

duplicate

COPY

5x8 R/P th

COMPLAINT—WHITMAN COUNTY

Date-Time Received 6-02-80 1530 HRS.	Date-Time Dispatched	Date & Time Arrived	Date & Time Cleared	Complaint No. 80/06-05
Received By THRIFT	How Received IN PERSON	Dispatched By	Officer Assigned RODGERS/10	Referred To:

Location

Reporting Party, Last, First, Middle

Address (Same as location)

DTE. DAVE BELL, BENTON CO SHERIFFS OFFICE

KENNEWICK
PASCO, WASH

Tele

Date and Time of Occurrence

Classification

LATTE ENTRY:

Value

AOA/MURDER 1st DEGREE

Details of Complaint

R/P contacted P/10 requested assistance in investigating a murder in Benton Co.

☒ DISCLOSE

☒ NOT DISCLOSE

☐ NOT DISCLOSED

Case Cleared	Suspended inactive	No. Suspects Identified	Unfounded Report	Cleared, Prosecut
Send/Sent Copies to Det.	Prosecutor	Signed	Approved By: BRIO	Date 6/1
Case Prepared	Yes	No		

Case # 80/06 0531

INCIDENT: A O A, Benton County, First Degree Murder

ASSISTED AGENCY: Benton County Sheriff's Office PH (509) 783-7780
Kennewick, WA Det. Dave Bell

SUBJECT INTERVIEWED: LEE, Stewart William, DOB 9-20-52 SS# [REDACTED] 24 Social Security Number
Route 2, Box 44, Garfield, WA PH 397-3275

OFFICER: RODGERS, W.D. Det/Sgt, WCSD

DETAILS: On or about May 28, 1980, Det. Bell contacted Rodgers by telephone. Bell requested Rodgers contact Lee with reference to his knowledge to a murder suspect. The alleged murder took place in Benton County at some point between January 4th and December of 1979. Bell advised that subject Lee worked with suspect Burnson at the Indian Trails IGA in Spokane in the produce department.

At approx. 1400 hrs., on Monday, June 2, 1980, Rodgers made personal contact with Lee on the Bob Curtis property between Elberton and the Dry Creek Road, Lee's place of employment. Lee advised that he did know Stan Burnson, that Burnson replaced Lee in May of 1975, when he quit the Indian Trails IGA in Spokane. Lee advised that he lived approx. three blocks from the Indian Trails IGA.

During August or September of 1975, Burnson, his girlfriend and her two children as well as Lee and the woman he married later went Huckleberry picking just southwest of Priest Lake. Lee advised that was the last time he was ^{with} Burnson and the only other information Lee had with regard to his present whereabouts was rumor that he had since moved to Alaska. Lee advised that he was produce manager for Indian Trails IGA. His main job was to order produce and dairy products. The dairy products came in premarked and no action was taken on them except to put them in the case and keep them displayed. The produce came in and it was Lee's job to check in these items, price them and take mark-up. Lee further stated that part of his job was to put the produce in the cooler trim the lettuce, celery, etc. for the wet-rack.

Lee advised that on the smaller vegetables, he used a pocket knife to trim those vegetables. They did use a submersion method for washing the vegetables and would float them to the top and trim it. On larger items such as watermelon, they used a knife borrowed from the meat department. It was a rather large knife. Lee advised that the knives they used had a brown wooden handle with a blade approx. 1 in. wide or a litter over, well worn and extremely sharp. All of the knives used in the store in the meat and vegetable department were of the Dexter brand. There were some boning knives with blades approx. 6 inches in length. There were also some larger knives with blades out to 14 inches long. All of these knives had brown wooden handles.

Lee stated that the butcher, Jerry Ruhling bought the knives from a shop on Washington Street, just north of Indiana in Spokane. Lee could not remember the name of the business or the person who ran the business, but did state that the Office of that subject was located in a building with a refrigeration plant. The name of that business was Market Equipment. The same subject presently has a new shop on Howard in Spokane.

Lee advised that during August or September of 1975, the time of the Huckleberry picking trip, Burnson was divorced and living with a woman who had two children. Lee described Burnson as a very strong-willed person.

Burnson apparently left the employment of the Indian Trails IGA during a labor dispute which involved a strike. After the strike was settled, Burnson refused to go back to

work.

Rodgers also interviewed Cecelia Monica Lee. DOB 08-17-55, the wife of Stewart Lee. Mrs. Lee advised that they used to see Burnson quite frequently when going to the IGA store in Spokane. Mrs. Lee further advised that the only time they ever went anywhere together was the Huckleberry picking trip prior to her and Stewart's marriage in November, 1975. At that time, Burnson had a woman and two kids with him. Mrs. Lee also stated that there was no problem that she knew of with regard to Burnson.

