

Mr. Duane Howard and the Dinwoody Ink Wells Hike

**Story assembled by Charly Bullock
with major contributions from
Jerry Mohrlang, Errol Rowland, and Bill Warnock
with statements taken from the Fremont County Coroner's Inquest**

Mr. Duane Howard was hired as the new Civics and American Problems teacher at Loveland High School in January 1960. He was hired during the middle of the year after another teacher, Mr. Gordon Tegnell, resigned. Students enjoyed Mr. Howard's classes since he was very enthusiastic about his subject matter. He made government and politics come alive for the students. As Jerry Mohrlang recalls, "He had a quirky and humorous side to him which was evidenced by his display of various model aircraft and cotton suspended from the ceiling of his classroom and the various conversations he had with a few of us following class."

When I visited with former classmate Bill Warnock at his home near West Yellowstone, Montana, in 2015, he told me that Mr. Howard had finished his master's degree in sociology at Colorado University, dealing with some aspect of witchcraft. Bill later wrote: "Mr. Howard was a very animated and entertaining teacher, and very unorthodox. He had one class doing practically nothing but making model airplanes, which were hanging from the ceiling of our classroom. (I remember Principal Harold Ferguson coming in one day and casting a quizzical look up at them.) He had us begin our class each day by blowing a trumpet and parting the curtains from in front of a portrait of Teddy Roosevelt, 'our hero and inspiration.' One subject he had us study was the occult. I was chair of the Werewolf and Vampire Committee, and I remember ouija boards and a seance at the public library one evening."

Mr. Howard and I spent some time outside of school with each other. I went to his home a couple of times and met his wife, Sherry, and their dog, Heathcliff. Sherry worked as a secretary for Ivan Harris, the father of one of our younger schoolmates, and owner of Reliable Electric. I didn't know it at the time, but Sherry was pregnant. Mr. Howard came to my house a few times to play ping-pong. We also went swimming in Lake Loveland.

At the end of the school year, I talked to Mr. Howard about the work I did the previous summer at the pottery factory and how much I enjoyed working there. I told him that Mr. Leland Houston owned the factory, and that he was the father of one of my classmates. I said that Mr. Houston was a good person to work for. I told Mr. Howard about my plans to go back to work at the pottery factory for the coming summer.

Mr. Howard indicated that he was hoping to find a summer job and asked me if there were any other openings at the pottery factory. I offered to ask for him and put in a good word. We were both pleased when he was hired. Errol Rowland was also hired by Mr. Huston. Errol, Mr. Howard and I worked together at the factory's shipping department located downtown at 139 East 5th Street. I was occasionally assigned to the pottery factory located west of Loveland on Highway 34 (3815 West Eisenhower Blvd.)



Downtown shipping location



Pottery factory on Highway 34

Along with packing pottery to be shipped to customers, Mr. Kelly, one of the managers of the pottery factory, taught us how to do silk screening. We silk screened wall signs and tabletop advertisements for the display room. Errol and I enjoyed working with Mr. Howard.

The worst part of working that summer for me was spending a couple of weeks repainting the huge highway sign in front of the factory on Highway 34. It was higher than the building, sitting atop massive metal poles. I had to use an extremely long and wobbly extension ladder to reach the top, and I found it to be an unnerving job, especially on windy days.



*The building that was formerly the Rocky Mountain Pottery Factory.
This is the sign that I had to paint*

One day Mr. Howard asked me to go with him to the Loveland Community Building during our lunch break to attend a gun show. A *Loveland Reporter Herald* newspaper photographer was there and our photo appeared in the newspaper.



*Mr. Howard and I are standing in the rear, to the left of the white center pillar.
I have on a short sleeve white shirt with a dark collar.
Mr. Howard is to my left.*

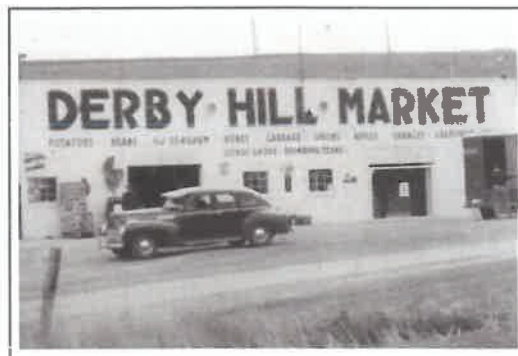
We had a fun time working together and telling jokes and stories. We three enjoyed camping and hiking and talked about some of the camp sites we liked. Mr. Howard talked about the cold weather training he received in the Wind River Range in Wyoming while in the military (Army 10th Infantry Division, aka 10th Mountain Division) in preparation for his serving in Korea. The winter mountain training in Wyoming was described on the Internet as “operations in glaciated mountainous areas and an indoctrination into life in a primitive area.” The more we talked about the outdoors, the more we became interested in going camping before school started. Since Mr. Howard was familiar with the area, we decided to head to Gannett Peak, Wyoming’s highest mountain (13,804 feet), located in the Wind River Mountain Range. Mr. Howard suggested that the Ink Wells Lakes, located a little over 8 miles from the trailhead, would be a great place to camp and fish.

Four other students were invited to join in the hike. They were Jerry Mohrlang, Carl Pomranka, Bill Warnock and Tim Zeiler. Jerry, Carl, Bill and Tim had just graduated and would be heading off to college (Carl to Amherst College in Massachusetts; Jerry, Bill and Tim to the University of Colorado in Boulder), while Errol and I would be seniors the coming year. We all thought it would be a grand adventure before going back to school. Recently, Errol wondered how our group was selected. As he observed, "Everyone knew each other but from what I knew, few were close friends. Charly and Bill were friends of mine, and I played sports with Jerry, Carl and Tim but did not know them well." I suspect that Mr. Howard may have suggested some of his favorite students.

Coroner's Inquest Question: Did Mr. Howard arrange the trip up there for you boys?

Carl's Inquest Response: Well, mostly. I talked to Jerry Mohrlang, and he first told me about it. I think we arranged it pretty much ourselves.

Bill was working at W&T pharmacy located in downtown Loveland at the corner of 4th Street and Cleveland Avenue for the summer. Jerry worked at the Derby Hill Market south of Loveland on Highway 287. Tim worked on his dad's farm, the Carl Zeiler Farm, located east of Loveland.



Building that had been W&T Pharmacy and early day picture of Derby Hill Market

I wrote a letter to the Dubois Chamber of Commerce saying that we were members of the CWM Explorers Club and wanted information about entering the Gannett Peak and Dinwoody Wilderness Area for camping and fishing. I made up the name of our group — the CWM stood for Colorado and Wyoming Mountains. The secretary of the Dubois Chamber of Commerce wrote back informing me that Bill Scott, a rancher from the Dinwoody area, would meet us at the Dubois drugstore on Sunday, August 21, and give us directions and information.

I kept a brief journal on small pieces of scrap paper during our excursion. In reading over my notes, I see that we gave very little attention to the guidelines of hiking in a wilderness area, such as staying together as a group and obtaining proper supplies and equipment. On reflection, Jerry said, “I don’t think we spent much time prior to the trip really organizing our gear or food as a group.” Several of us had been Boy Scouts and should have heeded the Boy Scout motto, “Be prepared.” Errol recalls that we ordered dehydrated food from an outfitter in Boston. Bill remembers that we bought pith helmets. Errol commented, “We all got safari khaki hard hats with mosquito netting, and I stenciled each of our names on the hats.” Jerry wrote, “I recall that some, if not all of us, bought pith helmets to augment our CWM personas. Naturally, they proved to be totally impractical while riding in the wind driven bed of Tim’s pickup, but we did think we looked particularly dapper when we stopped for breakfast.”



My “Daily Journal”



Our pith helmets must have been similar to this one

Errol: As I recall, this trip was high priority in everyone's mind. I remember it was a hot summer and we all took sleeping bags and camping duffels, but I don't remember that we took tents. We were all excited and the plan was to take Tim Zeiler's pickup and all 7 of us would take turns driving/riding in the cab or in the pickup bed. I remember Tim had been sick and had a temp of 104° and we didn't think he was going to make the trip, so we were trying to figure out how we were going to travel up there, but Tim was determined to make the trip sick/or/not."

