, the next one his mother accepted and after him explaining the situation and that he had a friend she consented to allow us to stay at their home a few days, no money, we had to get there the best we can. We hit the road thumbs out. When we arrived in Sacramento the person who had picked us up outside of Hayward took us to Mike's mother's house, he also bought us hamburgers along the way. Mike's Mother is very nice and welcomed us with open arms but his step father is cold and offering us no sign of welcome.

Mike had told me that he and Faith had a 4 year old daughter and that his mother and s.dad were taking care of her, so no surprise in seeing her. she truly was the little princess he had told me of. It didn't take long for the story of Mike to come out. An only child, spoiled, exceptionally bright and the ability to charm anyone. Unfortunately he was almost completely irresponsible. After high school he never kept a job, was always getting into debt and coming to mom and dad and his friends to bail him out. When he married Faith for a while he straightened out, but shortly after the birth of the child he lost or quite his job he and Faith decided to go to Denver Colo. and make a new life. They talked Mike's parents to take care of the child, which for all practical purposes they had been doing anyway. At this point the step dad declared that he had enough of Mike, they will take the child but Mike can expect Nothing from him. from that time on as far as he was concerned any problems Mike got into he would have to get himself out of. He stood firm and only allowed us to stay in 1 room and for a very limited period of time.

Within a couple of days we had both landed a job in the Southern Pacific station in the soda fountain, We are Soda Jerks. Now more of Mike begins to come. The soda fountain got us on our feet and soon we both went to work for Standard Stations, went through there 2 week training school and were assigned posts in company service stations, I lucked out and was assigned to the leading and busiest station in L.A. at the intersection of Sunset Blvd. and Figueroa st. Believe me Standard oil ran a tight organization and what a training this was and an awakening, we were not just service station attendants we were salesman. things I soon learned were not tough in the school but obviously the company just turned their backs, and gave the station managers full freedom, sales were all that mattered and the method justified the end. of course we as salesman were rewarded well in our pay checks. Tires was the premium item and other accessories next. I could not lower myself to perform the act to actually rupture a tire in order to sell a new one. however I could and did sell other accessories in large enough quantities to keep me in excellent standing.

Mike's wife had joined him and had rented a nice 2 bedroom house on Silver Lake Blvd. and I rented the extra bedroom and two meals a day. We were really a happy threesome. I was dating a couple of desirable young ladies and L.A. was at that time an

exciting place to live. Life was unfolding quite nicely I thought for all. Faith had even gotten a job at the Blackouts as ticket seller, it required only 3 or 4 hours. evenings the pay good and the Mela Drama was one of the best. we saw the show a number of times, it was always fun.

After 8 or 9 mo's. with Standard one day Mike announced that he was terminating his Standard oil employment to become a salesrepresentive for an Insulation and weather striping company. Magga bucks to be made on high commissions. No salary or guarantee. after couple of months and Mike had still not receive a fat check, I and Faith are footing the rent, food, etc. Mike told me of a plan he had cooked up to rip the company off. I had already decided to get out and had requested a transfer to Longbeach. just as my two week request was about here Mike told me that he had an appointment with the ideal prospect for that evening and he expected me to skip out of state with him the next day. Faith knew nothing of this plan. Up on arriving at work that morning I told my boss that I was not reporting for work but was on my way to Longbeach, I left my Cousin address as I would be temporally staying with them. If a transfer cane through and to send my pay check. I called Faith and told her of my plan, all she said was that she too was fed up and would be leaving Mike.

I didn't wait for a Standard oil transfer but quickly found a equally good service station job with a dealer, it was also an repair shop. the owner was a very honest and fine person and boss, ripping off customers was out of the question, many were friends and steady customers. this was [in its field] about ideal. I had rented a room with kitchen privileges and began saving and enjoying life.

About 6mo's. and not a word from Mike when one evening there he was at my door, welldressed and looking healthy, a hearty hand shake and over a cup of coffee he up-dated me on his present. He and Faith had divorced, no settlement and his parents were adopted there daughter so he was free. He had become involved with two brothers who owned two Union service stations, he was assistant manager for one and would soon take it over completely. he had rented a nice two bedroom house off of Sunset blvd.. The Brother running the other station was looking for an experienced and dependable attendant Mike told them he would recommend and contact me. Well this all looked good to me, so I gave two weeks notice and moved to LA in with Mike. The next

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4 or 5 months were very good. Mike and I had many wonderful times, knew most of the good bars and eating places. many fine weman, and sex. ofcourse I could never compete with Mike, He was what is known as a woman killer. The truth is this life was proving to be a bit too fast for me and I began thinking in terms of bailing out, but not anxious to forsake the good job etc. and Mike was holding up well. Mike was showing me around the LA. area in stile when a long weekend presented itself, He said lets go to Tijoinna, something I should experience he said.

We were off on a Friday afternoon in his Lincoln Zephyr [a 12 cylinder monster and gas guzzler but Class] We arrived in mid afternoon, checked into a hotel and laid plans for the evening. Mike ofcourse had been here before and knew his way around, he knew the places to stay away from and those to patronize. We had a fine Mexican dinner with good Mexican beer, and a floor show that was quite good, infarct the band had a little Mexican female singer that not only had a fine voice but was about the sexiast girl I had seen in some time even though she kept her cloths on. The bar tender could arrange for a prostitute but Mike suggested we go to a little bar outside the city that he knew about, the advantages seemed ok. It was a small bar with only a musoc box, we had been there only a few minuets and just started a beer when two quite attractive ladies approached, one sat on the stool beside me and the other by Mike. The opening phrase was, will you buy me a drink? my reply was ofcourse what will you have and naturally she ordered a rather expensive drink, probably collared water, so the game goes. A few sips and she turned to me and slipped her skirt up well above her knees and said would you like to go to my room, so I said yes how much will it cost? she said \$20.00. [Mike had told me the pitch and it is generally the same in all the joints] This one however is a little more expensive and after you are in her room and have payed the first \$20.00 they are free to bargain for additional services and you can get more then just a 10 minute lay and your out. In her room she slipped out of her dress and asked me to please take off my pants, which I did were as she handed me a condom and asked me if I knew how to use it, Well by the gods this gal has class, more than I expected in Tijuanna. As with most prostitutes they are not into kissing, but everything else is preformed with passion. I spent another \$20.00 after which I would have liked to just role over and go to sleep she had completely drained me, but the harsh knock on the door told me that my time was up. I was glade that Mike was driving. I hit the bed and didn't awaken until noon. That evening we decided to return to LA. we had exausted most of our funds, fun, fun, fun.

To this day I can't say what happened to Mike but when we returned to our jobs and routine lives Mike seemed to be in somewhat of a depressed state, in about a week he told me he was taking a salesman job with an appliance co. straight commission. I saw the hand writing on the wall and decided to bail out, and quickly. I gave notice at my job and in two weeks I was on my way back to Monte Vista Colorado.

Everything looked good in Monte Vista. Mother had passed away a number of years ago but now the rest of the family, Grand Mother, Father, two sisters, and Brother Curtis [around 10 years old] were living in the old house. Dad was operating a Rowlly distributor business, Sister Ruth a telephone operator, Martha a soda fountain jerk at a drug store, and Curtis in school. The first thing I did was hit the employment office. The minute I walked in my life changed. behind the counter was the most beautiful dark headed girl I had ever seen. I immediately fell in love. She found me a job right away on a milk delivery route and I began to date her, it quickly became a serious affair. Shortly I had the route to susch a high degree of efficacy that I could complete the

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entire route well before noon, which meant that I could arrive at a piticular downtown cafe in time for Jeannies [my lovers name] 10: am coffee break. This brought about the first and only complaint. People were calling my boss complaining that the milk devilry truck being parked in front of this cafe for 20 or 30 min's. not considering that everyone was receiving there milk on the average of an hour earlier then ever before I was ordered to cease my coffee break. Jeannie very quickly came up with another job for me. I quit the milk route and started selling Furgerson tractors for two brothers that dated back to the old SummiteVille days. I bought a car and hit the road. The brothers were really fine persons and ran an excellent repair shoppe but lacked the creative imagination to put together a sales force and I didn't have the experience. I wasn't paying my expenses, Again Jeannie came up with another sales job, this time with the Pubelo Sewing Machine Co. Bernnie Ferris owner, we hit it off immediately I started selling Necchi sewing Machines. I remained in the Necchi Sewing Machine business for over 6 years, this is a major chapter in my life. perhaps in detail later.