Case referred to Benton County

Case closed.


W.D. RODGERS, Det/Sgt
WSCD



Cecilia Monica Lee

8/17/55

4 years ago before
1/18/72

Woman & 2 Kids.

Jim Wade
Lepage

Lepage
~~daughters~~

Stan Burnson replaced Lee ⁸³⁴⁰⁰ May 75
Indian Trail & S.F.

Aug or Sept of 75 - huckleberry picking
near Priest Lake SW of Priest Lake

Lee Prod. Mgr Mgr Dairy
ordered Prod & Dairy - Pricing
Markup -

Row Wade
Investigator 058

Prod check in - put in cooler
Trim lettuce - celery - Wet rack -
pocket knife and 50 gal bbls.

Watermelons - Meat Dept - big knife

1 year after Lee left, chgd Mgrs
& butchers - Rukling was Mgr when Lee
was there

Dexter knives - brown wooden
handles - wide blade 1" or a little up

5/19/71 - 3:15

Dearest Joyce,

Due to extenuating circumstances entirely beyond my control (the fourth dimension, as Einstein termed it), the end of this month is rapidly approaching. Because of this fact, I feel it ~~imperative~~ that the two of us, together with our lecher Landlord, Les, meet at some appointed time to discuss the forth coming summer. This discussion would delve into such matters as: what is actually in the pleasant nook on Oak street; what we can do to it to make it habitable; and other things that would be enlightening to both of us. I also would like to know when you wish to start moving your possessions from their present location to the apartment. I believe that our lease would ~~allow~~ permit us to do so, starting 6/1/71, ~~but~~ of this fact, I am not totally sure. I believe that I will call Leslie and notify him of our intentions. I am relatively sure that this weekend will be a very busy one for him, and that maybe sometime next week would be more suitable. I shall leave a note, or ~~as~~ happen by, Saturday night, after work and ~~will~~ inform you ~~upon~~ the next ~~course~~ course of action. Please excuse the illegibility, but my ball point pen is temporarily at Eileen's, and I have yet to retrieve it. So, until Saturday, around 7:00,

Bruce.

P.S. - My wine (latest batch) is relatively beyond all verbal description. (It's real good too).

Hola estúpida,

¿Cómo está su mente? Espero que esta en el lugar propio. Nuevo México es bueno, nunca esta menos.

Well, I got down here & got 2 1/2 inches trimmed off all over, so I could get a job. My sideburns were trimmed to just below my ears, my mustache remained. Dressed very straight, I went off in search of summer employment. Nothing. I got tired of getting turned down, so I've almost resigned myself to being penniless this summer. I sit around, read, sleep, paint, fix up the house, whatever. My trunk from WSU hasn't arrived yet, so I'm lean pretty straight. Saw Jimi Hendrix last Friday, really fantastic. I went on locoweed. Ever heard of it? It's a grey green, fuzzy plant that grows wild (is legal) and packs quite a cohollup (sp). I'll be bringing Tobs of it up to WSU. Took around, it might grow up there. Just dry out a few top leaves & blow them. Really nice.

Le page' et 2.

Tough luck about your mother.

I found out why little brother freaked. He was upon a dealer's hit, not a normal one. See, the dealer makes about 13-15 hits from the one he took, so he took 26 times the amount you took. He's alright now. His dealer got the bags switched. It's a rough scene down here though. He can't go out, he can't do about a million things. My dad wants to know where I am every second of the day. I almost had to leave home to see Hendrix. They (my parents) claim "to know" what happens at those concerts. Ha! They're just super paranoid. My mother found some of Keith's grass, & she's keeping it in case he starts having withdrawal problems (from grass. They "know" alright). The day I got back, this girl friend of mine called up & asked me over. It was okayed, then my dad said "You'll be back around 11:00." I go "Say what? Now about 12:30?" (10 year olds can stay out until 12:00 with the curfew here. 11:00, no way). Finally I



got an okay for 12:00, what a hassle.
I went over & saw her. She's got an apartment,
& so I helped her move junk around,
then we rapped. At 11:00 her boyfriend
came over, & I met him. We rapped
awhile, then they split to smoke some
fantastic dope he had, so I split.
Sean (the guy) lives over there most of
the time now. He's in a group, so he's
got bread. They're a pretty cool couple.
Horny, god. Like 3 months ago she
was still a virgin. Now, they had
to go get another box of pills, because
she was running low, so I read her
a poem about the pill, which cracked
them up. It was cool.