1st Day, Saturday, Aug 20, 1960

Charly's Journal: We left Loveland around 8:30 pm, two hours later than planned. We had no sleep that night. I rode in the bed of the pickup until 1:00 am. We stopped at Laramie for gas and cokes.

Errol: The plan was to leave after work. We got a late start (between 8:30 and 9:30 pm), jumped in Tim's pickup, and headed north in the tan/orange pickup with wood sideboards on the bed of the pickup. It was windy and cold in the pickup bed, and we pulled into Medicine Bow, Wyoming, around midnight to gas up. Being the youngest, it sure seemed to me I got more than my share of riding in the pickup bed. I remember Mr. Howard was talking about witchcraft and had books about it and had a voodoo doll he had pins stuck in. It was not pleasant riding in the pickup bed. It was about 380 miles and took us about 8 - 10 hours to get up there. We were pooped and tired from cold wind and lack of sleep.

2nd Day, Sunday, Aug 21, 1960

Charly's Journal: We haven't slept. I finally got to ride in the cab of truck. We stopped at Medicine Bow where we saw a lot of drunks. We started to spend the night, but we decided to push on to Lander. Mr. Howard enthusiastically told the story of the Teapot Dome Oil Scandal that occurred near here during the President Warren Harding administration. We ate breakfast in Lander. We got gas from a drunk and his dog. We finally reached Dubois and immediately bought cokes. Then we went to look for Bill Scott – the old rancher. We couldn't find him. We called Glen _____, the Secretary of the Dubois Chamber of Commerce. He remembered us but couldn't help. We skimmed a good book on the area. We ran into the president of their Chamber of Commerce who helped us. He sent us to see Mr. Art Martin, Head Ranger of the Shoshone National Forest. Mr. Martin gave us good directions. He had us sign in. We have to call him as soon as we get back or he will send a search party after us. We finally left town. Had a two-hour drive on an unused ranch road, parts of which were too steep for our truck, so we had to go around them. We finally reached the truck-head (that's what the locals called the parking area at the trailhead, since only higher vehicles could reach the trailhead). We started hiking.

Bill: I recall our leaving US 287 at Burris, below Crowheart Butte, and getting permission from a rancher to drive across his land to get to the Gannett Peak/Dinwoody Glacier trail. We drove about 8 miles on rough back tracks to get there.

Errol: We turned off US 287 just south of Dubois and went west into the Wind River Indian Reservation. We traveled around 8 to 10 miles west on a rough four-wheel drive road, and it took us about 4 hours to get to what we considered our base camp where we parked the pickup. This area was referred to as John Le Clair's cow camp. We started hiking right away.

Google: The Internet describes the trail we took as beginning with sinuous switchbacks, stating, “The route tended to desiccate and annihilate first-time and out-of-shape hikers.” How true!



Left Photo (from the Internet): The beginning of the trail as it appears today.

Right photo (from the Internet): A section of the switchbacks.

Jerry: I recall that Tim’s pack was troublesome and that Mr. Howard had been lagging during the hike and needed more breaks than the rest of us. I know that we split up.

Bill: Four of us started up the mountain, and Carl, Tim and Mr. Howard were a fair ways behind us. Errol had recalled that Tim had had a fever, so they were proceeding more slowly. I remember that the afternoon was warm and sunny.

Jerry’s Inquest Statement: Mr. Howard told us to go ahead. We looked at maps and talked about how to get there. He told us to take the right cut-off. He said that we could go at any pace that we wanted. We figured we could make a camp for them so that everything would be ready even if they drug in a little bit late.

Errol: Our plan was to hike up and set up a camp. Mr Howard and Carl stayed back to be with Tim and take it easy on the hike. Around 2 pm Charly, Bill, Jerry and I headed up the trail. After a while we passed timberline and continued up onto a ridge where we had a remarkable view. Below to the West were some ponds called the Ink Wells and back to the east we could see timberline. Around dusk we could see people to the east right at the timberline trail. We couldn't tell who or how many there were, but we were sure it was Carl, Tim & Mr. Howard.

Tim's Inquest Statement: Carl, Mr. Howard, and I ate a light lunch about a mile before we reached the forest boundary fence. When we reached the fence, Mr. Howard said he had a cramp, and he told us to go on ahead and see if we could find the other boys. We made sure he had plenty of water and we gave him a flashlight and he said he would be all right. I was going to stay with him, but he told us to go ahead.

Carl's Inquest Statement: Tim and I were with Mr. Howard until we got to the national forest fence. Mr. Howard said that something was wrong with his leg. He said he would remain there and most likely he would come along later, but he said he might stay the night.

Jerry: The four of us went on ahead. We went way above timberline to the ridge just before you go down into the Ink Wells. We made camp there.

Charly's Journal: Bill, Jerry, Errol, and I reached the summit of Scenic Pass. We saw Carl down below that night at timberline. We yelled at each other but couldn't understand anything. We went on the glacier and got ice for water. It was a long time before we could drink it. We went to bed at 6:30. We'd had almost no sleep in the truck last night and haven't eaten since 5:30 this morning. There wasn't enough melted ice water to mix with our food. None of us slept well. We had no shelter, and it blew and rained all night, soaking us and our sleeping bags.

Tim: I remember that Carl and I dined on jelly the first night.

Jerry: In retrospect, once we arrived at the trailhead, we made our first big mistake. Instead of beginning our hike, we should have camped at the trailhead, fortified ourselves, and had a good night's sleep. In hindsight, had we camped at the trailhead upon our arrival, we might have determined on the following morning that the weather was no longer conducive to continuing on.



Internet photo of two hikers above timberline at the summit of Scenic Pass



Internet photo of one of the Ink Wells Lakes and Gannett Peak

3rd Day, Monday, August 22, 1960

Charly's Journal: Carl woke us up at 5:30. He and Tim slept in the woods about 1/2 mile below us. We were above timberline. He said Mr. Howard got a leg cramp and stopped 5 miles below them. Carl went back to his campsite to wait with Tim for Mr. Howard to catch up. They planned to meet us at the Ink Wells. Errol and Bill decided to stay near the top of the pass. We were all very tired. Jerry and I carried our packs on down to the Ink Wells. Bill and Errol decided to leave their packs up above, and they came on down to look the lakes over. We four had breakfast overlooking one of the lakes, our first meal in two days.

Errol: I remember throwing a hook with tinfoil from a gum wrapper in the water and immediately caught a trout. I am a little unclear on this but I think Jerry and Charly stayed down at the Ink Wells that evening, and Bill and I hiked back up to the top to see if Carl, Tim, and Mr. Howard were on their way up.

Charly's Journal: Bill and Errol went back to get their packs. They met Carl and Tim and decided to stay at the top of the pass and wait for Mr. Howard to catch up. They came back down and told us their plan and then went back up.

Errol: We hung around on top waiting for Mr. Howard. About 2 pm it started to rain and rain hard. Then it started to lightning, and we were right on top above timberline. We decided to get in our sleeping bags. About an hour later it started to snow. We were extremely cold and wet. Our fingers were shriveled from being so wet. We were all freezing cold, so we combined sleeping bags to keep each other warm and spent the night trying to survive. I remember we kept sliding down the hill because we weren't on a flat surface. During the night we were all concerned that we might not make it out of there. I remember praying and promising God I would never miss another Sunday church service if we made it out of there. He must have forgiven me. It is probably good that we were three sets of two. If there had been one alone without combining sleeping bags, the single may not have made it. We all saved each other's lives.

Jerry's Inquest Statement: It started raining. Most of us were wet. Then it hailed and it rained some more and it hailed and snowed and stormed all night.

Bill: I remember dark clouds and a sharp drop in temperature. Then snow, wind, and lightning hitting around us. We had waited there because we were concerned about Mr. Howard and wanted to wait for him. As the storm worsened and wild winds blew, we hunkered down in our sleeping bags and were very frightened by the lightning strikes in the low trees and bushes around us. As the cold and wind increased, we decided to double up in sleeping bags to try to conserve warmth. Carl and Tim were in one and Errol and I in the other. We later surmised that this doubling up may have helped save our lives. The water in our canteens froze, and we certainly prayed for our lives. I think we slept little if at all.