After 4 years selling sewing machines it became obvious that the Kerian war was going to get me, I was one of the first CAP cadets and knew I didn't like the military but if I must go I reasoned that it would be better to be an enlistee over a draftee, wrong there but as it all worked out it did prove best. I served 3 years and upon discharge had no reserve time obligation. War is HELL but I won't use this space for war stories. {Refer to Love doc. for a history of my Love Affair with Jeannie Myer. }

After the military I returned to Colo. and interred into the sewing machine business again, a short time for self and then interred into a partner ship with the Monte Vista Furniture Mart until I was introduce to Nuterlite which I was in and out of for 4 years. The last 3 in Colorado Springs where I worked 1 year at the Broadmore hotel garage, Nuterlite on the side and then for 3 years at M.K. Meyers Jewelry store. Great Boss and people to work with but never got turned on to jewelry. I think the best memories of that area was with my then Brother in Law, my Sister and Brother Curtis. John my sisters husband was a master machinac and involved with foreign machines and racing. I could write a chapter on foreign cars and racing.

I was restless with jewelry so when I became friends with an artist stationed at Fort Carson we began planing for when he would be discharged. upon that moment he departed for his home in Sacramento with his Beautiful girl friend in her Austin Martin, taking the long route and sent me with his new red MG What a blast, I went all the way with the top down, even through Nevada and 120°. I guess I was about the same color as the car when I arrived in Sacramento. and now another completely new phase in my life. I first went to work helping My friends father part time in the bakery he worked at as maintenance man, then a short stint selling vacuum cleaners and along came an add for a budget manager trainee for the BF Goodrich Co. I applied and they sent me to Chico Calif. for a 6 week training. On the job at a Goodrich dealer, all expenses paid. Now here was training of the first order and a company and product also of the highest degree. I was then assigned to a dealer in Reedly Calif. in the San Juquine Valley. Grape farms and a small [primarily minnite] town. the owner also a Minnite but somewhat on the liberal side. We hit it off so well that he refused to let me go when it came time for the co to give me a promotion which included moving into a co. store. I had ingratiated my self well enough with the co that they were willing to make an exception and I remained in Reedley for 3 years, in all reality I was managing the store for Ben Nachitinagalle. He also had a small farm and an Gas and Oil Distributorship. He decided to get out of the tire business and offered it to me. I had become friends with one of the

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towns Drygoods store owners and he offered to back me with the Goodrich Co. I made up all the necessary statements etc. but the more I got into it the less enchanted I became. Some time before I stooped longing for the positions of the persons above me that I was destined to follow as I was promoted and now it seemed that I was steeping into basically the same thing only I would be on my own win or loose when along come another offer of completely different nature. Fresno Memorial Gardens was seeking Salesmen. curosimy more then anything else sent me to Fresno. Steve Barthelmow interviewed me and again we hit it off. I gave my two weeks notice to the Co and Ben, concealing all business proposals. and started selling Cemetery Property.

Now this was an extra ordinary experience, a new type of selling, a close relative to realstate, but envolving not only high emotions but negative selling. Perhaps I'll discuss that later.

I have a weakness a salesman should not have. after learning the product and sales presentation well and shooting for the stars my concesisne enters and I find it harder to sell usually for two reasons. 1- The sales presentation is misleading. 2- I feel guilty selling the product to some people. After reaching the top sales position rather quickly this guilt inters and sales began to fall and shortly I move to another organization and repeat the process. Next Encyclopedias and here I learned a sales technique that was Bold [gutsy] Exceedingly misleading but very afflictive. If I entered a home The sale was almost a sure thing. When this one crashed my brother Curtis and I decided to Completely dropout, and reshape our lives. We decided that Alaska was the best hope of bringing this about. He drooped out of Fresno State Collage, I Traded my Chrysler New Yorker for a Ford F100 Panel truck, burned all bridges, bought Grains, rice etc. a 2.65 rifle and headed for Valdez Alasks. One week, glorious trip and arrived in Valdez on the 4th of July 1963

(Notes by Curtis for Loy)

1963 - arrived Alaska July - Valdez - worked
Valdez Cold Storage - Bilderback - Fall; Chitina
Spent Mt. Felipee.

1964 - Chitina - earthquake - Summer; worked
Knutson - Fall; Anch. - Gas Co.

1965 - Fred & Dolly P. arrive Chitina. Summer;
Gas Co.

1966 - LSD - Summer; Gas Co. winter you go out

1967 - Spring into McCarthy Summer McCarthy
Creek Gordon & Frieda. Fall you to Glacier Creek
winter in to Green Butte

1968 - winter Green Butte. Spring & Summer
McCarthy and Glacier Creek - Fall - Hanna

then both outside. You return go Green Butte
I stay San Diego from my home 94Kyo.

1969 I return Spring - McCarthy Hardware Store
Hanna. Fall - Kennecott

1970 - Kennecott. Summer; Hanna

1971 Kennecott - Spring; Raven Summer you
to Fairbanks ~~Hanna~~ ^{Hanna} Ben and first batch

Students arrive mky. Fall; Raven busted -
d go to Kodiak - you Kennecott

4 weeks.

-65°

1972 Ejected Kennecott Sprng. move mxy
Students return. interviewed Nat Geographers.
Drive outside in Dec.

1973 Return March with Martha. play musical
Houses - d go ~~Kodiak~~ Kodiak You? Ambler?
Fall - Drive outside again comox-vancouver S.D.

1974 - Return late Feb. move into Nels' cabins.
Summer you return Newell House
Rock Fest. winter: B.T. arrives

1975 - Chitina House - Bill & Bridget - Fall:
meet Sally 1st time in arch - d drive donut
truck you go May Creek. Ben & Marcie S.P. Poi

1976 - May Creek - Chitina - Fall; Gas Co.
you to Green Butte. d stay Chitina.

1977 - I to May Creek in Feb. Summer: Begin
Hardware Store regeneration. I to May Creek
in Sept. you to May Creek Dec.

1978 - May Creek - Chitina - you to mxy summer
I outside in fall - you to May Creek.

Thas
Wolf.

1979 I relieve you May Creek Feb. You in
mxy Hardware Store Summer - d Swift Creek
with Ben and marcel Building cabin
you up creek build cabin. B.T. and d up in
fall put on roof.

1980 - you up mxy Creek. me chitina. I go ashland
1st time in Dec. mxy Creek floods. panel truck
wiped out.

1981 - I return march fix up my cabin
Summer: you mxy me chitina - Fall - both mxy Creek.

1982 - mxy Creek. Summer: you mxy - me chitina
Fall - mxy Creek. Dec. chitina House burns

1983 - March: Hastings Summer: Tram
Fall: Drive outside - Ashland - you return Dec.
~~1984~~

1984 - d return Feb. mxy Creek. Tram completed
I to ashland Nov. you mxy Creek.

1985 - I return april to chitina for Summer. you
mxy museum

1986 - you mxy Creek - me chitina then mxy Creek
in march - then chitina Summer. ashland in
fall.

1987 - d to mxy Creek march & april then
back to ashland for four years.

1

A Dialog with Self

Time and consciousness seem to be the focal point. Brain being an organic Electro chemical mechanisms it seems that by altering the chemistry of the brain it could automatically change the perception of consciousness from the fourth to the fifth domination. It seems at this point necessary to inter into a discussion on the nature of consciousness. Consciousness is a relative and infinite ? Experience ? Relative because "All" is ascending and descending states of consciousness.

Gurdjeff offered a system to develop the self.[Awaken] by self observance. This requires a discipline some what greater then most persons are willing to face. some Other Teachings and disciplines to study and practice are The Tao, The I ching. Zin Budaesim.

The Book of the Dead, Contemporary Theoretical Physicists, ETC.

At this point some broad statement will be made.

1-There is No bad past, only bad present. [Loy]

2-"By nonaction everything can be done" [Loa Tzu]

Ah, Now is the time to look at the Yen & the Yang. The Yang is the linear, compitive, aggressive, the intellectual mind, The Yen is the cycelic, cooperation, Love,

the heart, to be in-tune with the all, with nature, The two sides of the coin. one can not exist with out the other. Nonaction is not the passive, do-nothing, but it is to be in-tune with nature, with the cosmoses, with the self. the harmonic inerplay between the Yen & Yang. [Mahlers 9th Symphoney]

It is necessary to understand that within the billions of years of evolution this one over riding principal has always been. The pendulum is always in motion. Yang reaches its Apex and a new paradigm begins, the Yen. ETC.ETC.ETC."to Infinity.

The SQUAREARUIN Age

The age we are now interring, a "New Paradigm."

It seems obvious that the old age we are on the cusp of leaving was an age of Yang, hinse the so called western age of Bacon, Newton, Descartes, etc.[the 16th century-21th]

I see the probability that had Religion not became such a dominating force and in particularly fostering the out of control human population that in turn has and is fostering most of our problems, all the way from social, envarinmental, nature and even the consciousness of the planet its self [Mother Earth] would have been a measure more successful. [this statement also needs qualifying]

To understand and except the Yang leading not only organic life but the planet itself into the new paradigm, [a higher Octave] a new state of consicionicus, a literal Metamorphoses! The mass human mind when united forms the catalyst to the Omega point, the 5th. diomention.