I met the girl I went with last summer
for awhile. She's unattached, so summer
should be less hassle than school was.
She's been dropping for quite a few years,
really a cool head. We've never gotten
stoned together, we don't really need
anything. She's cool, we're going to go see
Sleeping Beauty this Friday, far out.



Going to Mexico Saturday. I'll get Jan her chaleco. I'm also getting 2 pairs of sandals, a guitar, and maybe some leather pants for Chris. She wanted some. She also wants my stone necklace thing, she'll get it, pants are questionable. We're going to go bike-riding tonight (she just got a 3 speed. She can't drive, so we're going to ~~peddle~~ peddle around). We do weird. We used to go watch ^{us} pitch in a slow pitch softball league, sit around watching a game or two, then go bomb around, get in at 12:30. We ran around the airport until 1:00 once. Try it, airports are cool.

I took a picture of me (well my brother died) with my Swinger. It had real old film in it, and it turned out so cool. I'm going to have it blown up. It's really cool.

Well, I'll end here. See if you can beat 4 pages. Bet you can't. I only got a 3.14. I got a dumb C in Chem. A's in PE, Eng, & Animal Science. B's in Bio Sci & Hum 102.

In intimate amys, Peace,
OVER Bruce

It's Monday. We've been to Mexico, I got some
santals for Ray, a vest thing for Jan, a guitar, &
2 wine chialisies (brass & silver). One for me, one
for Chris. We're going to drink wine Friday in them.
It should be cool. Hey, sorry, but bad news.
Forget coming down, I'm splitting Aug. 1 from
here. I won't be able to harvest anything down here
except gypsum. I'll get tons of that. My trunk
hasn't arrived yet. It better hurry. I really
want to go blow some of that great stuff.
Guess I'll finally send this today.

Peace,
Bruce

Save the envelope, it should be okay with a b. light.
④



Nola amiga, su español es un poco malo, pero you puedo comprender todas las palabras, porque son tan facil.

Alb. is okay, but my parents are beginning to get on my nerves. Dan, a good school chum, and I went to Woodstock last Friday. Really fantastic. He had some fantastic stuff that made everything a bit cooler. If Jan told you anything about a note that I scribbled on the envelope that I sent to her, forget it. It was about maybe we could hitchhike around the couple weeks before school because I would be dropped off a couple weeks early. Anyway, my dad decided that I could come back to Alb. and find a job, and work until school starts. Ha, now way. I think Dan I& (switch those two around) will go south and see what's growing on down south of us.

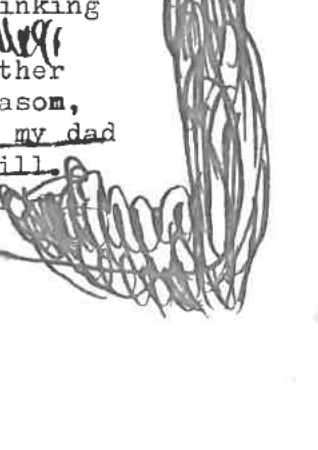
Big Vacation news: Utah, Idaho, then WSU for a couple days, then up to Canada for about a week, then through VC, B.C., to the Olympic Peninsula, then down along the coast to SF, then LA, then San Diego (Cal) then to Arizona (Oak Creek Canyon, really a beautiful place) then back to a couple weeks of hassle in New Mex., then up to wsu. My typing reaks, so does this dumb typewriter.

I've been learning a few new songs on the guitar, and I just got a recorder (A wooden flute) that's really cool, but difficult to play, so I'm learning, and practicing. I also got some wire frame glasses. They're a lot cooler than my dumb old black ones. Oh, and I got my hair styled. It cost \$1.00!! My mom paid for it. The guy left it very long, so I can dig it. My parents don't hassle me about it any more. The guy did a pretty good job. It needs washing right now.

About Gypsum weed. It's free, and it has a nice rush, but after that, it's a dull trip. I've been trying to read up on it, and a few other things, like psylisikin, however it's spelled, and peyote. I know what peyote looks like, and where it's found, texas, but really no specifics. Most of the books on that stuff have been swiped. Really. The book I found that had something about peyote had that area underlined, the page was marked, if the book fell open, guess where it landed. Right. SO much for libraries.

I think I can go down to the Fed. building and get a form 150 for my CO this week. Last week was too hectic. Sunday, at church, one of our ministers (actually the guy who takes care of youth activities) asked me if I had applied for a CO yet, and I hadn't even told him that I was thinking about it. Far out.