Charly's Journal: Jerry and I found 3 tents already set up. The tents were white with the name "Stilson's"* painted on them. They were 6-man tents. We moved into one. One of the other tents contained a stove and a lot of food. We left it alone. We took 2 bedsprings and put them in an empty tent and laid our bedrolls out on them. Our bedrolls had become soaked by rain, and we froze during the night.

**2015 Internet note: The publisher of two magazines, "Eastman's Hunting Journal" and "Eastman's Bowhunting Journal," writes on his website, "I was guiding in 1967 for a second generation outfitter, Keith Stilson, in Wyoming."*

Charly: The tents we found must have been for groups that Stilson took there for fishing. I now suppose that we decided we had no right to take someone else's food. We were grateful for the protection provided by their tent.

Charly's Journal: We skipped our lunch. We had eaten it for breakfast. Our supper was made with cold water. It was raining and blowing quite hard so we couldn't boil water for hot food. We had juice and crackers and candy. We used water in the powdered juice. We found a fishing pole, and I caught a large rainbow (12"). We went to bed at 5:30 pm. We had very little sleep in the rain the night before so we were ready for bed. It was still raining hard. A bird was in our tent for a while. It was a sparrow.

Jerry: We were fortunate we found the partially collapsed tent and placed our wet gear inside of it. Another Big Mistake: The drizzle had turned to rain, but we were so excited to arrive at our destination we failed to gather dry wood so that we could build a fire and dry out our equipment. Instead, we put a piece of bacon on a hook, threw it in the lake and caught a nice size trout. By that time, the rain was beginning to turn to sleet and snow, the wind picked up, and the temperature dropped dramatically. We clambered into the tent and climbed into our wet sleeping bags to spend the most cold and miserable night of my life.

Jerry's Inquest Statement: The tent we were in was just like an ice palace. It would move all at once when the wind hit it.

Tim: I have never spent a longer two nights.

4th Day, Tuesday, August 23, 1960

Errol: In the morning we got up, and I don't know how much but it seemed there was 3 feet of wet snow on the ground. Our canteens were frozen, we had taken off our boots, they were frozen, and we decided we needed to get the heck out of there immediately and get down. We all had to encourage each other that we could get down, but we needed to move now. And that took lots of convincing. We left our wet, frozen sleeping bags and all of the gear on top of the mountain to lighten our load and save our lives. There were piles of rocks on the ridge and we traversed from one pile to the next pile of rocks as they were markers showing the way down. Around 9 or 10 am, the storm broke and the sun appeared and we could see the trail at timberline. We got to the timber and it started to warm up. There was steam coming up where the sun was warming the wet ground. As we continued down, we called out for Mr. Howard.

Tim: Thank God there were those piles of rock for trail markers.

Bill: The storm dropped at least a foot, maybe more, on the mountain pass where we were. We had some discussion as to what we should do. As I recall the storm had abated and lightning had stopped. We finally decided to abandon most of our frozen gear and head down to try to find Mr. Howard and get to the truck. I remember following some piles of rock in trying to find the way down.

Tim's Inquest Statement: We went on down the trail. There had been a storm the night before and we saw trees down across the trail. We thought lightning had struck the trees because they were smoldering a little.

Charly's Journal: Jerry and I woke up about 5:30 am. We didn't have any breakfast. There was snow and sleet on the ground. Wind was blowing quite hard, and many trees had been uprooted around us. We were in a blizzard. We started to pack up. We left many items behind (flashlights, ground cloths, air mattresses, boots [extra pair], some food, hatchet, clothes, etc.) We started walking in a ground blizzard. It was very hard to keep going. We wanted to stop forever. Fortunately, we eventually got out of the storm and into trees.

Jerry: I don't remember sleeping much at all. I just recall, when a hint of morning light appeared, I struck the side of the tent which had partially collapsed above my side of the tent only to hear the sound of sliding ice & snow. Shortly thereafter, we decided to make the trek out of there. Some would consider that a mistake, but, given the circumstance, it was a good decision because had we stayed there I think we would have frozen to death. Anyway, I remember my wet leather boots being curled up at the toes and frozen in that position. We ate a few pieces of something while we placed everything we had that was flammable in a pile between us; maps, wrappers, toilet paper, can labels, etc., and lit enough of a fire to dry out our socks and unfreeze our boots. We put on most of the clothing we had with us and abandoned most of our other goods and headed out in the wind and snow. I think we were fortunate to have escaped frostbite or some other calamity given how ill-prepared we were for the change in weather.

Bill: Errol suffered frostbite on three toes.

Jerry's Inquest Statement: It was a regular blizzard where we were; the wind was blowing and it was snowing. Charles and I were down in the Ink Wells by ourselves; we were the only two down there. I don't remember the time, it was early morning, when we moved out. It was blowing something fierce. We could hardly even see anything. We finally picked up a trail marker. From then on we kept following these trail markers until we got to the top of the ridge.

Jerry: Finding the trail became difficult once we rounded the Ink Wells and were headed out of the valley because of the drifting snow. At one point I remember that we stopped to rest, and all I could think of was being locked in one of those steam contraptions with only my head sticking out while my body was plied with hot steam. There were pilings of rock that marked the trail leading from the Ink Wells, and, although we knew we were headed upward and generally in the right direction, we really didn't know if we were on the trail. But when we stopped for that short amount of time, we spotted one of those rock pilings just above where Charly was resting. From then on we just leapfrogged from one piling to the other until we arrived at the ridge above the valley. To our surprise, there was very little snow on the ridge, and, once we began to descend into the forest on the other side, the temperature improved dramatically, although we knew the wind had blown severely the night before because of the number of downed trees we saw.

Charly: When Jerry and I talked in 2011 in Loveland, he said, "The blizzard was blowing hard and we became so exhausted that we laid down in the snow when we felt like we couldn't go on any farther." Fortunately, we got up and continued on.

Dinwoody Internet warning: "Summer days are typically warm and dry during the day, [70s-80s) with late-day thunderstorms with rain. Sub-freezing nighttime temperatures are not uncommon. Be prepared for high winds and rapidly changing weather conditions. Mountain snowstorms can occur any day of the year. Adequate clothing is a must.

Carl's Inquest Statement: I went ahead of the other boys. I came down first to find Mr. Howard. I was about 15 minutes ahead of Bill, Tim, and Errol, and I was ahead of Jerry and Charles by about 45 minutes. I saw a fire and it was smoldering a lot. I put it out as best I could, but I didn't see anything else other than the fire.

Jerry: About a third of the way down the trail, we spotted smoldering off to our right. We stepped off of the trail to check it out only to discover the remains of a campfire that had partially burned camping gear scattered about it. I think we kicked some dirt on it just to make sure it was out, but we were so eager to get back to the truck and join everyone else that we didn't investigate further.

Jerry's Inquest Statement: Well, Charles Bullock and I came out on Tuesday morning. After we got out of the storm, we found this smoldering off the trail a little ways. We went over there off the trail because there was a tree that fell on the trail. We saw one tree stump that was on fire. We stomped it out the best we could. Then we found traces of a pack there. There were matches laying around. There were canned goods all blown out; they evidently had been thrown in the fire, and, under pressure, had burst their sides. We also found a sleeping bag on the trail. We had gone through that storm the night before, we were cold and everything, and we wanted to get down as fast as we could, so we didn't think too much of it right then. We weren't sure if the other boys had stayed the night up on the ridge or if they had made it all the way down to the cow camp. We didn't know if Mr. Howard was down at the cow camp or just what the deal was then.

Charly's Journal: After hiking some distance, we found a small fire burning. Tried to put it out and found a few partially burned items (backpack, lighter, glove, hat, several cans of food exploded, etc.) We thought Mr. Howard had left them behind.

Charly: Carl was the first of us to reach the pickup parked at the John Le Clair cow camp (the trailhead). Bill told what happened when Carl returned.

Bill's Inquest Statement: Carl went ahead to see if he couldn't find Mr. Howard when we were coming down from the Ink Wells country. He got back to the John Le Clair cow camp as a rancher drove up. The rancher gave Carl a coat and said that he had found a man (*Mr. Howard*) up in the mountains. He took the man down to this cow camp and told him to stay there for the night. The rancher went back up into the cow country to hunt cattle they had lost during this storm. Evidently the man didn't stay there. He left sometime during the night or early in the morning.