2 A quick glance at another Taoist philosophical term "WuWei" meaning literally "nonaction". The western interpretation as referring to passivity is quite wrong. the true meaning of WuWei is not abstaining from activity but abstaining from activity that is out of Harmony with the ongoing Cosmic Process. Here we are going to have to awaken and open ourselves to all of the information that one can possibly absorb and then open our mind to the Cosmic Mind.[Serendipity, Simultaneity, Intrainment?] Consider quantity, mass, and finally Quality & Time. We are embarking into the unknown the un-chartered the 5th dimension!

Lock related the theory of human nature to social phenomena. There are laws of nature governing human society similar to those governing the physical universe. The function of government is not to make laws on its people, but to discover and enforce the natural laws that existed before any government was formed.

TIME & SPACE---Time is the conscious experience of space relative to the velocity consciousness, this can be altered by the chemistry of the brain and probably by all matter in the physical universes.

Quantum Mechanics, Atomic Physics etc. can be viewed, discussed, developed, & perhaps understood through Mathematics. Consciousness however is of another nature. Mathematics lies within consciousness however consciousness does not lie within Mathematics [albeit, mathematics is a product of consciousness] there for cannot be viewed, discussed, developed, or understood through mathematics!

8/17/95

Oh Ye who suffer! Know ye, ye suffer from your self, none else compels, No other holds you that you live or die. [Siddhartha]

9/20/95

The Dancing Wu-Li Masters by Gary Zukav. Morrow Quill paperback edition. this is an excellent source of information into the Quantum theory[history]. Relativity [history], that is comprehensible to the average person.

"Flash" All Materiality is a **STRING-SINGULARITY** [Wave Particle] function [an unvisualizable abstraction] and exists only in Mind! A concept comprehensible to the western mind, I hope. A Tibetan Buddhist would not need this language, both verbal and mathematical to understand our material being. However the Tibetans could not go to the stars. However as so with Mohanidin, he could not go to the mountain so he brought the mountain to him.

God not only plays dice God is dice, however the God dice could have more than 4 sides, "dimension".

There are no chosen ones there are only those who choose! Loy.

It seems to me that if an Electron is a wave, particle function, an Electron wave existing only in mind and it can conscientiously choose, interacting to become either, or, then it is "Sentient". As all materiality is an arrangement of atoms [nuclei & electron] in infinite numbers and arrangements then 'ALL' on an ascending scale is also sentient. Now we are going to get somewhere with the Gieda hypotheses.

Supplement to Dialog

"Awaken and Dance to the Perfect Light of Contradiction". [Thomas Merton]

"You are not only a creation of God, You are God Creating"! [Loy]

Yes I have a Mother {earth} and a Father, {Sun} and a Family { All Living things} and as none of these are the creation of MAN, they do not demand Ego worship.

" Evaluation is a fact!" Denying it is to retard not only the dignity of humanity but also an obstacle to not only Intellectual but to Spiritual growth, Another closed door to freedom. [to open the door, Information, Choice, *Discovery, Invention*].

How interesting it would be to go back in time, say 2,500 years and change just two words in most religious, political, etc. lectures, discussions, documents etc. from "The to A".

"truth" Again there is no one the truth. Truth is a relative, evolutionary concept! True "ha" there are non truths, there are lies, etc. but again these are also relative. a schizophrenic can experience phenomena that is real to him-she but quite unreal to the so-called normal person. 500 years ago the earth was flat and the sun & moon revolve around it. I suppose that for that time the above was a truth. A Tibetan Buddhist could understand, therefore claim as truth that "all materiality is but an illusion."

I knew there would come a time when I would reach the point to open the subjects of Life and Death. It seems to me that humanity has evolved to the point of breaking into a higher octave a [Gurdjieff concept] this coupled with the over population has led to the seeming state of chaos. The vast information and communication that is open to a vast number of persons, many of high Intelligence many not so but even they have a value, in fact the point is that All life has a point and the closer and more completely life is observed the more difficult it is to place a supremacy on one species. I think it is going to be helpful to let one of Aldous Huxley's concepts come into play. Complete non attachment [this is also very Buddhist] Incidentally at this point if I saw the need to again become involved in a religion it would be Buddhist, many reasons, one being you don't have to be a hypocrite to be one. To sum up life and death in a nut shell. If your life is good and you are not harming another life form, continue. If on the other hand your life is not good and you are inflicting pain on other life forms you should have the choice to end it and if you can't change for the good you should end your life.

Consider the realization that all endings are a beginning! Also consider how ridiculous it is to think that human consciousness is the only state of consciousness and possessed only by humans. there for life is an infinitely varied state of being that exists only in the mind of God. God the infinite Mind, The All, there can be nothing outside the mind of God, All Material existence is a material manifestation of God

Supplement-2 *A brief History of Evolution*

Before the beginning there was [is] the Void, nothing. [Almost in-comprehensible to the present human mind] In the beginning there was the word [*the idea*], All Material reality, all conciseness etc. came into being. [the big Bang?]
From that point on it was [is] an infinite progression of infinite states of consciousness, and time. Time being the volatility of consciousness.

Life is experiencing, experiencing is a dance, it needs no proof or justification it just is: Do it!

4 We need not make pilgrimages to India, or Tibet but here amidst the particle accelerator and computers our own path with out form is emerging. Sooner or later we reach a dead end when we talk.

"Concerning reality"-The Copenhagen interpretation of Quantum Machanics does not go so far as to say what reality is "Reality, like behind the scenes". but does say that it is not like it appears. It says that what we perceive to be physical reality is actually our cognitive construction of it. Physicists is the newest members to see reality as the Hindus & Buddhists see reality. [Quantum Machinics construction!]

The seeming flaw in the above is the problem of measurement, some type of direction by an observing system is required to collapse the wave function of the observed system into a physical reality. "does not physically exist except as an endlessly proliferating number of possibilities generated inaccordance with the Schrodinger wave equation.

OK now lets look at this mind boggling intellectual concept from another point of view. A Tibetton Buddhist would spend many years in meditation to attain an [*Awakened*]state if consciences. We will need to have a discussion on the concept of Awaken. The same of the Indian Shaman, The Hindu, the Christian etc. all in there own paradigm, there own identity etc. In effect they are creating there own universe. each of these universes has one main common identity, they are All *Human*.

It seams to me that in all these religions, concepts, avatars etc. [and all clamming to be *The One* and each with there own ties to God, there own mercurials etc. then perhaps if we trace it back far enough we will find the beginning, or at least a point where the formation of an idea begnian. *THE EVALUATION* of an idea ofcourse. Primitive man, [Human] saw the lightning, the volcano, the rains, the winds etc. unable to understand nature in general and only having emerged into self aware, reasoning, and communicating on a direct level as apposed to the animal instinctive sub-concsious level and the conseciqunses of most of nature seemed to be destructive to humanity they naturally began to try to appease, What?

hence the concept of a higher Bean [God] was formed. It seams to me at this point that anyone with even a basic idea of evaluation could see the probable development of a God outside of themselves and by placing [him] in the heavens. Ofcourse in these ancient times when humanity had just emerged and were still primarily animal and as instinct would demand, formed tribes, social orders, leaders, etc. including a higheriacey and the necessary obediance to that highericy. it would naturally follow in the formation of a God image the only one the primitive mind could conceive was that of there physical leaders, there king. Simply place [Him] in the sky, Heaven, beyond the reach of any and all earthly mortals. As there king demanded obediance and worship, the bowing down before him so surely the all powerful God would demand the same.

Through the ages there have persons whom recognized and under stood, relative to there time, the truth [we have to watch that word don't we] Many in the East, a few in the west. Spinoza for one and they were persecuted beyond belief.

I see man [humanity] as a whole and at a point its birth and its groth. an a time scale relitive to the earth [our mother] we have growin into an obeast adelisent, just as one indivigual part, one indivigual in its adelisents at this point thinks it is all wise. as an old

I see man [humanity] as a whole and at a point its birth and its growth. on a time scale relative to the earth [our mother] we have grown into an obese adolescent, just as one individual part, one individual in its adolescents at this point thinks it is all wise. as an old

-saying goes, knowing just enough to be dangerous. before, not only the collective body but the individual lies the growing into adulthood, *Maturity*. Along the way there have always been the individuals whom attained maturity, Wisdom, insight. well how about the planet, our mother, our host, if she is also sentient it seems obvious her experience of time is on a much higher [faster] clock. it would seem that she is also in a state of evolution, perhaps even attaining a higher state of consciousness. I will add more to the above concept later, right now another subject has come to mind.

In a conversation a few days ago with a long time acquaintance [friend?] he stated that our visions and convictions were close because we both would have and would do any thing to stay here, which I rebuffed immediately, and even stated that there is actually where he and I see almost the exact opposite. I also know but did not state so to him that I see him and his philosophy as one of the primary causes of our degrading and disintegrating human order, and very little to correct the course. Now to delve into the innards of the above concepts. Hang on as this may get rather long and complex and of course controversial
1/2/97.