Pictures are cool, the ones you sent me. My brother cracked up when he saw the MR. Grass one. For some reason, I don't have that one hanging up. Did I tell you that my dad would bust me to the cops if he found any stuff? He will. Real sweet guy.



pg too

2.....

sk

/o.....

Anyway, I guess I'm about all talked out. Hasta la vista,

Paz y amor,

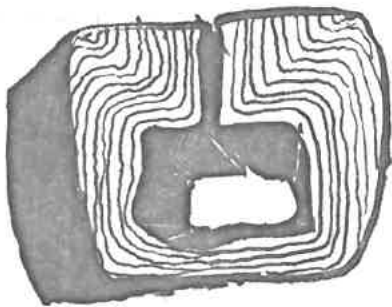
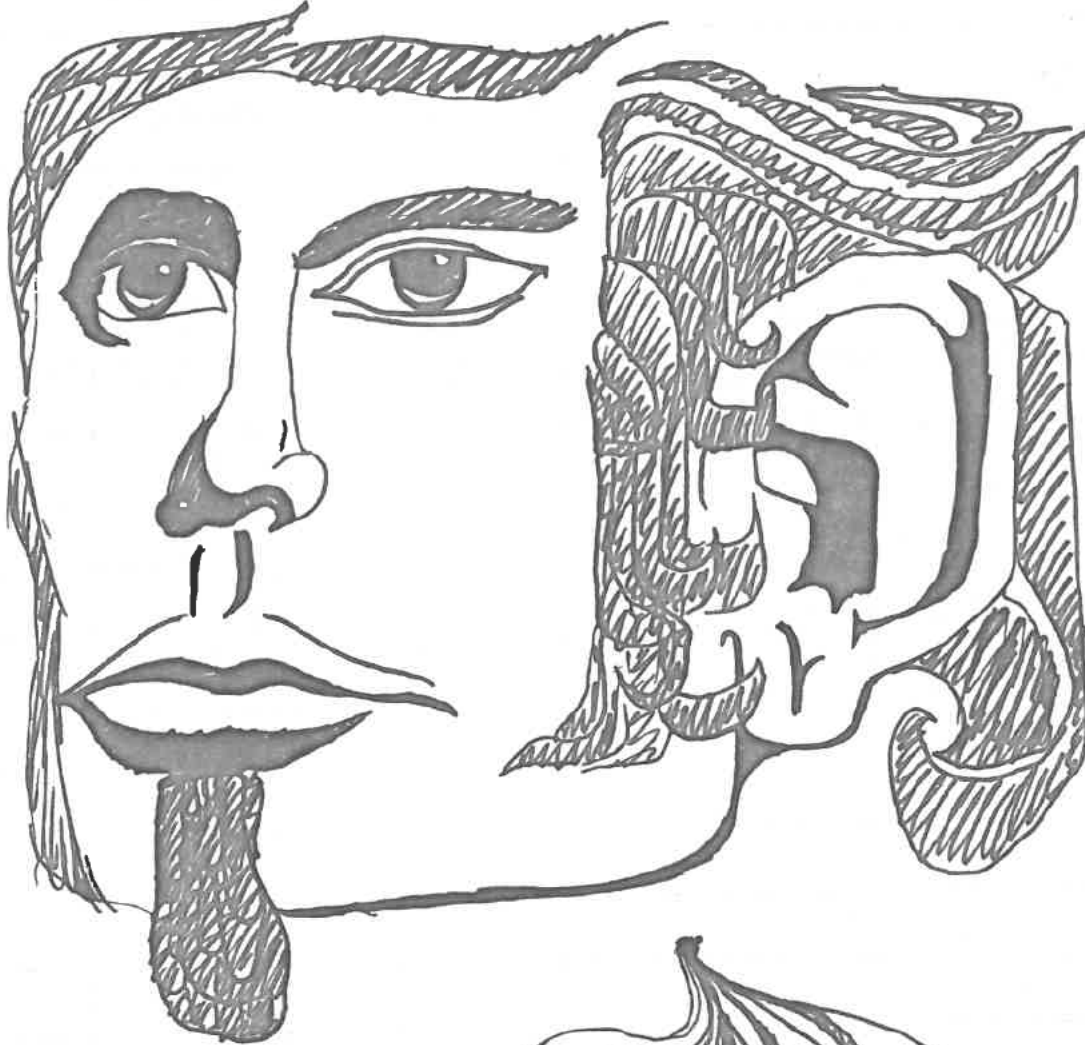
Hoops

Bruce

Brude, me, anyway

2

Guess I'LL Doodle on the rest of this page, or something



Steve Zuercher: 10th & 11th from Pullman
7:17
noon

June 22
332 308
5653
Sale St.
apt 2
Pullman 99163

Dear Mama, Daddy, Bruce, Steven, David,
As of today, I am registered and
moved into the apt. I am enrolled in
Chem 101 (4 credits) and German I (3 credits).
German I meets at 10:30-11:20.
10th Chem Lab meets from 9:30-12:20 and
Chem lecture from 1:30-4:20. The German class
appears to be an exceptional group so far.
The professor, dean of men, Mr. Beaudish, has
been meditating for over a year and is
excellent.