Jerry: I'll never forget the other four guys running out from our base camp to greet us when we came down the trail. Shortly after the reunion, our conversation turned to the question of Mr. Howard and what happened to him.

Tim's Inquest Statement: We got down from the mountains around 10 o'clock. We waited there and then these other two boys that were clear down at the Ink Wells came back about 30 minutes later. We started to fix dinner when this sheep herder came down. He ate dinner with us and told us the story about Mr. Howard. He said that he found this man wandering around the night before during the storm. He took the man to Johnny Le Clair who was looking for his cows. Mr. Le Clair gave him a cup of coffee in his trailer camp right beside our pickup, and he told the man to stay there until they got back with the cows. I guess he got out of the trailer after Le Clair left and started wandering around. He said that the man was running around in his underwear.

Errol: There was a sheep herder wagon nearby and a Basque shepherd. We talked to him. He said that a man fitting Mr. Howard's description had wandered into his camp with a sweatshirt and brief underpants on with no shoes. The shepherd had him come in but the Basque had to round up a few sheep and said he would be back. When he got back the man was gone. We wandered around for a while calling for Mr. Howard.

Bill: We ran into the Basque shepherd who told us about his unsuccessful attempt to get Mr. Howard to stay at his camp...a kind of tent-trailer as I recall.



The sheep wagon probably looked a bit like this one

Jerry: While having lunch, we decided that Tim would drive into town to report Mr. Howard missing.

Errol: Finally we decided to go to Dubois to let them know Mr. Howard was missing. We drew cards to see who would go to town because we all wanted to see warm civilization. Tim got to go because it was his pickup and I think Charly and I got the high cards.

Charly's Journal: Tim, Errol and I went to town to report Mr. Howard missing and the fire.

Errol: 2 pm - We arrived at the forest office and told the ranger that Mr. Howard was missing. The ranger's response was "So what, that happens all the time." Then we told him we saw smoldering smoke and **THAT GOT HIS ATTENTION**. So now we have some help. The forest rangers found the source of the smoke, and it was Mr. Howard's sleeping site. The sleeping bag was burned beyond recognition with the exception of the melted metal zipper.

Jerry's Inquest Statement: While the rangers were putting out the fire, we kinda looked around in the draws and real close to the cow camp to see if we could find any trace of Mr. Howard, but we didn't go back up into the country.

Charly's Journal: The head ranger came up with about 6 men. They put the fire out, and then three of the men returned to town. The rest of us had supper. Afterwards, the rangers searched and found nothing. Bloodhounds, prison trustees, a warden, and Indians all came out about midnight. They searched until 3:00 am. They found his long underwear and got scent off of it for the bloodhounds.

Jerry: I really don't remember sleeping at the trailhead, but we must have. Although we left much of our stuff at the Ink Wells, I believe we hauled out most of the lighter stuff. I think I had a cheap fluorescent sleeping bag and backpack and am pretty sure I had them later in college. Again, I'm really not sure about that. The pictures (on page 22) show Charly and Tim with blankets at the trailhead, and I'm guessing those were brought in by the search team.

5th Day, Wednesday, August 24, 1960

Charly's Journal: We all got up at 5:00 am. We had a small breakfast. The rangers and others started searching again. They came back at noon with the dogs. They had found nothing. We had lunch, and all of us started searching.

Jerry: After the search party arrived, things are a bit confused because someone at a cow or sheep camp had reported that a distraught man had shown up at his camp mumbling incoherently. The cowboy told him to stay put while he went to get help. When he returned to the camp, the man was gone and had only taken a handful of matches with him. At this point I don't know where the Indians, rangers or inmates and dogs went on their searches. I only know that at some point one of the rangers asked if one of us could lead them to where we spotted the remains of a campfire. I volunteered and took them back up the trail to the campsite that Charly and I spotted on the way down, and we shortly found Mr. Howard's body lying on the hillside about 20 yards from the campsite. He was naked except for a navy blue sweatshirt with Michigan imprinted on it. His feet were bare and bloody and his legs, arms, and face were black with soot. I've never forgotten that image.

Jerry's Inquest Statement: Wednesday, about 11 o'clock, Carl Pomranka, myself, Mr. Martin, and one of the trustees with a dog decided to go back up to the fire because we were kinda sure that this had been his pack and some of his belongings. We decided to go back up there to see if the dogs could pick up his scent from the underwear we found. We went up the trail past the sign, and on to the fence marking the boundary of the national forest. There, as I said earlier, is where we found the little fire, the cigarettes, and the gum wrappers. We didn't find any other traces of food or equipment, so we went up the trail a little bit further. We noticed a little stream, and we thought that he might have gone down there for water, so the trustee and I and the dog went down to the stream. We found a shoe print like a Ked would make in the mud by the stream. The dog picked up a scent, I guess, because from then on he knew what he was doing. We rested for about five minutes and then we went on. The next trace we found was the fire the rangers put out the night before. The dog just kinda wandered around in the general area. Finally, the trustee whistled, and we went over to where the dog was. The dog had found Mr. Howard's body quite a distance down a slope. The body was 10 to 15 or maybe 20 yards southwest of the fire.

Charly's Journal: A search dog found Mr. Howard around 12:30 pm. Everyone stopped searching and returned to camp. Later in the afternoon, we packed up and went to a hotel in Riverton where we had baths and clean beds.

Riverton Ranger Newspaper: "Word that Howard's body had been found was flashed to the Fremont County Sheriff's office at 12:46 pm Wednesday."

Tim: It was a sad situation to say the least.

Bill: After the body of Mr. Howard was discovered near the campsite with the fire, I was asked by officials, as the oldest member of our group, to identify his body at the morgue. They also showed me pictures of his body as it was found, dressed only in a sweatshirt. They also asked me about a strange book on witchcraft they had found near him, and I think they asked our dads about it too.



Tim, Jerry, Errol, Bill & Carl



Carl, Tim, Jerry, Errol & Charly



*Left to right: Charly, Bill, Errol, Jerry and Tim (at far right)
with rangers and prison trustees after the search concluded.
The prison trustees were in charge of the bloodhound search dogs.
A local pilot conducted an aerial search.*

6th Day, Thursday, August 25, 1960

Errol: At some point Bill's grandmother was traveling back from Denver to Loveland on the old Washington Highway. She heard a news report on KOA about a party of boys from Loveland who were missing in Wyoming. She pulled off the road and went to the nearest farm house and called Bill's parents. Bill's father called Tim and Errol's fathers and they all went up to Riverton to get us.

Charly's Journal: Mr. Rowland, Mr. Warnock and Mr. Zeiler woke us up about 5:30. They had come up during the night to see us. We all went to breakfast where we met Mr. Howard's uncle, Mr. Bill Howard. He had flown up in his private plane. We went to the coroner's inquest about 9:30. We were there until about 10:30. We finally started home. We stopped in a nice restaurant with our dirty clothes on. Other diners stared at us, probably guessing who we were since the story was in the local newspaper.

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MAN PERISHES IN WILDERNESS

The body of Duane Howard, 29, Loveland, Colorado, mountain climber is being brought out of the rugged Hays Park country below Gannett Peak where the man perished while mountain climbing. Searchers found the man's body this morning just before noon. He had been missing since Monday afternoon when he suffered a cramp in his leg and fell behind a party of six former high school students with whom he was climbing.

When one of the boys went back to look for Howard, he could not be found. The six young men returned down the trail.

Three of the young men came to Dubois and reported their instructor was lost, the other three staying in camp.

First notified was the Forest Service with Art Martin, chief ranger, going to the wilderness area Tuesday to start searching.

The dead man's hiking companions were: Charles Bullock, Tim Zeiler, Jerry Mohrlang, Errol Rowland, Carl Rowland, and Bill Warnock. There are all students, former high school students.

last spring.

The party left Loveland Saturday and planned to return Thursday. They were members of an informal club, the GWH Explorers.