Well, Well. Well. Al just came in and is now on the phone and I am hearing a conversation between him and Russ Hoffman. I will record what I am hearing as to what he is planning. Big time development is about to break loose. I must re-group and up-date my philosophy, open myself to all concepts and form a judgment and then "ACT!" or not act. *Serendipity* seems to be becoming more and more the norm. too many things are happening, information presents its self etc. The more I [awaken?], the more I tune myself to God, Self, Nature, Machines, technology, the Universe in general the more common and startling these happenings become. Of course along with the above comes the responsibility to make a decision and to begin to move around in this [for lack of a better word] mystical realm, where at this time I have found no absolutes, no assurances that the decision I make will prove correct, but left with the confident feeling that there are ultimately no wrong decisions, only what ever I do I bear the responsibility, and knowing that the present is an extension of the past and the future is an extension of the present.

Al has bought 2½ acres and the old house built from Tim Mishell for \$100,000.00. He plans on building a lodging type structure with power plant, sewer [septic] system & land scaping and then putting it on the market, Kerkwood being his first prospect. Now basically this is all within keeping with the fact that the Wrangell mountains, Kennecott, McCarthy area is destined to be one of the major tourist attractions in the state of Alaska. Other than through a serious collapse of the USA economy this can not be derailed. [Keep in mind that both the East and Western religion and philosophies is in them selves neither good or evil but both] OK so now how to bring about a harmonic inter play with opposing concepts. [see appendix 1 for a concept of the built in self destruct of western religion and capitalism] From a local level it will appear that it is just business as usual, on the fringes and on the inside the in taking of another form of energy, a new concept of

business [as I move into this we will see that it is not new at all and I have been involved to some degree for 40 years. 1st. an almost infallible word? *"You can have anything you desire if you help enough persons to get what they want!"* Ask self, why do I want it and how do I get it, does it harm any other being? Keep in mind that numbers play a dynamic role in everything, Population included. Again this subject will be delved into in depth in appendix 1. Assuming that the major cause of the world chaos is over human population, then it would seem that the greatest solution would be to reduce the population, however humanity being in general an adolescent and ego dominated it can not see nor act to correct this situation. possibly the planet itself is in the proses of doing just that. However on the other side lets consider that evaluation is an infinite process of change and growth and growth is always at some point a painful process. It is virtually impossible, from our finite point of view of universal and cosmic evaluation to see the consequences of our actions and position. So, as we really had little to do with the human population explosion [pro-creation being a natural process] in our unconscious sleeping state of being because we are still evolving animal dominated by instinct. The western mind has very little control over its-self, especially when we shackle our selves to a belief system out-side of self. *"You do not appease or bargain with God you appease and bargain with man, a king and probably with most forms of intelligences as we know it [human] possabably some animal, probable not machine and certainly not the Absolute"*. The fingers of thought, ideas, information, etc. etc. are so numerous at this point that I can virtually throw the dice and any number [subject] that comes up will fit the discussion. OK here is one. It is generally agreed that the human Brain is a complex electro organic mechanization that is still beyond our comprehension. However in the last approx. 100 years the human brain has succeeded in creating the computer, basically a electro, silicone machine that is based on the human brain. Humanity has done this in say 100 years, not bad considering that it took nature over 1,000,000 through natural evaluation to bring man to this point. I wonder if I should drop the bomb at this point? Hell yes Loy, just be very careful and selective who you let read this discussion. We are going to talk about mind, body & sole. about drugs, drugs in all forms. Indoctrination and belief can be a form of drug, a drug to the mind and the ediction can be as profound as drugs on the body, perhaps even more as all is mind, however here we should attempt to differentiate between mind and brain. Brain, just as all physical being are manifestations of mind, there for brain is a physical model of mind. Through the process of evaluation [time] the physical universe has expanded in quantity, quality and complexity. Conciseness follows in the same pattern. It is simple to see how certain drugs act on the physical, are addictive in various degrees, it is less obvious as to how conciseness is addicted to suggestion, indoctrination & belief. belief being the least obvious but the most profound and addictive and ofcourse the most difficult to break, in this cast one of the strongest bonds is fear. [I quote again. *Fear Not for the Kingdom of Heaven is With in You*] Hold a mirror before you, you are reflected in detail, of cores in reverse. Brain being a manifestation of mind, the master mirror, that contains ALL. The reflectivity of mind onto the screen of brain. The largest % of brain energy is directed at filtering out information that is incomprehensible, apposed to or other wise unacceptable to the present state of, primarily human moires, morals, laws, etc.

Consider humanity as a adolescent child. If you are of western culture in all probability you have introduced your child early on to Santa Clause who becomes very real to the child, you can use that reality to help control the child. ofcourse at a point, an age. the child learns that there is no SantaClause. various degrees of trauma will probably be gone through to mature beyond this belief. Humanity, the child has evolved to the point of breaking into the next octave, the next [higher] state of conciseness, Just as your child goes through trauma, Chaos, etc. so must the whole of humanity, there are no guarantees as to the outcome but evolve we will evolve we must, or perish. I am a panaceasest of paradise and therefor feel that humanity will not parish, but will evolve into the next higher octave,

And now for the sledge hammer.

there is but one God! God is Everything, there is nothing outside of God. I am God, You are God, The tree is God, Etc. Etc. into infinity and from infinity. Before the beginning there was Nothing, The Absolute Void. From the instant that time began, matter began and conciseness began, evolution began. **Evolution.** A process of expansion, and contraction, of change. All the while there is the void, the changeless, that all comes from. Just as the child finely must learn that there is no Santa Close the human child must learn there in no God, that is there is no god that is in the emigre of man. no god that is partial to man. In the so-called holly scriptures there is many words of wisdom, of truths and there are many words of non-wisdom of non-truths, in short the bible was written in part by many very holly & pious and inteligent men and in part by many not very holey, pious and inteligent men, unfortunately the foundation of the holly scriptures, the bible, is based on the master non-truth, The Childish concept of a god in heaven and separate from the rest of materiality and that [he] it, is the creator and master of the universe. there is no master. All is the creator of All in infinite states of being and states of consciousness, infinite states of expansion, and contraction. the state of expansion can best be understood as the positive the yen, the building, the growing, learning, cooperation, **LOVE.** Yang, contraction, The state of tearing apart, contracting. decay. [hate & Greed] these last two are primarily human attributes created by man and there for not necessary, but on the contrary a determent to evolution these are the two sides of the coin and one cannot exist without the other. Now how can we solve this seeming hopeless situation, well actually we can't, but once this truth is realized and fear is overcome then it is a matter of becoming. *Eternal BECOMING!*

I will only open the primary questions and make the primary statements in this chapter and will attempt to present answers, at least in part in proceeding chapters. now that is a frightening thought that there are more chapters to come!

OK so here is a statement with a ? The human mind can be related to a radio transmitter and receiver. any and every thought is broadcast out on the specific wave of the spific brain and any brain that is tuned to that wave will pick up the thought. most thoughts that are broadcast are not only of a very week frequency but very contradictory, as an example a loving thought is followed by a hate thought, one canceling out the other. Pure thoughts, both yen and yang are powerful. it is enteristing to note that the yang, negative is easier to project & act upon taking less if any discipline, to create the yen Love, especially the pure takes considerable discipline. to be continued.

Next statement. Cosmic mind [the mind of God] seeks to manifest all thoughts projected into it. Lucky that 99% of all human thoughts are negated due to un-harmonic contradiction. A bit of an ambiguous thought here, yin, yang, positive, negative, good, evil, harmony, discordant. *Awaken and dance to the perfect light of contradiction*. Can there be harmonic contradiction? Lets look at cooperative competition. it exists in nature. It is man [primarily western] that is out of tune with nature and it is not because of science, technology, the machines, etc.. It is primarily because man set its self above the rest of nature in the eyes of a god created in the image of man. True the intellect of man evolved to a higher [advanced] state of awareness, of conciseness and eventually will transcend into the next dimension, a higher octave. already we have lost much of the natural instinctive sense of the [lower?] animal, I say lost but actually it is only buried undeveloped. The whole man will retain and utilize not only the animal instinctive but the newly acquired self awareness of cosmic mind. something the Tibetan Buddhists had over 3000 years ago. Lets have another look at evolution as a whole and specific the planet Earth, our Mother. As she evolved she brought into being at first relative simple material life forms and through each ages each grew into more and more complex life forms, keep in mind that from the very beginning, from the electron, Adam or what ever the basic building block is it had and has a state of conciseness, relative to its time frame. As Mother Earth evolved life forms on her came into existence and for reasons not wholly understood were eliminated and new life forms began. A quote from Tilhard DeLashardene. *"At this time Humanity is the leading shoot of organic life on planet Earth!"* Note he did not say superior or above only leading. This is obvious, yes leading, The blind leading the blind!