The apt is looking very nice. Though
the weather sometimes reaches 90°, it stays
cool inside mostly.

Registration was \$140 + \$16 for a parking
sticker.

David Arthur's parents were very
distinguished looking and acting people.
Bill Arthur wore his tie tucked inside
his gold short-sleeved cotton shirt. The
collar was open. He wore a double-breasted
navy-blue jacket. Mrs. Arthur looked
much more American. They were
very nice to me but paid most attention
to David. We drove them around Spokane.
We said we could stay w/ a friend ~~that~~
that evening but they paid for two extra
rooms in their motel (\$18 each). The
next day they flew on to Vancouver. It
seemed that they made arrangements later
to go there. David stayed until Sun. night,
with me at my girlfriend's house (Chloë's
Klenz), then flew to Vancouver also.
Wed. he planned to fly to Johannesburg.

* He was very impressed with our intelligence
and the crops & w/ the irrigation.

and try to get a job with the newspaper
which they thought was very possible
to do.

I am considering teaching in
So. Africa, possibly Cape Town, for
instance. An American teaching
certificate would not be accepted there
which I do not intend to acquire here
anyway.

David enjoyed the farm and the
food very much. He said that his &
my family-sisters were very dif. but
he liked ours. * When he told his parents
that we didn't have blacks to do our
work for us, and that he himself was
out in the fields, they had a good laugh
and said that it was good experience
for him. They told him that their men
had taken time off to go look for a wife.

Everything is fine here and I am
enjoying myself and feel constructive.
As I have said before, maybe I can learn
to cook this summer.

Thanks for everything.
See you soon, hopefully.

Love,
Joyce

Phone # 332-5653

me

Am listening to the Cocker and
wondering if you must hearing him
say "This is the Cocker".
Glad to hear that you're happy and
(hopefully) into school. Sounds like
you're really getting your "shit together"
~~as they say in Palestine~~ to quote a
Pelouse Chaghead I once knew. Are
you making it now too? Things worked
themselves out very quickly it seems.
My Problem (you) certainly isn't having
many problems of his own.

Glad am glad to hear that you and
Glenn are good friends (which, of course,
may be to be. I was with equal
right ~~and~~ ^{and} you). Someday I may have
the opportunity to meet her. I would
be very excited to do so - it seems like
destiny to me in a way.

You're offering to bank me money?
David, what can I say? You keep
making me smile even while trillions
of miles from me. That puts a whole
new light on things though. You're
really sticking your neck out (early in
the ~~of~~ you aren't you? While taking
you at your word; I will ~~assure~~ ^{reassure} you that
you may certainly retract your offer
at any time that you so chose to do so,
As things remain, I am still psyched
for coming to live in S. Africa for a year or two,
at least.

3. include
highland me thinking
- 5. include - 11.11
- 12.11.11

And David! you know very well
that I have fantastic handwriting.
People come up to me almost everyday
and tell me that. Your writing looks
like chicken scratches, if you want the
truth. Is that it?

I had dinner w/ Celeste, Michael,
& Mark the other night. Afterwards we
drove around the winding dirt roads
of Palouse Hills until dark. Then we
stopped in at a rummage sale in Palouse
City and got ^{of towards} ice cream cones. We
had a very good time. I discovered
that Mark once ~~lived~~ stayed at a
mental institution for trying to
strangle people, burning down 3
pea canners etc. etc. He & I (I suspect)
was the informer to a Mark in the
big bust 2 years ago! Strange info huh.
Steve Soule, Mary Garber's boyfriend
who here this summer and has befriended
me. He is ~~left~~ quite unstable sometimes
and always sloppy. However, he is
going to become initiated into T.M.
This week so, he shouldn't suffer too long.
He is directing a 415 Communications
Class which involves taking & filming
commercials, advertisements, news,
skits, plays etc. ^{on TV}. Because there are no
girls in the class, I have added it
for credit and do nothing but go off
in front of the camera once or twice a week.
Yesterday I did a weather report; and

tomorrow a puppet show, and Monday I will co-star with Jay. Am very glad that I took that Acting course last semester. After the tape the show, we get to watch the replay on T.V.