Reports as to what happened are sketchy. Apparently Howard came on down the trail to the steepest slope camp, saying he was looking for water.

Charles Durr was moving camp for Werts and he brought the man on down to the John LeClair cow camp where he arrived about 3 p.m. Monday afternoon. LeClair was moving some cattle, and told Howard to stay near the campfire at the cow camp until he returned.

But when LeClair came back to the camp, the man was gone. Searchers found the man's jacket at the cow camp. Not many yards from the camp they found the man's sleeping bag, unrolled, as if it might have been slept in.

Another report said that the man had been partially burned. Snow and cold weather hit the area Monday and Tuesday and some surmised the man might have tried to get into his down-suit.

tract attention to his location.

Deputy Sheriff Bill Logan found the clothing and the partially-burned bag Wednesday morning. Logan and Deputy Sheriff had spent most of Tuesday searching in the area, staying overnight in the Hays Park region.

The Dubois Forest Service reported that a small forest fire was started possibly by Howard as he wandered about the wilderness area. Howard's body was not found near the fire scene. The fire has since been put out.

Searchers did find pieces of his clothing scattered over a wide area, indicating the man may have panicked and been stripped of his clothes as he plunged about the wild and exhausted.

The man who stayed for a time at the LeClair cow camp, believed to be Howard, was reported as being hunky. He was said to be wearing only his insulated underwear, boots and socks as he walked toward the camp. Part of the time he walked barefoot; it was reported.

LeClair's camp is located in the Cold Springs area of Hays Park about 25 miles from the highway, about 10 miles from the highway.

second Deputy, special officer for the observation. Ditty made a call this morning for more searchers.

Ditty was joined by Fred Peters, Port Washburn ranger, John Jolley, conservationist, Alfred Ford, game warden, J.T. Myers, oil of Port Washburn, and Dan Prange, Harris, who guides in the Hays Park area.

Howard's wife Sherry, 26, said in Loveland while the search was progressing, that her husband was an experienced climber. She said that his companions were former high school students of Howard, a teacher.

Called to the scene this morning was a man from the State Prison, who brought two blood hounds.

A Wyoming Game and Fish Department plane, scheduled to join in the search today, did not take off because of turbulent weather. Ed Will, a Lander pilot, flew over the area briefly with Undersecretary Bill Nichols but rough weather cut their trip.

Word that Howard's body had been found was flashed to the Fremont County Sheriff's office at 11:42 p.m. Wednesday afternoon, with Logan relaying the message.

Ditty had been relaying messages through his radio from the rugged area to the Sheriff's office in Denver.

Deputy County Coroner Larry Lee started to the scene about 1:15 today to return the man's body to Riverton.

Howard had been a civics instructor at Loveland High School since January of 1958. He and his wife, Sherry, 26, have no children.

Bullock had corresponded with Dubois Chamber of Commerce manager Glen Hammergren concerning the trip. The men had planned to return to Dubois Tuesday.

A Dead Hero

Troops in Congo

The *Riverton Ranger* newspaper (August 24, 1960) reported that those involved in the search for Mr. Howard included:

Art Martin, Shoshone Chief Ranger

Bill Logan, Fremont County Deputy Sheriff

Dusty Keeler

Raymond Ditty, Special Officer for the Wind River Indian Reservation

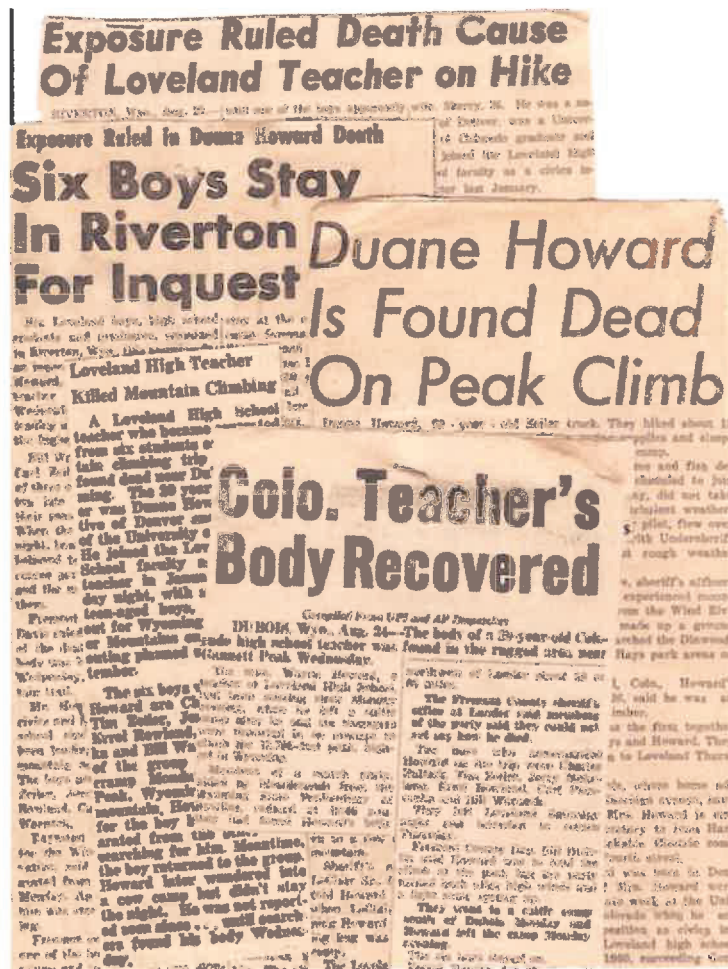
J.T. Meyers, Dale Eichley, and Vern Spencer, Shoshone Indians

Fred Peche, Fort Washakie Ranger (Wind River Shoshone Indian Reservation)

John Jolley, Conservationist

Alfred Ward, Game Warden

Don Presgrove, Wilderness Guide from Burris, Wyoming



Loveland and Denver newspaper articles

Charly: The head ranger suggested that Mr. Howard probably panicked and became extremely disoriented during the blizzard. During our visit in 2011, Jerry Mohrlang wondered if Mr. Howard had PTSD as a result of his service in Korea. Bill Warnock brought this up as well during our visit in 2015. Jerry speculated that the hard-blowing snow, lightning, and crashing trees caused Mr. Howard to have wartime flashbacks.

Bill: The shepherd who had tried to get him to stay at his camp told us that, when he encountered him, he had a rather wild look in his eyes and said something about "having to get water to the captain." We later speculated that he had been suffering from "shell shock," maybe because of the storm and lightning.

Jerry: It was only after his death that I recall someone (I wish I could remember who — it may have been a teacher) stated that Mr. Howard had suffered from shell shock during the war, and they speculated that the combination of the brutal cold, wind, snow, and the noise of the trees being blown down where he was camped might have been the cause of his behavior that night.

Percy T. Davis, Fremont County Coroner, Cause of Death Statement: Mr. Duane Howard died from exposure while in a panicky condition evidenced by no shoes or clothes other than long underwear in weather of an extreme stormy and cold nature.

Charly: We don't know the exact order in which events occurred for Mr. Howard, but we know that the fire we found was where he had camped. Many of his belongings burned in that fire. He could have been camped there when his belongings caught fire. He perhaps left the site not knowing what to do. He apparently left with some of his other belongings. The Riverton newspaper reported that Mr. Howard came down the trail to the Medley Wertz sheep camp. Charlie Dorr was moving camp for Wertz, and he took Mr. Howard to the John Le Clair cow camp. Le Clair was moving some cattle, and told Mr. Howard to stay near the campfire at the cow camp until he returned. It was quite cold and snowing. Mr. Howard took off from the camp

before Le Clair returned. The searchers found Mr. Howard's jacket at the camp and his partially burned sleeping bag a short distance away. Searchers found pieces of his clothing scattered over a wide range. One newspaper reported that Mr. Howard "may have panicked and been stripped of his clothes as he plunged about the wilds until exhausted." The shepherd saw him once again after Mr. Howard left the campfire. He said that Mr. Howard was running wildly away with only long underwear on. Mr. Howard had evidently taken off his heavy boots and was running barefoot. He later shed his long johns since the searchers found them and used them for the bloodhounds to pick up his scent. When his body was found, Mr. Howard was wearing only a sweatshirt.