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It seems that all through history there has been a natural law. Perhaps the term law is incorrect, principal might be a better term. *Natural Principals*, because law is too ridge and as evolution certainly is not ridge but flowing so principal seems a better term. To understand [to say understand might better be said to experiance]all of nature in the natural process of evolving it can be viewed as a Dance. The dance of Sheva, the harmonic enerplay of all of nature. I prepose that we as individual parts of the whole, awaken and first become in harmony with our selves, then and then only can we inter into the cosmic dance of Love, of love for everything including self.

The physical universes consists of an infinite display of energy patterns

"Oh God they will is mine, My will is thine". Consider rituals and symbols. A ritual is an exercise, a discipline, a means to an end. The ritual in an awaken state is realized that there is only the present, there for the ritual is in of its self an end. However as the now the present is a results of the past, so the future is the results of the present. at any point in time consciences experience. is the now. Time, Conciseness, evolution is a Trinity and become a whole, an energy pattern and there for complete at any point. All endings are a beginning. All beginning are an ending. As rituals are also with in an evolving whole, a constant field of change then to solidify a ritual is to loose its true energy. Sense we are dealing with primarily un- trained and un-disciplined minds [brains] in a very narrow band of time and constantly being plagued with the human ego, rituals soon become just another drug.

Symbols can be summed up as nothing more than a reminder of a larger and more profound order, and they themselves have No other value.

Where the Hell is Chitina

I will leave the introduction and hopefully the writing of this tale to my brother or a friend so will only try to record some of the experiences as I remember and receive them.

A brief summary of my life leading up to this writing. I have been a batchler, virtual hermit and in a wilderness setting for over 30 years. spending considerable time reading Science, Science Fiction etc. Painting, Playing the trumpet and listening to Classical and Jazz music. 3 years ago I purchased this computer and it has been an up hill swing ever since. Learned some neat things in computing in general and then a few weeks ago a friend sold me on installing a game [DOOM] A real mind blower, I guess I became a DOOM head.

Time slipped by and winter moved in again. I moved up MXY Creek and settled in for the winter, all systems up and running. Probably things would have continued on in a normal pattern if I had not discovered a capsule of pure Sandoss LSD [500mg]. {it had been around for over 30 years} I had become reasonably good in DOOM and was spending considerable time in the tunnels on Mars. I also found myself dreaming tunnel related dreams, some quite vivid. Well I looked at that cap. with a big ? for a few weeks before deciding to find out if it still had any strength and if it had any effect on me when along came one of those days [A "WOW"] day, clear, cold -30 °. 3 ft. of snow, and not a wisper of a breeze, pure silence.

This has to be the day, in went the cap. and the long 60min. wait began. Then the first signs, the tightening of the upper neck and the back of the head, a little nausea but passed quickly and the room became liquid. After playing around an hour or so I decided to turn on the computer. The first thing I noticed was that I had no hesitation in hitting the right keys [I am an amateur computer operator and a slow typist] I then selected DOOM without hesitation. From the moment I booted up the feeling of anticipating and even some fear became apparent but almost no hesitation to select and move.

Upon entering the tunnels of Mars the old familiar acid sensation of actually being in the picture was still a little frightening, but it was easy to move into the by now familiar territory and ready for the first encounter with the baddies, and then there was the first one which I popped off with ease with the pistol and proceeded same as they came after me. this continued on and on, I make only a few mistakes and with ease arrive at an area I had never mastered. I ofcourse by this time have a shotgun and am 100% + in all my systems and deadly in firing. I am elated and feel sure that I will compete this game when I came to a door that instead of the usual tools to pick up before entering there is a hard hat, a carbide lamp, a plastic bottle contained water, & a pocket flask containing carbide. without hesitation I pick up the tools in the usual manner but before entering I hesitate because a very strange sensation came over me and a stream of thoughts, images, sensations, etc. ran rampant through my brain. Finally, after telling myself again that this is only a game and I can hit the kill button at any time, I opened the door and entered, the door closed behind me and it was pitch black NO light, I also realized that I was physically standing there, my hands were empty, no shotgun, I put my hand to my head and there was the hard hat on my head, I felt the carbide lamp on the front so removed it kneeled down coitiously sat the lamp down and felt around and there was a bulge in my coat pockets, which I quickly recognized as the water bottle and the carbide flask [*I will remark here that in 1969 I spent 2 weeks under ground in the Kennicott mine so had much practice in charging, lighting etc. a carbide lamp in complete darkness*] I proceeded to charge the lamp, turned on the water lever and flicked the flint wheel, presto there is light. When I stood up and turning completely around I realized that I was in a solid

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rack tunnel, there was no door behind me, it was obvious that I had one choice only, straight ahead. As I began walking and observing I realized that there were rail tracks, very rusty and pitted, but no sign of wooden ties, however the feeling of fermailerity was strong, after walking a short distance I came upon a grisly [*this is a grated shaft that drops straight down 200' to the next level, a human body can easily fit through these grates. with out a light it would be quite probable one would fall through*]. A couple hundred feet more I come up on an entrance to a shaft that I recognize as an Incline shaft. *These shafts originally had wooden stares down and up*, there again there is no sign of any wood. However I decided to try going up. *an incline shaft is on a 15 to 20° angel*, so walking up or down is relatively easy. I climbed up to the next level but didn't like the looks of that drift so went to the next level and this one looked good I entered the drift and within a few feet entered a large room. Up on walking around I realized that I was in the old dinning room in the Mother Load Mine.

I had the urge to continue exploring when the thought interred my head that I was obviously here physically and feeling a little hungry, also not sure if I could find an exit so headed back out and down the incline and onto the drift I started from, hoping that my sense of direction to be correct I continued walking the same as before. Shortly I came to a water course, clear & cold. I drank my fill which eased the hunger pangs and continued on. I felt sure that I was now in the old Mother Lode ventilation shaft as there were no sign of rail tracks and the tunnel was reduced in size from the standard 7' x 7' to about 6'x 4'. There was no sign of a wooden door at about the distance I figure there should be so continued on. Then came the heart shattering sight in the distance of nothing but solid rock wall, however as I stood there in bewilderment I felt a slight breeze an my face, air was getting in. I continued to approach the end wall and when I was within a few feet I can see a small simi-round jagged opening[*Now the memories flash. In 1969 I was here and just for the adventure of it I interred this opening and was able to crawl out of the tunnel, it was tight!*]. Well there is no food in this tunnel I am sure, so extracting myself is paramount.

A few deep breaths and a prayer to all the Gods I knew and the Dole Lama too I kneeled down and crawled into the opening. It was pitch dark except for my carbide light, which by the way was will into its last charge. Soon the opening expanded enough for me to actually crewel on my hands and knees, and after a short bend I saw a faint light in the distance, I felt elated, but that was short lived because the tunnel began to shrink, & Shrink until I was only able to push myself forward by grasping ahead of me with my fingers and pushing with my feet. *Slow*, my bare hands were getting bloody and in considerable pain. I also realized that there was no way that I could retreat, no possibility of turning around, if the tunnel got much smaller I would be *STUCK*. The only point of encouragement was that the light was now bright enough that I could see with out the lamp. Continuing on inch by inch when I came upon a pointed rock that projected just enough that I could not squeeze by.

Take a break, relax, breath deep and open the mind. Shortly I realized that no mercurials were going to happen, its all up to you, "self"! I felt in my pocket and there is my trusty Swiss Army knife, I wiggle it out, open the main blade and began digging around the damnable stone, slowly I am exposing stone that is tapering off, I'm sure that if my knife and my fingers hold out it will come loose, finely it wiggles and I am reminded of the first loose tooth as a child. finly I lift it out of its hole and realize that the only way to proceed on is to push this rock ahead of me. Zounds and be dambd it doesn't even have a sign of copper or gold, it's a worthless stone. However there

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is a small reward for all this pain and effort, as I am mid way over the cavity from the stone I realize that from all the water I drank back in the tunnel I needed to pee, WOW what a relief and not a drop on me or my cloths.

Inch by Inch I move forward and at last the tunnel begins to expand. I not only can crawl but can see the opening which appears to be large enough to squeeze through. All of this gives me a shot of adrenalin and I briskly crawl out of the tunnel.

Standing up, stretching and looking around I see a beautiful clear day. The sun is high in the sky, and it is quite warm, there is no snow and everything below is many shades of green, It is obviously summer, and I am over heated, so I remove all of my cloths and re-dress in only shirt, pants, socks, [even though they are heavy winter wool] and my mukluks.

Now to proceed down the mountain. I recognize where I am. High up on the Mother Load ridge. Below is McCarthy creek and I see the general terrain, Mountains in the distance and where my cabin is, [Ha]. As I proceed down the steep rocky mountain and come to the brush and tree line it appears normal, heavy brush and tree growth, so it is bush whacking all the way to the creek.