This Sunday is the Atomic Cup hydroplane races in the Tri Cities. Mike Finch (the guy who had a beer in our room near the end of the year) and I are going to visit Fasco and see the race. Also pick up on some Spuds for everyone I know in Pullman.

Remember Patty, K. and Hal Wood from Spokane? Well, Hal and I ran into each other 2 days ago and decided that we would start parachuting right away. (Miracles never cease) The instructor for the parachute club is offering a deal of \$30 for everything up to the 2nd jump. That way people can back out if they want to. Then if I want to join the club when school starts, I will have saved 2 or 3 big ones. Our 1st lesson is then and all may jump Fri. This time I have not told my parents! I am so excited I just know I should wear ~~rubber~~ plastic pants just in case something happens on the way down. And if ~~not~~ something drastic goes wrong, I will tell you. My squashed (yet still quite warm) body & anything else in my possession that you might prefer. (How about my bulletproof papers for Miss Stevens?)

Dave Parks and I have been doing a little jogging lately. We are better than ever before.

Steven's Hall (across from the Bookery) is being worked on this summer. So I have taken over the building. I play tennis, watch TV, sleep, shower, run, and do the dishes. It's my private hide away for the rest of the summer. I even use their hidden parking place that the police can't see from the road. Yesterday morning a workman stumbled upon me accidentally. I had spent the night in the head residents' room. ~~I~~ He thought I was the head resident, I guess because he ~~quickly~~ asked me if I knew where the storm windows were, then apologized and left.

I have a C- in Chem and an A in German. Beside that I credit A in Communism so far. Next year I will only have to take 11 credits per semester and 12 the next to graduate. So I can really get into Judo, parachuting, maybe some pottery or art classes, have a job, whatever.

Phyllis wrote me. It sounded like the only reason she did was to get some more information about David. She was quite taken by you it seems. But then, who isn't. Even I like you, now and then. If your body is ~~strong~~ ^{and strong} and strong, mine is throbbing and surging. As Phyllis so aptly quoted "When you're hot you're hot".

Not to carry on forever with seductive suggestions and wistful implications. I must say that for lack of David Butler, I'm spending most of my time thinking of his last letter, the one I will soon write, the one he will then write and so on. Especially I have been remembering the night I took so hard to watch you out of the corner of my eye w/o letting you see me. I was more entranced with you than the concert.

Tonight, right now actually, I am taking off for Wilson Hall. I heard that from Bill's roof one can see the sunset beautifully.

Am still anxious to hear about the meditation group there and what the people are like.

I have several ideas (or presents) to send you, but haven't gotten them together as yet. (I would like to make a poster of the you took of the Some old Sheet, w/ you as the speaker).

The necklace ~~is~~ is beautiful. You have good taste, I must admit. Don't worry about the jacket, I couldn't wear it this summer anyway. It's in the 100's now. I wouldn't mind giving you in 5A about now. I ~~calculated~~ have a bit of a tan.

I read the poem first but haven't mentioned it until now because I can't think of anything to say that would compare

it except the sender, himself.

Any day you will be receiving a magazine article and a couple pictures.

I'm happy always, especially when remembering you.

Your lover and friend,
Joyce

Actually, you tell me when you have made enough money and I'll catch the 1st plane out of here. Your long lost lover is waiting. I can visualize myself ~~walking off of the~~ walking off of the. You know, the mouth inbetweens being together, could really be a stimulus to our relationship. I ~~can~~ can visualize the moment I walk off the plane. Maybe I could be described as a beautiful girl or elegant lady. I would walk ~~off~~ down the steps and parade into your arms or shake hands or give you my high roll (gudo).

July 20
Wed.

Dear Mommy, Daddy, and all,

A friend of mine moved back to Pullman today. She has no money, but is staying with another friend. Because I'm the only one she knows here that is going to summer school, she pressured me into asking the school for a \$50 loan for her. They insisted that my parents co-sign the deal. So I went through the process to pay for Cathy and am now writing to clear things up with you. Please disregard the letter you will receive from WSO. You may stash it in the garbage can.

I wrote Phyllis a letter. She seemed quite taken by David and was curious about him. Even Jeff said a couple good things about him. Drake is 6 months old now she said. That seems like a long time. Maybe someday, I might even have a baby, who knows.

1/2 the summer ^{school} is over and so far I have a C- in Chem, an A in Verse, and an A (1 credit) in Communications 415. I have done 2 commercials, 1 weather report and a puppet show. Next I will be in a play. It's really quite fun and very good experience being before a camera. They say I'm doing OK but I sure feel scared.