We met Mr. Howard's uncle at a restaurant in Riverton. The uncle, Mr. William (Bill) Howard, owned the Pepper Pod Restaurant in Hudson, Colorado, a popular Mexican restaurant. He flew his private plane to Wyoming. He flew Mr. Howard's body back to Denver to Boulevard Mortuary. Errol found that the Pepper Pod still exists, but it has new owners.

Charly's mom took Charly and Errol to Denver for the funeral a few days after we returned home.

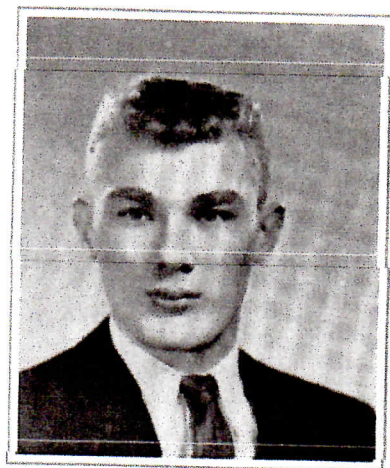
Bill: The next summer I worked at Canyon Village in Yellowstone National Park. Our rescuers had later gone up and recovered some of the camping equipment we'd left. My family and I stopped at Ft. Washakie on the Wind River Indian Reservation to pick it up in the summer of 1961, and a man there recalled our group and its plight very sympathetically. I still have a letter somewhere from the Forest Service man who'd collected it for us.

Mr. William Logan, Undersheriff of Fremont County, Inquest Statement:
After being contacted by Ranger Art Martin, I called the Rawlins Pen and asked if we could get any dogs. They advised that they would be able to come with two of them in an hour. When they arrived in Lander, Dusty and I took off in a four-wheel drive International, and they took their car as far as Burris. They and their dogs loaded in our International, and we all proceeded up to the area on Colt Creek (*an Internet map shows this as Cold Creek*).

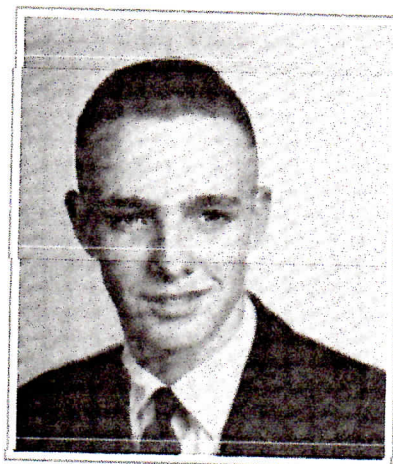
We stopped at Johnny Le Clair's ranch to find out as much as we could as to what happened at his cow camp. He said that the sheepherders (*Charlie Deshaw and Charlie Doland*) brought a man down to camp around 4 pm Monday afternoon. The sheepherders had seen him wandering around by the sheep camp up on Dry Creek, so they took him down to the cow camp.

John said they saw the man's bedroll laid out along the Ink Wells path that day. He said it looked like the man had gotten out of bed there.* John said that the man acted quite exhausted. They offered the man a cup of coffee which he drank. They asked the man if he had matches and he didn't. Johnny said that the man, of course, didn't have any place to put them anyway because he was wearing nothing but a pair of long drawers. The sheepherder loaned him a jacket. The man said that he had to get over to Hidden Valley, that there was a doctor and a nurse waiting for him over there. Of course, Johnny questioned that and told the man that there was nobody at the Hidden Valley cabin. Then this man just laughed and said that he was just kidding. Anyway, they tried to get him to stay there at the camp until they got back from moving some dry cows. They had a bed there if he wanted to stay. When they came back, the man was gone.

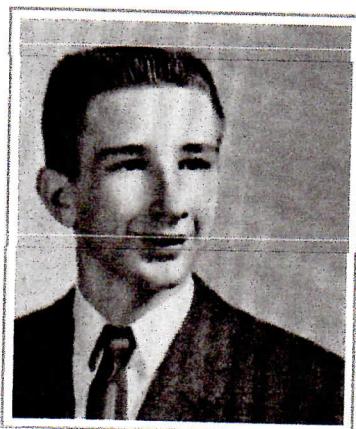
**This was apparently Mr. Howard's bedroll that was later found burned. It was burned at the site where we saw the smoldering fire, the spot where we thought Mr. Howard had camped. The undersheriff said that the burned bag was found two miles from where it had been seen laid out next to the trail.*



Jerry



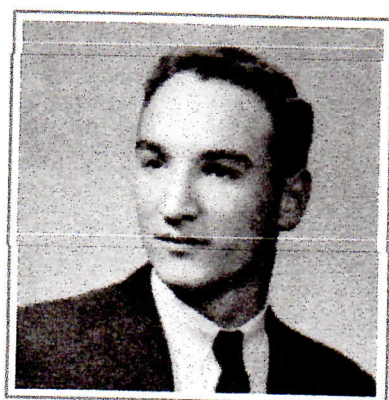
Carl



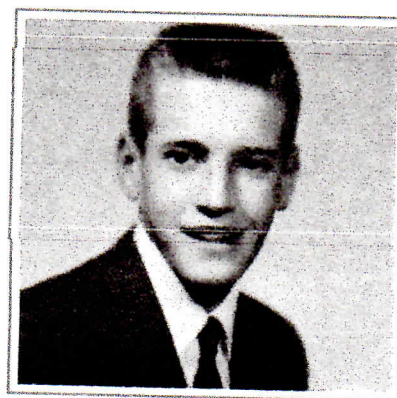
Bill



Tim



Charly



Errol



Mr. Duane Howard



Two Internet photographs taken atop Scenic Pass



It's doubtful that any of us will ever return to the Ink Wells Lakes in the Gannett Peak area, but here are the directions to the trailhead that I wrote in my notebook as they were dictated by the head ranger in Dubois:

