

(From: Magi Titmus)

Anderson, California
July 11, 1960

Dear John,

As usual I am elected to write to you. Some of these chores I enjoy not a bit, however, with a glance at the past and the interesting answers we have received from you in mind, I seem to not mind this particular one. Bob is in his usual state of disliking any form of communication with the exception of the toe to toe variety. He has instructed me to tell you he did not find your good right arm now any belonging except one grimy towel which he is tenderly storing for you. Seems there are some reminders of your having been with the Expedition During one of his trips to the woods he hiked some six miles in to explore something and planned to camp the night out of the rain and be cozy and warm sheltered by a plastic tarp, which turned out to be a better seive than a shelter when put into use. Bob determined, after inspecting the thing, that you had walked about on it with your dear old caulk boots. He called you everything but a gentleman and then sat down and had a good laugh. Even with all of the complaints, which are so normal with Titmus, he insists he would rather be with you in the woods than any of the others he has hunted with. That, Mr. Green, is a compliment.

I have now delivered all of the messages I was told to so actually I should terminate this effort. Being a female I won't you know. I have a head full of things I'd like to put on paper for someone to read and it may as well be you.

Actually there isn't too much in the way of a success story to relate. Since you were here there have been no sightings, that we have heard of. Bob hasn't been able to spend too much time out since. Any other persons he has had have been the usual 'poop outs' and spend their time in camp or just don't show up for the hunting. He did spend a couple of weeks the first part of May and we were favored by a visit from the great white father. Tom brot a fellow from the Bay Area with him and arrived here by plane one Saturday morning. Bob was in the woods and I hadn't been able to contact him to tell him about the arrival so I met the plane and took a chance on finding him after having made numerous 'phone calls to the haunts such as Wyatts and Ernies Cafe and etc. Fortunately Bob had intended coming out that weekend so we met him at Hoopa and returned to the Bluff Creek area for the remainder of the week end. Really had a nice camp out and Tom's guest turned out to be a charming fellow. The day before had been Tom's birthday and the day they arrived was mine so we did a bit of celebrating and enjoyed the whole thing. Of course it was the usual deciding to set up several camps and really go into a large scale hunt, just one thing wrong, no money and no volunteers.

At the time of the aforementioned visit we were assured by Tom that Peter Byrne would be with us soon and then things would really get moving. He arrived and they haven't. About six weeks ago we had numerous 'phone calls all the way from L.A. up to Carmel and then from San Francisco to Anderson over a period of several days telling us that he would arrive any hour. At long last a call from Anderson - he had arrived by jeep and the thing had refused to function so would someone pick him up. Bob left looking for him and finally spotted someone walking along the road and determined it must be he. It was and Bob brot him home, we had invited him to be a house guest.

Mr. Byrne turned out to be an extremely handsome fellow with a very b-r-o-a-d english accent and a snob of the first water. I tried being as gracious as is possible and was most happy when Bob prevailed upon him to leave for the woods. Nope. I have not invited him to return.

Bob thot it might be nice to introduce him to the others who had been active in the Expedition and some of the natives and then take off for the tall and uncut, however, Peter had other ideas. He stayed at Motels and seemed more interested in writing reports and letters than any other item on the agenda. Oh yes, and 'phone calls to persons in Chicago and else where at some distance. We did find that he was making a pitch to be invited on the Hillary expedition and asked Bob for \$500 in case he wanted to make a trip to Chicago for an interview. In fact I had the pleasure of arranging his trip and purchasing his ticket, which was later turned in unused. Shortly after he and Bob were on their way Peter told Bob that he was now the deputy leader and would give all and any orders and arrange trips etc. Needless to say there has been not one night spent out nor has there been any constructive work done by him. He hired a college kid, some relative of Gerald Crews, and from information I can glean, now has a lackey. He has rented a house at Salyer and because the jeep seemed unreliable (it is a new jeep loaned by a friend of Tom's) he bot a 1959 Ford station wagon with Expedition money and in his own name. He is a mess and a boore and a freeloader and I can well understand why the Snowman expedition was such a flop with him in the leaders seat.

When Bob reads this he may blow his stack but all of these details and many more are the sorry facts and I see no reason for keeping them secret. Oh yes, for what it is worth, I resigned my post as volunteer sec'y., bookkeeper, handyman and dish washer, also hostess.

We have had word during the past few days that Tom and his brother-in-law and five kids are arriving Thursday of this next week for a weeks vacation and would Bob please arrange everything for their stay. Tom called and wants Bob to go up with them and camp for as long as -he can be away from business, he also wants to go over the financial accounts. I am very pleased to say the accounts are in excellent shape and there are receipts for everything. What a mess. I can't decide whether it might be a good idea for Bob to tell Mr. Slick where to go or to just hang on and see what transpires. Maybe Peter will hang himself.

About two weeks ago we had word there were some tracks made one night right thru the camp of a Dr. and his party whom Bob knows. Peter went to investigate and decided it was a hoax so wrote the Humbolt Times to that effect. Bob made a trip up and found that Peter hadn't been at the right location and there were tracks visable even after that llength of time. Bob called the Dr. and verified the tale. Guess that is the only time there have been fresh track seen recently.

We are enclosing a contract which was sent from the office at San Antonio with a request to have you sign it and return same to us. Bob says he is sort of at a loss for the reason and that he hasn't read the thing thoroughly so doesn't know whether it is just the same as the old one.

Pat is logging full time now and John McTague is in Utah and Gerald Crew is doing his bit saving souls but not much else.

In case you might be interested; by family of puppies are flourishing. Have sold some of them and am probably going to have to come down on price unless I want to keep them until they are dogs. Have one little prize I intend placing in show this fall. I'll sell you a girl for fifty dollars today.