P.S. Am anxious to see how the potatoes, etc. are.
were. Hope everyone is feeling fine. I
certainly am. Love always,
Joyce

David says the weather, mid-
winter for So. Africa, is perfect and
he wears sandals & no shirt around
the house. The past few days here
has been sweetening.

Stevens Hall is being worked on
so lately I have been spending
afternoons and some evenings there
by myself, playing the stereo, piano,
studying, sleeping, showering,
sun bathing, watching TV etc. etc.
I have the whole place to myself. The
few workers we seen take me to
the head resident.

Sandy and I are getting along
fine again, it seems a bit of her
eating habit disturb me but that's
getting prettyicky, I know.

Mama, I brought back your
old albums and am often listening
to Arthur Kubeinstein etc. They're
very good and soothing.

Most probably will be in Posco
this weekend, hopefully on Sat. I
don't suppose the ^{Post Office} Office is open
then? If you have an ext. appointment
for me then on Monday, however, please
call so I can make some plans. I must
be back here by 12:30 on Monday, however,
and may not leave before 3:30 from
here on Friday and would not like to
leave on Friday very much, because of other
projects I am into.

If you don't head an apt, for me sometime then, you
shouldn't call but I will come home anyway, maybe Sat,
maybe on Sunday. We need plans we need.

6.
David Arthur, however, walked into the room and I wanted to throw up. The avoidance and attraction were so greatly polarized. Again I realize my limitations. All thoughts were upon possession, jealousy, captivation, lurching, scheming, and all for desire. So my body tried to paralyze itself to feel him. Then at least the equally strong avoidance shouts would not be crushed. I was in a state of disfunction, demobilization, or breakdown: just like a computer who has received too much input at one time.

Thank heavens for vocations. For 3 days now I have rested and recuperated. Normality is again testing out its stations and functions. Quickly, afterwards when all damaged parts are checked and repaired, ^{defenses} preparations must be installed and readied for the next attack. I must have added knowledge and fore-warning.

First then, what is this attacker, this poisonous snake in the shape of a faint melancholy confused boy? What devil smirks within him that my spirit smells so strongly? It is a defect within myself, a weakness that I must repair. But where, how? Is he a past life who haunts me today? What purpose lies in my life for him? Why does he scare me and why do I w/ equal fear profess to love him?

essential to victory. Where is it now?
A little more time, a little more
meditation and the test would be no
test.

But it is beyond me now. All I
can do is try and fail again. And lose
again. The trying is the futile part
that ~~desires~~ riddably destroys you, but
urges you on to the last squirming effort.
As it stands, there is no escape. Though
Effort reigns supreme presently.

What charms me about him? His
quiet, his eyes, his smile, his calm,
his stillness, his self-awareness, his
calm, frightening, mystical, enticing.
I want to kiss him, to love him, to
possess him. But he reacts only to my
friendship and conversation. He's
human, unspecial, faulty, sad, etc. but
I make him into something he is not &
then worship him. It's deception,
criminal, offensive, but I am drawn
in insistently. I've got to slow down,
forget, unravel, release, untangle,
breathe freely. Then and only then can
anything be accomplished. Being
upright & screwed up - grasping, desirous,
jealous, tight-lipped, only creates chaos,
confusion and disaster and blackness.
No good comes of it. I know but I do
not hear.

His existence turns into a greater importance than mine. Therefore, I will the chance of remaining important to him or valuable. He needs someone, maybe me, but if I wallow in him totally, then I lose my uniqueness or identity.

The importance of lessons and instructions weighs heavily upon me. The imminence of time is pressing. I have love and happiness to offer his life. Jon Ellis offered it to me. It took me 2 1/2 years to gain it from her. He will have 3 months for him to receive & for me to gain salvation. Then he will return to So Africa and possibly to his wife's love and wife. But I will remain joyful yet age, ~~the~~ ~~these~~ and my own identity - not his, the fear of becoming vacant, empty, and exhausted for someone whom cannot receive rapidly enough, the failure of 'being' pure existence for him greys me at the sea of darkness, vacuum, space, prisons one.

I am better, much better, than ever before. The fear of not wearing makeup & contacts has lessened, surprisingly. This is a miracle within itself. But I am far from being omnipotent, omniscient, immortal or immersed in infinite bliss. I have not attained my godhood, my complete transcendence. Therefore I am vulnerable. I can become wounded, burnt, sheathed or whatever the term is. But the test is extreme and intense. Confidence is

He is very potent right now. Now is when my actions count. Not later! Now I must be ready for the attack. Now I must be strong in order to support myself and him.