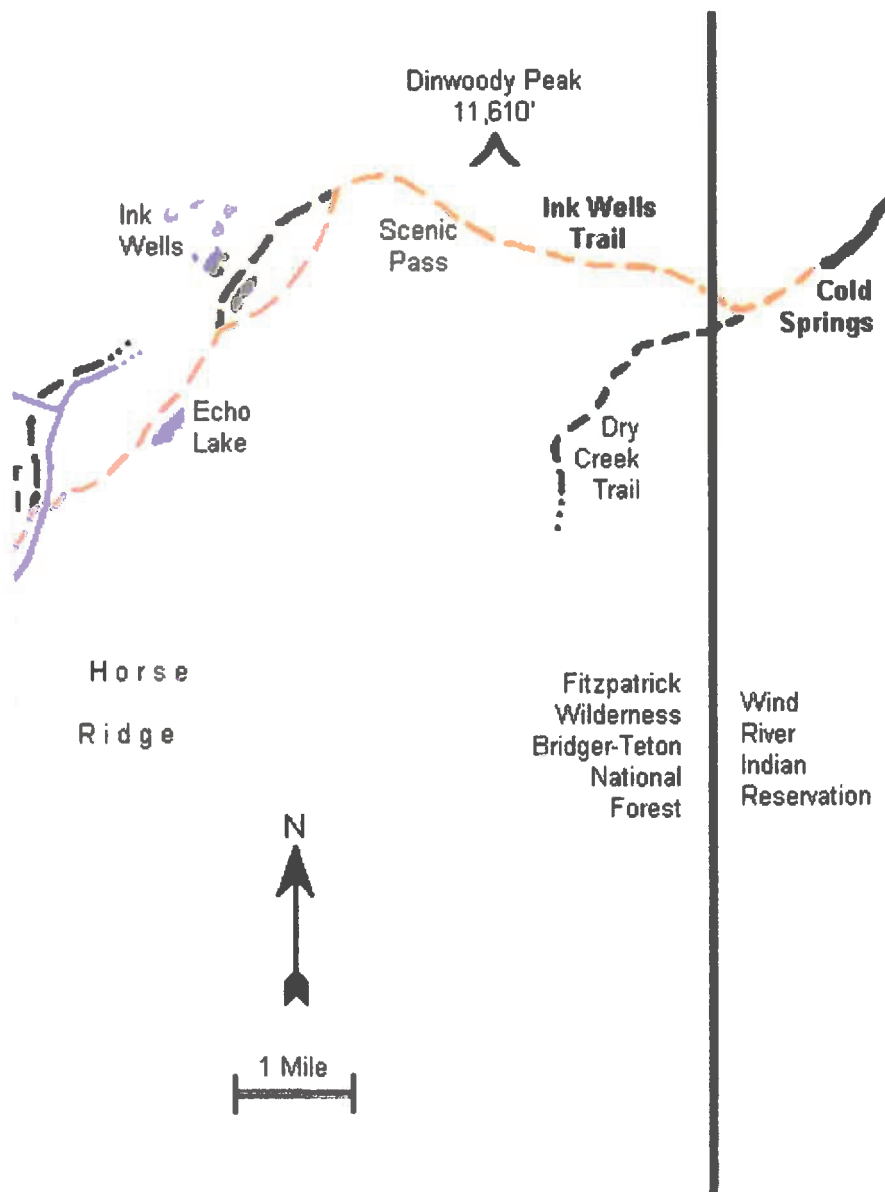
From US 287, 1.1 mi NW of Burris, 23 mi SE of Dubois, turn left (S) at Hidden Valley Ranch sign (S side of road) and drive 0.7 mi on old paved road. Turn left (S) on dirt road (Gannett Pk Road) and follow up Little Dry Creek (left). About 2 mi from US 287 is left (S) turnoff to Hidden Valley Ranch -- horses, guides, drop loads. 3 mi from US 287 turn left, cross Little Dry Cr. In about a mile a rough steep road starts switch-backing uphill for 2 mi. Leave modern cars at foot of hill. Continue up Horse Ridge (Dry Cr left, Little Dry Cr right) past Cold Springs to near timberline about 1 mi W of trail sign at Shoshone NF boundary (9,500'). End of truck or jeep travel. From here 5 mi to Scenic Pass (11,797) — excellent view of range. The trail zigzags down 2 mi to 6 Ink Wells Lakes. Forest boundary to Ink Wells is 8 mi; 4 hrs. 2 mi SW of Ink Wells, past Echo L, trail fords Dinwoody Cr. It follows right (W) bank of creek, re-crosses near fork in canyon. Good base campsites here (wood & water) in Floyd Wilson Mdws (10,000'). Ink Wells to Wilson Mdws: 6 mi, 3 1/2 hrs. N Fk of creek is Tr No 21/2. Good trail going SW along right side of S fork Dinwoody Cr leads to Dinwoody Gl. TR 20 is 14 mi.

Today there is a different trail by which most hikers and mountain climbers access the area. The newer Glacier Trail begins near Dubois and is quite a few miles longer. The shorter trail we took that begins at the Cold Springs Trailhead is still accessible, but the drive to this trail crosses land that belongs to the Eastern Shoshone Tribe as part of their Wind River Indian Reservation. The tribe now controls access to this trailhead, and they charge hikers and mountain climbers a mandatory fee of several hundred dollars to be escorted by one of their guides to the trailhead. That's why most hikers choose the newer but longer trail. Current directions copied from the Internet for following our trail to the Dinwoody Peak and Dinwoody Glacier (one of 65 glaciers in the Shoshone National Forest) are:

The trailhead (elevation 9565) is located at the end of a dusty road near some springs and feeding areas for cattle. Follow the trail southwest for 0.8 miles (9730) to a trail intersection. Look for the cairns to your right or northwest. Follow the trail northwest and west to Scenic Pass (11,450) just past Dinwoody Peak. There is a very large cairn marking this spot. From here start downhill west and then southwest to a trail intersection (10,890). The trail to the right will take you to the Ink Wells Lakes (10,440). Continue southwest to Echo Lake (10,380); great spot to fish. Continue southwest. A few switchbacks lead to the Big Meadows area. Descend down to Big Meadows and cross the well built wooden bridge (9,600.) After crossing the bridge you will intersect with Glacier Trail, which you will follow to Big Meadows. Now you have a nice gentle undulating hike for the first 4 miles with a few stream crossings and then a relatively steep hike to High Tarns. After gaining the Glacier trail head southwest and cross a stream on a few logs. Regain the trail and continue southwest to Floyd Wilson Meadows (9,824). Continue southwest while crossing two more streams and the largest and last one being Gannett Creek (10,015). All streams have some kind of wooden log crossing, but are a little shaky. Due to large run offs the trail can become a hard to follow for the next few hundred yards. After regaining the common trail follow this through a few switchbacks while heading southwest to High Tarns (10,800). From here to the summit is about another 2.5 miles with approximately 3,000 of elevation. Pick you way through the moraine. From here to the peak can be done various ways depending on the level of snow still present and the only major obstacle would be the bergshrund (crevasse) on Gooseneck Glacier.

An experienced hiker, David Wickersham, wrote about his trek on the trail we took, "We set out from Cold Springs on the Ink Wells Trail in the direction of Scenic Pass. At the trailhead we headed into the woods and popped in and out of small meadows. We got started a little later than planned, a problem that was exacerbated by rain which caused us to set camp after 1.5 miles instead of the planned 6 miles. Six miles may have been a bit optimistic for this short first day at high altitude, regardless of the weather. In any case, because of threatening skies, we could not risk venturing onto the exposed area around Scenic Pass so we set up camp below tree line. When we camped at Scenic Pass the next day, the ordinary scenery prior to the summit was replaced by some real jaw-dropping vistas once the continental divide peaks came into view. Scenic Pass was a terrific lookout point. There was a great scene of Gannett Peak framed by trees to our north. To the west the sun set over barren, rocky peaks."