There is no sign of old road, or trails other then the menaderining game trails I encountered on the way down. The creek was semi clear blue-green, it will be easy to cross. All this is evident that it is well into summer, June? I hug the bank, but still have to penetrate heavy brush frequently. I am also encountering Bear shit quite frequently, the ground is too dry to identify bear prints positively. Stay allert, get all senses allertided.

The sun indicates that it [if June] is about 4:00, and I arrive at a ravine, bolder strewn, that for sure is only about 100 yds. from my cabin. The revine is easy to cross, but the brush, mainly willow, and alder is really dense, I also notice that there are many birch, and Spruce trees. My forest has always been heathy and ample but not this dense.

Struggling on I arrive at the spot that has to be my cabin sight. There has been no sign of any trail and now there is no sign of a cabin. I am standing in about the spot that my electric fence should be in, but is now mostly grass and willow, I spontaneously kick around the area and my right foot hits a solid object, I reach down and pick it up. I seems to be a pettrified piece of wood with a grime piece of plastic [lever] sticking out, I push the lever and zap I am standing inside the electric fence and there is my cabin. Hot damn what a hell of a dream I just had.

I inter the cabin and every thing is as I left it, food on the shelves, water in the bucket and there is my computer, and the volt meter indicates that the batteries are up. well I'll boot up later, first some food. The propane hot plate fires up so I start to have a hot ham & cheese sand witch and a cup of coffee when I discover the ham & cheese is nothing but mold & rot, so I have a cup of coffee and some M&Ms Sitting back and contimplating, the thought hits me, It is not winter, but a hot summer day. oviously things are not as they appear to be, the game is not over.

Consoling myself that indeed I am but a player upon the stage of life and not entirely the script writer I will continue the role of seeking, experminating, and experiencing. I step outside, the seen is as it should be so the next thought is to walk down to the air strip and check out my airplane with the idea of flying to McCarthy, pick up a few more supplies and in general get a handle on my situation.

Stepping over to the electric fence I reach for the switch to turn it off so I can crawl through with out getting 1500 Volts zapped through me. I click the switch to off and zapp everything disappears, no fence, no cabin, the willow, alder, Birch and spruce is thick, no trail. Up on

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looking down I see the stone that contains the switch, I pick it up, click it and there is fence, house and all, but I am still on the inside. If I leave the fence on will every thing remain? The only way to find out is to go through, or over the fence still charged. Over is the only viable approach and not too difficult to figure out. There is a tree just outside the fence, so I place a ladder to span the fence leaning against the tree, in a jiffy I am out.

A number of possibilities enter my mind, one is what would happen if I switched off the fence from out here? I conceal that one for the fear that I would be standing on the outside and as the switch is on the inside I would be in one time and my hand in another, so go for the trail leading down river. 200 yds. and there is my airplane, not as I left it but high upon the bank amongst trees and willows with its wings folded, however it was winter when I left it and 3' of snow so the plane was and still is on skies. Yes Buddha it seems true that God can be some what of prankster. OK, as Girdjeff and Aldous Huxley both suggested, Don't take anything too seriously, "Everything is possible, nothing can be proven".

So it is off over land, down the trail as it is, crossing the creek numerous times for 13 miles and hopping that McCarthy is there. I did put a couple of candy bars [condy seemed ok] in a day pack I always put on no matter where I go and sling my rifle over my shoulder, but as I progress I realize that the berries are numerous so food is no problem, bears?

A hundred yds. to the first crossing and I see that my high water river crossing ropes are in place. I cross easily just wadding as the creek is low, clear & blue green, the next crossing is deeper but the day is hot [probably around 85°] so I just remove my pants and go for it, my shoes will soon dry out. up the steep hill on what used to be a road, now just a trail and as I crest the top the trail has overgrown to the point it is difficult to be sure that it is indeed the trail, this however is as it was last summer? Except for the skies on the airplane things appear to be correct. My progress is slow as bush-whacking with no tools, stopping to pick berries, & crossing the creek the sun is low in the sky, but no problem as this time of year it won't set until 10:00 P.M. or so I hope.

At last I'm at the first cabin [abandoned] 5mi. and just completed the two most difficult crossings and all looks proper, after 2 more crossing the trail is once again road like I am breezing along easily, and there is 1-mi. and another cabin, I hope that the occupant is there because he makes fine tea and conversation. No it is locked and bear proofed.

Upon entering the tower I find myself in an eminence empty room except for the circle of light, bear pauses a moment and then walks directly to the light, stops, turns and gives me the now familiar come on nod and steps inside the circle of light, I step forward and can see bear standing inside the light and he too is glowing. again as I move forward I think, what have I got to loose. I step inside the circle and as I approach bear he vanishes, I am now alone, bathed in light, which I realize is actually 3 distinct color bands, 1 red 1 white and 1 blue and the Mahler phrase continues, each time with the same seven [7] notes but in a different key [there seems to be some interesting symbolism here.] It has the sound of a full orchestra. I am completely aware of myself standing here and these thoughts are clear, there is no fear, no panic, no anticipation, no desire. there is just me here and now experiencing self, light, & sound. I feel as if my mind is completely relaxed, open and ready to receive any thing presented to it. I am completely absorbed in observing thoughts as presented, holding them only briefly and releasing them and another one appears, a steady stream until at a point I think I am dreaming and in a moment I will wake up. However at this point the entire room outside the circle suddenly is filled with dots of light, there is a pause and my mind interprets this as representing the first energy patterns forming that which will set the coding to form molecules, then cells and finely organic life. then the dots become individually colored, there must be millions of them each a color of the rainbow, [7] the dots begin to shimmer [vibrate] and they move down and form a singular layer covering the entire floor, organic life. they now begin to take on individual shapes of infinite verity with very little interval between changes, but my mind is perceiving and interpreting clearly. I am witnessing the evolution of life. Now the dots begin to take on animal forms from one to another, and suddenly everything freezes and among the numerous shaped there is the distinct bear shapes. now the shimmering begins again and suddenly there is a human form. it begins to multiply in many colors, first the multiplying is slow and then begins to increase at a steady pace, I am aware that all other life forms ebb and tide always leaving room for others. The human form continues to multiply, it is pushing all other life forms into more and more confined ares. now there is a film of human forms covering the entire floor and has taken on basically a single shade, an indistinct color, intermingled with some very bright, shimmering, vibrating human forms and freezes again. The bright forms are many combinations of the 7 color spectrum and some of pure white. Now all goes into motion again and the bright forms move in, around & amongst the mass, in doing so many of the bland shapes take on a bright color, the number of bright colors is increasing, but still only a few white. however the number of bland shapes is also still increasing. all freezes again and now I see something that I'm sure has been there for some time. within the most sparsely populated groupes of human form there are small geometric shapes, my mind interprets these as machines, they seem to be attached to individual humans. as motion continues I see that there is obviously a struggle going on between many of the bland humans and the machines, it is also obvious that there is no struggle between the brightly colored humans and the machines, enfact I see that many of them have merged and it is hard to tell if they are geometric or human forms.

All has frozen and I study the static display at length and am sure that I am seeing evolution at the point that I entered the caves of Doom. Now everything vanishes and a globe appears, it is planet earth. The planet is covered with Green vegetation, blue water dotted with brown and other dark blotches, many points where steam is ejected and numerous points of fire shooting forth. Motion is taking place in numerous areas, mostly in the green, shortly I recognize the shapes as Dinosaurs. Now high in the right hand corner of the heavens appears a single red dot and it is moving towards earth. Well this is quite obvious, there is a meatier approaching the planet, I know what is about to happen and soon it does, there is a collision and every thing turns to cloud and a moment later all vanishes and all is silent, the music has ceased and there is no odor. I feel deep sadness, the same as I have felt at a funeral and I am weeping. organic life on planet earth is for all practical purposes dead. earth appears again. Now it is like watching a movie turned from slow to fast motion. It seems that the planet is re-creating all organic life. first I see the seas are turning blue again, and for some time that is the most conspicuous change partly because the entire planet is shrouded in a fog that only the seas show through. now the fog is diminishing and there are growing patches of green, then again patches of dots of color. This continues to the point that earth was at when I entered the caves of Doom, except I am seeing it from my position as the ball [the whole] of the planet earth. frozen again and it seems to be an extended freeze so I can observe in detail and also I become aware of myself observing and experiencing, I also realize that I have been standing for, wow, how long and not the least bit tired. I feel as though I have been here for ever and can continue to be here in to eternity. there is still only the one emotion, that of experiencing the events I am seeing, and I must add hearing and smelling for the symphony and that odor has returned and basically un- changed.