This map illustrates the Continental Divide region, featuring a network of trails marked with numbers (e.g., 1.1, 1.9, 2.4, 3.0, 3.2, 3.6, 4.1, 4.2, 4.3, 4.4, 4.5, 4.6, 4.7, 4.8, 4.9, 5.0, 5.1, 5.2, 5.3, 5.4, 5.5, 5.6, 5.7, 5.8, 5.9, 6.0, 6.1, 6.2, 6.3, 6.4, 6.5, 6.6, 6.7, 6.8, 6.9, 7.0, 7.1, 7.2, 7.3, 7.4, 7.5, 7.6, 7.7, 7.8, 7.9, 8.0, 8.1, 8.2, 8.3, 8.4, 8.5, 8.6, 8.7, 8.8, 8.9, 9.0, 9.1, 9.2, 9.3, 9.4, 9.5, 9.6, 9.7, 9.8, 9.9, 10.0, 10.1, 10.2, 10.3, 10.4, 10.5, 10.6, 10.7, 10.8, 10.9, 11.0, 11.1, 11.2, 11.3, 11.4, 11.5, 11.6, 11.7, 11.8, 11.9, 12.0, 12.1, 12.2, 12.3, 12.4, 12.5, 12.6, 12.7, 12.8, 12.9, 13.0, 13.1, 13.2, 13.3, 13.4, 13.5, 13.6, 13.7, 13.8, 13.9, 14.0, 14.1, 14.2, 14.3, 14.4, 14.5, 14.6, 14.7, 14.8, 14.9, 15.0, 15.1, 15.2, 15.3, 15.4, 15.5, 15.6, 15.7, 15.8, 15.9, 16.0, 16.1, 16.2, 16.3, 16.4, 16.5, 16.6, 16.7, 16.8, 16.9, 17.0, 17.1, 17.2, 17.3, 17.4, 17.5, 17.6, 17.7, 17.8, 17.9, 18.0, 18.1, 18.2, 18.3, 18.4, 18.5, 18.6, 18.7, 18.8, 18.9, 19.0, 19.1, 19.2, 19.3, 19.4, 19.5, 19.6, 19.7, 19.8, 19.9, 20.0, 20.1, 20.2, 20.3, 20.4, 20.5, 20.6, 20.7, 20.8, 20.9, 21.0, 21.1, 21.2, 21.3, 21.4, 21.5, 21.6, 21.7, 21.8, 21.9, 22.0, 22.1, 22.2, 22.3, 22.4, 22.5, 22.6, 22.7, 22.8, 22.9, 23.0, 23.1, 23.2, 23.3, 23.4, 23.5, 23.6, 23.7, 23.8, 23.9, 24.0, 24.1, 24.2, 24.3, 24.4, 24.5, 24.6, 24.7, 24.8, 24.9, 25.0, 25.1, 25.2, 25.3, 25.4, 25.5, 25.6, 25.7, 25.8, 25.9, 26.0, 26.1, 26.2, 26.3, 26.4, 26.5, 26.6, 26.7, 26.8, 26.9, 27.0, 27.1, 27.2, 27.3, 27.4, 27.5, 27.6, 27.7, 27.8, 27.9, 28.0, 28.1, 28.2, 28.3, 28.4, 28.5, 28.6, 28.7, 28.8, 28.9, 29.0, 29.1, 29.2, 29.3, 29.4, 29.5, 29.6, 29.7, 29.8, 29.9, 30.0, 30.1, 30.2, 30.3, 30.4, 30.5, 30.6, 30.7, 30.8, 30.9, 31.0, 31.1, 31.2, 31.3, 31.4, 31.5, 31.6, 31.7, 31.8, 31.9, 32.0, 32.1, 32.2, 32.3, 32.4, 32.5, 32.6, 32.7, 32.8, 32.9, 33.0, 33.1, 33.2, 33.3, 33.4, 33.5, 33.6, 33.7, 33.8, 33.9, 34.0, 34.1, 34.2, 34.3, 34.4, 34.5, 34.6, 34.7, 34.8, 34.9, 35.0, 35.1, 35.2, 35.3, 35.4, 35.5, 35.6, 35.7, 35.8, 35.9, 36.0, 36.1, 36.2, 36.3, 36.4, 36.5, 36.6, 36.7, 36.8, 36.9, 37.0, 37.1, 37.2, 37.3, 37.4, 37.5, 37.6, 37.7, 37.8, 37.9, 38.0, 38.1, 38.2, 38.3, 38.4, 38.5, 38.6, 38.7, 38.8, 38.9, 39.0, 39.1, 39.2, 39.3, 39.4, 39.5, 39.6, 39.7, 39.8, 39.9, 40.0, 40.1, 40.2, 40.3, 40.4, 40.5, 40.6, 40.7, 40.8, 40.9, 41.0, 41.1, 41.2, 41.3, 41.4, 41.5, 41.6, 41.7, 41.8, 41.9, 42.0, 42.1, 42.2, 42.3, 42.4, 42.5, 42.6, 42.7, 42.8, 42.9, 43.0, 43.1, 43.2, 43.3, 43.4, 43.5, 43.6, 43.7, 43.8, 43.9, 44.0, 44.1, 44.2, 44.3, 44.4, 44.5, 44.6, 44.7, 44.8, 44.9, 45.0, 45.1, 45.2, 45.3, 45.4, 45.5, 45.6, 45.7, 45.8, 45.9, 46.0, 46.1, 46.2, 46.3, 46.4, 46.5, 46.6, 46.7, 46.8, 46.9, 47.0, 47.1, 47.2, 47.3, 47.4, 47.5, 47.6, 47.7, 47.8, 47.9, 48.0, 48.1, 48.2, 48.3, 48.4, 48.5, 48.6, 48.7, 48.8, 48.9, 49.0, 49.1, 49.2, 49.3, 49.4, 49.5, 49.6, 49.7, 49.8, 49.9, 50.0, 50.1, 50.2, 50.3, 50.4, 50.5, 50.6, 50.7, 50.8, 50.9, 51.0, 51.1, 51.2, 51.3, 51.4, 51.5, 51.6, 51.7, 51.8, 51.9, 52.0, 52.1, 52.2, 52.3, 52.4, 52.5, 52.6, 52.7, 52.8, 52.9, 53.0, 53.1, 53.2, 53.3, 53.4, 53.5, 53.6, 53.7, 53.8, 53.9, 54.0, 54.1, 54.2, 54.3, 54.4, 54.5, 54.6, 54.7, 54.8, 54.9, 55.0, 55.1, 55.2, 55.3, 55.4, 55.5, 55.6, 55.7, 55.8, 55.9, 56.0, 56.1, 56.2, 56.3, 56.4, 56.5, 56.6, 56.7, 56.8, 56.9, 57.0, 57.1, 57.2, 57.3, 57.4, 57.5, 57.6, 57.7, 57.8, 57.9, 58.0, 58.1, 58.2, 58.3, 58.4, 58.5, 58.6, 58.7, 58.8, 58.9, 59.0, 59.1, 59.2, 59.3, 59.4, 59.5, 59.6, 59.7, 59.8, 59.9, 60.0, 60.1, 60.2, 60.3, 60.4, 60.5, 60.6, 60.7, 60.8, 60.9, 61.0, 61.1, 61.2, 61.3, 61.4, 61.5, 61.6, 61.7, 61.8, 61.9, 62.0, 62.1, 62.2, 62.3, 62.4, 62.5, 62.6, 62.7, 62.8, 62.9, 63.0, 63.1, 63.2, 63.3, 63.4, 63.5, 63.6, 63.7, 63.8, 63.9, 64.0, 64.1, 64.2, 64.3, 64.4, 64.5, 64.6, 64.7, 64.8, 64.9, 65.0, 65.1, 65.2, 65.3, 65.4, 65.5, 65.6, 65.7, 65.8, 65.9, 66.0, 66.1, 66.2, 66.3, 66.4, 66.5, 66.6, 66.7, 66.8, 66.9, 67.0, 67.1, 67.2, 67.3, 67.4, 67.5, 67.6, 67.7, 67.8, 67.9, 68.0, 68.1, 68.2, 68.3, 68.4, 68.5, 68.6, 68.7, 68.8, 68.9, 69.0, 69.1, 69.2, 69.3, 69.4, 69.5, 69.6, 69.7, 69.8, 69.9, 70.0, 70.1, 70.2, 70.3, 70.4, 70.5, 70.6, 70.7, 70.8, 70.9, 71.0, 71.1, 71.2, 71.3, 71.4, 71.5, 71.6, 71.7, 71.8, 71.9, 72.0, 72.1



Errol Rowland

From: Charles Bullock [charly_b@comcast.net]
Sent: Wednesday, December 30, 2015 11:01 AM
To: mohrlang@q.com; Bill Warnock; Errol Rowland
Subject: Happy New Year

Well, it's almost the new year. In looking back over the current year, I find many things that bring satisfaction to me. I completed several writing projects and worked on others that will continue into the new year. I put together a 40-page story about my dad, the dad I never knew. I gave bound copies of that to both sons for Christmas and mailed one to a grandson who lives in England. He is especially interested in visiting the town where his great granddad stayed for the months leading up to the Normandy invasion. In my mind, D-Day has always stood for Death Day since that was the day my dad was mortally wounded. I am continuing writing several other stories from my life, and stories about unique experiences Cathy and I have shared. And, of course, the group of us put together our tragic Wyoming story. I feel good that we were able to smoothly collaborate on that writing since most of my writing is a solitary effort. Bill and Jerry, you both contributed memories about Mr. Howard's interest in and teaching about witchcraft. I had no memory of that, but your telling about it stirred some faint memory that had been hidden in my brain. Late last night, as I was going through a journal I kept many years ago, long after Mr. Howard's death, I found that I wrote something about his interest in witches. Here is what I wrote:

I'm remembering Mr. Howard today. He was a teacher who offered friendship to me, who played ping pong with me, who took me up into his attic to see his collection of swords and old military uniforms, African masks, and books about witches in New England and Europe. I'm remembering a man who connected life and learning, who made life and learning interesting and fun; a man who made my imagination a bit weird; a man whose memory brings both happiness and sadness.

Jerry, just as you had a hard time remembering the first night when we camped at the top of the pass, I had totally forgotten about seeing any of those things in Mr. Howard's attic. I remember visiting his home a few times, meeting his wife, and playing with his dog, but I have no memory of seeing his swords, masks, and old books. It's strange how our minds store many memories where they are easily accessed, yet sucks other memories into a black hole.

I'm grateful that we finally put our memories of Mr. Howard in writing. Thanks for working together on that.

I hope each of you had a wonderful Christmas. I send best wishes for a superb new year.

Charly