Motion begins again and for a brief moment there is a flash, the music stops, the odor is still there. the human forms are in a state of agitation and obvious confusion. now I see that the human forms are diminishing, shortly there are more and more human forms in close proximity to the machines and more of them are now of bright colors. finally there are only patches of human forms, the other life forms are now spread over the planet which is very green, the seas are very blue, and now the symphony is the 4th movement of Mahlers 9th Symphony and is coming out of the planet its self. tears come again to my eyes but this time they are tears of joy. I feel the urge to step up and take the planet into my arms, an embrace of love, but at the same time I feel the planet extending its self to me in an embrace of love. and another freeze.

When motion starts again I immediately see a bright dot in the right hand corner of the projection., and I think oh shit not again but as it moves toward the planet I see action among the humans and the machines. there are accessional streaks of light leaving the planet and disappearing and the incoming dot continues at a collision trajectory when suddenly there is one very bright streak of light shooting out from planet earth heading directly toward the incoming dot. there is contact, a tremendous flash and when all clears the dot is now heading at an angle that will clearly miss earth.

Now the Symphony has changed to the 4th movement of Mahlers 5th Symphony.

All three of my senses are alert and I feel as if I could float and find my place on planet earth, but now the ball of the planet vanishes and again is in front of me and surrounding me. I am standing inside the circle of light and there is bear outside the circle and he gives me the come on nod, I step out and bear moves to a corner of the room and there appears a door, I follow and the door opens, we step in the door closes, I am standing beside bear and the room [an elevator] moves upward, I have the urge to touch bear so I place my right hand on his head, he turns and lightly leans against me. as I stroke his head I hear a low gentle sound coming from him and I notice that bear odor is not unpleasant. the elevator stops, the door opens and we step out into a round pyramid of a room about 25' across and 50' high to its point, now bear simply lays down, head resting on front paws, and a pleasant mellow voice coming from no where but every where says "Welcome to the year 9893 by your time reckoning. A chair appears and voice says If you wish you may be seated which I do and chair adjusts itself to my body. voice says you have shown love for bear and he is honored and has requested to continue to be your guide for the remainder of your tour and acquisition of information, and I say by all means yes. bear turns his head and nods and yes he smiles. Voice continues by saying the next session will be by mental projection, all you need do is remain awake and receptive, if per chance you become drowsy or otherwise un-attentive please state so and it will be a simple matter to allow you to rest, you will find that chair will accommodate you. I notice that bear seems to be dozing. now images began to appear in my mind. first they appear just as normal thoughts, I am a human male being etc. then I think what are these towers and the answer is immediately in my mind as if I had always known, and in addition voice states "The towers are the components of a computer, you are in the mother board, so to speak". Now I understand what is going on so I enter into a conversation with voice but it is the same as a conversation with myself with the added link to the outer self. I am virtually downloading from cosmic mind through the computer to my brain and I wonder if I can handle it, there is a moment of near panic mostly because I am experiencing thoughts as real objects which means that if I think it, it could be manifested immediately. My mind deals with the possibilities here but immediately think, No, Self don't be tempted to Fall into the pit of power and ego [just the facts Self, just the facts, information] I know how to slow thoughts, to virtually stop thoughts for very brief periods of time. Do that now Self. now slowly re-open the thought process first by being aware only of self, disciplined thought control is paramount here, I will not experiment. [I remember an old Russian disciplined. sit and do not think of a white bear!] at this point I only want to know the basics so my next question is why was I chosen for this experience? and there it is, a statement I made in the 20th century. *"There are no chosen ones, There are only those who choose"* Seek and you shall find. So all those years of meditations, disciplines and always a positive movement forward with very little attachment to the past has led me here and I realize that the same attitude will continue my journey forward and if I so choose in reverse. Conciousness and experience can go forward or backward.

the music and now vision has also become united with sound and smell. I am one complete whole, all three senses united, also now mind body and soul are one and I realize that my question has been answered. Humanity has evolved to the Omega point of Perrie Dilhards vision. the 5th dimension, perhaps 6th of Gurdgeff and Ouspenski and yes Me.

I now know exactly what to do so I step out of the circle and bear stands up on all fours and extends his right paw, palm up to me and as I lay my hand in his great paw I think, I sure am glade he offered his paw and not a bear hug. There is a low growl and my mind interrupt it as follow me brother. we step into the elevator and it whisks to the bottom we step out into the vast room, there is the band of colored light and standing a few feet away are 4 shimmering glowing forms, human. each with a broad smile on its face, I say *its* face only briefly because almost immediately I sense them as 2 females and 2 males. visually I see little difference but the presents of two distinct sexes is positive mentally and there are two distinct odor, 1 female and one male.

Bear walks up to them and each one gives him a caress on the head and he nods to each, then he turns to me so I walk up and caress his head and he nods then stands up on his hind legs and emits a long deep growl, his nose pointing straight up and all human heads nod yes and I interrupt bears growl as an old Indian phrase, "Chanan Nageletanee" [*Thanks to the Great Ali*].

Bear drops to all 4s beside me and the 4 assembles around me, each with one hand on me and one hand on bear and the instant they touch me I feel a wave of energy, I am glowing just as the 4 are and bear is also. now one of the males thoughts enters my mind, it is the same as speaking but is impressed directly into me and at the same time I enter his mind. at first he explains that they will open then selves to me very gradually and in small encriments as to see them in there entirety un prepared would beyond my ability to handle, very dangerous indeed. this is being impressed upon me and as it is happening each step seems as if I had always known the information and there is no confusion, understanding is complete.

gradually the other 3 inter our conversation, I say conversation because at this point I am responding with not only acknowledgment but with statements of my own, statements is the proper word here because we are 6 individual interpreters of all that is transpiring. Now I understand the importance of bear as a member of our grope. he is the evolutionarily link, modifying, and animal interpretation for the 4 to use, there pure thoughts are basically of 5th dimension and it has taken them 180,000 years from my 20th century to evolve to this point. they are incomprehensible to me and it would be very trying and difficult for both of us with out bear as a link.

Now bear is my subject and again it is as if I am remembering something that I know so I adjust chair for a lay back day dream type of memory session. I pass through a number of incidences, encounters and observations with Grizzle Bears in my past in the 20th. and at that time I was aware of the fact that Grizzly Bears exhibited an numerous accession there ability to think, analyze, and make a decision through there observations and then to act lightening fast upon there decisions, next I am observing the planet at its peak in human population and see G. Bears doing many things closely

related to human type responses to the enroachment on territory. then as the human population continues to decrease I see G. Bear an numerous accessions in close approximity and apparently non-aggressive towards humans. as the humans further decrease to inhabiting only a small number of locations G. Bear is increasing but remaining in small gropes they are not forming communities, but have developed there natural telepathic and other animal Sciences and instincts, the mind link between the humans and G. Bear is strong, I also see that they are also in communication with another species and sense it to be from the seas [Porpoises and Whales?] I relax and dwell on the visions I have just experienced and a quick review reveals that in the time of the sharp human decline there was a presents of mind not of this planet, and the thought accrued, Cosmic interference or Assistance? I understand that all material creation is sentient with in its individual time, consciousness state, therefor creating virtually infinite states of conciseness and relative individual experiences of self and of its surrounding [outside] environment all within the velocity of its time sense. Now I understand that at times individuals seek the assistance of there neighbors. The time has arrived in the 20th century for the planet earth to seek assistance from a neighbor. Now the earth quakes, the volcanos, the viruses, the virtual madness of large numbers of humanity and the primary purpose is to reduce the human population. atlast it is time to assist other evolving beings that have naturally risen to a certain degree of awareness to make a quantum leap in self awareness [a repeat of the ancient ape into the human] mow it is G. Bear. Kobuck and Clarks 2001 Monolith. the Porpoises and whales arrived to an extremely high state purely on there own. A select number of G. Bears received at certain time and simultaneously a certain brain up grade, a gen. or however you choose to see it, and one morning woke up and said to its self, I am. after reflecting upon that for a period stood up and reflected up on its surroundings and from that point on they were aware of there actions. a few generations and a large percentage of the G. Bear population had inherited this awakening and continued to develop there natural animal instincts along with there new awareness and very shortly began to gravitate more and more to a mental communication with humans but never developed the false ego of humanity, nor the erroneous idea that they were the masters of life on the planet and as mentioned before as they did not possess a dexterous hand and thumb never invented machines.

To open a dialog to solutions to the questions that the dialog with self opened [if you haven't read this you lack the fundamental basics for the next phase] I will begin by looking at the present order of the, 1- mother earth, 2- organic life, 3- animal life and 4- humanity. Actually I'll start with humanity as here lies within the major so called fly in the ointment, namely the natural laws. First however I will attempt to find a reason for a break down in communication between individuals. #1 is lack of understanding and I must go into detail here as this is a major breakdown and at the very beginning. revolutionary, evolutionary ideas are rarely accepted by the status quo, and rarely by individuals of higher education, and rarer still by the political mind, therefore it seems to me that the best way to present an idea [especially new and or revolutionarily] the concept should be laid out in its basic, perhaps un-refined form, and as yet uninhibited by potentially opposing concepts. after and only after the basic or general concept has been presented then it is time for debate, the presenting of opposition, a discussion. Listen to and witness our politicians, the town meetings and most of all personal conversations and it is easy to see that in general a revolutionary concept is pounced upon well before the whole idea is presented, generally with the statement that. don't lecture to me and that our ideas are of equal value and listening time. ok, consider that the concept I am referring to be revolutionarily, then they are not and can not be intelligently comprehended until it has been properly presented, without the shredding, the leading into false branches and never viewing the whole idea in purity there for unable to discuss it from its intrinsic value. Rejection, modification, compromise, & etc. should come from an informed mind. progress will be made.

I will open a whole new dialogue with self in attempting to forge the outline of possible answer to the questions presented before. I have been a salesman for over 40 years. many training sessions from many organizations, companies, and persons, plus experience. In general a salesman finds a product that he [she] can identify with. I believe without exception that to sell anything there needs to be an enthusiasm, a confidence in the product, [idea or whatever] in general a salesman will learn a sales presentation pertaining to the specific product, or idea, next find a person or persons that will be receptive to the sales presentation. in other words will listen to the merits of the product, idea. There are many inter related observations, and judgments involved in presenting a successful presentation, the one constant is to make a complete presentation that will give the listener a concise picture of the product, here is where an idea becomes more difficult as it is harder to present a picture of an abstract and especially as stated before that the listener has preconceived ideas he or she is not willing to modify, or give up. and as the probability in presenting a new, or revolutionary concept early the listener recognizes the infringements upon the preconceived and begins defending them long before the presentation is completed therefore fragmenting the presentation rendering it incomplete, therefore arguments are based on lack of information, or understanding. In seeking solutions to the human condition in general, surely it will be necessary to look deep into our past and trace humanity through its evolutionary stages, at the same time seeking new information and ideas regarding our environment, both outwardly and inwardly. This is an on going process as evolution demands that change is taking place at every moment on an

infinite stage of time and consciousness. At this moment let's pretend that we have looked

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into the past in a sufficient degree to have a general concept of our evolutionary past. The only thing we can be [relative] certain of is that we are here, NOW. and even that can be questioned, however to continue our play we will assume that indeed we are here. I can feel myself, I can stand aside and look at self, and I can separate self from the [seeming] outside. from this point of self observation, [awakened] it only takes a moment to realize that the separation is only self imposed, imaginary, that in reality we are attached in a startling degree to the outside. it becomes obvious that we in our sleeping state are being constantly maneuvered by outside forces. Is it possible to become free of outside forces? Yes and No! It is however possible to become in *tune* with nature, the universal energizes, in tune on an ascending and descending scale. it will be necessary to become detached from all forces, material and spiritual, "*I am.*" nothing more, nothing less. it is not necessary to justify my existence. upon achieving this state it is now possible to find your pattern, your energy level, to create your visions and to act. At this point you realize that you and you alone are responsible for your actions. Now this can be frightening.

OK now we have a fair idea of who and what we are so we should be able to see the world around us in an objective and subjective light, and since we have no fear and have relinquished all attachments we should see possible solutions. let's get Politics and government out of the way first off. All Politicians are swine, hit them in the nose with a stick. Seriously though the solution is simple and as with many simplicities there lies within the complexity. Within our constitution and bill of rights is given the majority the rule and the right to elect our representative. then Simply VOTE. vote for the one most appealing to you.

So now we know how to change government. Now how do we change our environment? you don't. you can only change yourself, if self is in tune with the greater whole, Mother earth, etc. then be assured the greater whole will and is changing and we are a part of that whole and there for in a constant state of change. Look closely at self, are you a positive energy force, one of Love, of attraction, or are you one of negative force, hate, un-harmonic, breaking apart? The outside world will return to you that which you project. it is your choice to live in either paradise, purgatory or hell. Now I can applaud not only with *both hands clapping but also with one hand clapping!* END OF LECTURE.

Loy Green

McCarthy Alaska, USA

Planet Earth

Milky Way Galaxy

Local Universe

Our position in the Physical Universe

If indeed this physical universe is expanding then surely our position in this universe is in a state of change also there for if for no other reason then distance, the energy relationship is changing, therefor our conscious experience of the physical world, universe is in a state of change. I have spoken of truth! Truth is relative! this becomes obvious upon the realization of the above statement concerning expansion. Nothing is static, true the expansion is slow relative to the human conscious time experience. however mind [brain] can go back in time via memory in a flash and completely disregard the actual time laps, therefor mistaking past truths for present truths.

I have no problem accepting probability as a truth, so will therefor attempt to visualize present truth as an outgrowth from past truth arrived at via the many fingered path of probability and there by experiencing present truth through expanded intellect, observation and information, both personal and collective.

A few Quotes by Me.

Consciousness is experiencing events with-in a time frame.

The Essence of Consciousness is the Absolute Void.

The Void! The only Absolute Infinity.

Appendix-2

Sole, Body, Death, Dreams and Material reality

Sole alone could take a whole book and still have only a concept so I'll condense it to a point of comprehension and possibility.

Perhaps, as sole is probability the essence of material self then material self is a material manifestation of sole. here we arrive back to the primary question. What is sole? OK consider that all material creation is ascending and or descending, expanded and or contracting. As stated in appendix-1 the only absolute infinity is the void, and as the void is without matter, time and a consciences with in a time frame then material minds unable to comprehend the void, hides infinity. that being so for the sake of developing a concept of material infinity, we will not concern ourselves [at this point] with the void, and will there for consider infinity from our finite mind. OK back to sole. Here dreams may offer us a clue. Up on entering into the dream state, primarily the physical body is asleep, out of the way. now brain, [which is also a physical manisefitation of cosmic mind, God] now brain is free to create magnifications with *manifestation* sole, always remaining attached to body so that the dream expectance is in atleast to some degree comprehensible to brain, in fact brain is reacting to body memory and to some degree present body functions.[aliabet much outside self] here brain in unification with sole is free to create virtually anything within a conscious time frame. Consider that in a realistic dream you are experiencing mater, things, objects, persons. as long as you remain in the sleeping state this materiality, etc. is real. upon awaking, memory remains for short time [relative to the intensity of the dream] and then fades. If sole is an idea projected from the over all cosmic mind God then we can consider it as the second cause of self. Lets jump right into the obissey. starting from the void,no mater, no material consciences. 1st the idea, still within the void, next the manifestation of mater and material consciousness and time [the big bang?] Within the void Mater, time, consciences [from now on MTC] comes into being

Sunday, February 15, 1998

To whom it may concern.

In 1978⁰ Bernd Hoffman and my self, Loy Green started the McCarthy Kennicott Museum. it is housed in the building provided by me and supplied with historical items collected by Bernd. The photos in particular represent years of effort and dedicated research etc. The mission was and is to collect, preserve and display the history of McCarthy and Kennicott, focusing primarily on the Kennicott mines and the company.

I would like to bring to the attention of All who are interested in the area the significance that the discovery of copper in this section of the Wrangell Mountains played in the over all development of Alaska but also played a role on the entire world. The story of Kennicott is from beginning to [end?] a dynamic tale well worth preserving. This is evident not only from my point of view but obviously the Park Service as well.

Where we stand now is the Museum is opened from May to Oct. for the public, we have as one of our members a man by the name of Ronald Simpson. Mr. Simpson [Ron] has dedicated a significant part of his time and resources to the acquisition of vast amounts of historical records, maps charts etc. Ron has also, with the assistance of an organization of skilled artists and technicians in developing Dioramas of the Bananza mine and a great portion of the town of Kennicott. However many of the buildings, including the mill was a product of Ron and his father.

The point is, I am presenting this information to all interested parties & persons because I believe to recognize Mr. Ronald Simpson and his achievements is of Paramount value. We have at our finger tips the material to do on a grand scale the basic mission of the museum. as to the museums role if any that will be decided by the board of directors.

Loy Green Vice President McCarthy Kennicott Museum.

Tuesday, June 30, 1998

A Brief History of The Museum and my roll

In 1976 Wesley Jack gave me [in writing] his permission to live in the old depot building indefinitely in return to 1st paint the building, which I did and to maintain the structure.

In Bernd Hofmann and myself conceived the idea of a museum to preserve the numerous photos and artifacts he had collected. Where to house it? The building I am living in would be ideal. Next, to convince Wealey Jack that the museum would be a non profit organization. after 4 meetings with him in Anchorage and a signed agreements he issued us a deed to the building.

Until 4 years ago I lived in, what is now the reading room and displayed and sold my paintings in the now McCarthy room. 4 years ago we began a caretaker system and I moved out. from that time to the present I as Vice President has taken on the obligation of director of the museum on a voluntary bases. up on accession I have received financial assistance on museum business.

Loy Green Vice President