A few details involve: He has dated a girl in So. Africa for 18 months and may love her. But his life is changing rapidly. He might not love her any more. I challenge him, entertain him, cope with him on his level. He appears to be experiencing a sort of shock so when in difficult situations he has at least learned to trust my ability to smoothly carry him through. He floats on the surface of unrelated socializations while I bore him up. His traumatic experience he lets rest and toys with it only mildly as yet in the safety, shelter & assurance that I won't poke, kick or injure it w/ prodding or dominating, influencing, etc. He just lets the air heal it until it is stronger and he can embrace it. He is quiet and easily bored. This requires my concentration must be 200% so that I can easily sway with the waves of living and still be aware & ready for his activity and concerns.

I am so attracted, though, that I am distracted and have let myself become absorbed, immersed in identification, possessiveness, and self-criticism.

I come to my room after lunch & I started to cry by saying I don't want anyone. I don't want anyone at all. I just want to be alone.

The record played "Ever find yourself running, running away? Ever find yourself searching, searching for something, never knowing the way?"

And I needed to hold someone ~~and~~ and cry to them. I just needed one person who I could cry to. But I thought of names & faces & I found that there was absolutely none whom I trusted.

In everyone goes away. No one stays with me. And I could never accept anyone anymore. Little does David know that by his returning to So. Africa, he will be shattering me for the final time. It's not that our relationship will be sweet so much as that that one more person has left me again. That one more whom I don't want.

Man is fallible. He isn't pure,
true, honest, ideal, immortal, infinite,
omniscient, omnipotent. He is no God.
He is "only human". Don't judge him or
yourself too harshly. It's harder to love
yourself a little. Too many people in it
think to "love you", "you're the one" as the
album Nothman and — says: "I'm the
one and you're the one." But people are
guilty because they didn't think they could
make their friend happy. Was it because
they were selfish, they didn't really care
about their friend, they had no will-power
or was it in fact because they knew that
it was beyond their power? Man is
limited. What's what? Philosophy has as
their most basic assumption. Their
foundation upon which all theories, grace
themselves against attack. Circles and
chains of reasoning become tangled here.
For how can a philosopher, who is only
human, ever expect or hope, to say
something immortal, something final,
true, real, actual, total, complete, universal.
It says how hypocrisy, misleading,
descriptions, etc. But innocently or not
intended, he above all realizes in himself
that he is not completely certain. He
searches. He has not found. He hypothe-
sises, rather than ~~proclaims~~ professing
He argues rather than proclaiming.
The strictly rationally dedicated intellect
sophisticated philosopher is an
existentialist making the most go out of
a stagnant, ambiguous, corrupted, incomplete choice.

2

He is man-searching. I once existed
as a searcher. What ~~the~~ ^{is} man
supposed to be? Need I entertain
the funny-sour college graduate,
or the tawdry-turkey professional man,
or how about the wishy-washy society
lady who has never ~~been~~ ^{been} in her life
But faith expels man from
conformity, from ambiguity, from
leak, from uncertainty, from ~~trivial~~ ^{mortality}
and pettiness. If only, it could be
believed in? If only it were available
to everyone, everyday? Instead, the
relegious-people know all the
fallible things we see in all of man-
kind, yet with the addition of
being self-ritcheous, authoritative
dominating, tending constantly toward
influencing and attracting others, and
especially, are in a better position from
which to judge their betters. I
call that faith what it is; it's truckling
bloated, and gluttonous, too fat to
see its own arms.

Then there was Jesus Christ
and Buddha, and Confucius, etc.
Too, etc. I can't discredit them. They
bewilder me. They are too big for me.
Through rather deep-enough study, I
have come to the conclusion that they
were right. They were on their way. To
a great extent, they had FOUND.
That's what we all search for - to
Find answers. And I believe that I have

I think a few. Because of these I will as
freely say of them that they are not
answers. We make them answers.
They are natural, universal, innocent
laws of life, death, and limbo, and
immortality.

I have barely awoken to the realm
of dreams, meditation, ESP, prophets,
the stars, and dogs, other powers, and
spirits, and to everyday existence,
especially, not to mention, reincarnation,
other "lives", growth, and God (Godhead).
My awareness, w/ the technique of
meditation is broadening & expanding.
My container of knowledge is at the
same time expanding. There is now
room to fill w. understanding. My
will-power, happiness, stability,
strength, love, etc. are expanding rapidly
into areas never attained w/ in myself
and are being sustained there for
longer periods. I feel more potent.

Buddy, as a freshman, I felt
doubtful that ~~a~~ a ~~so~~ mature man could
love me, or that if he could, that I
could handle it, cope with it, and
dwell there easily. Jim Krummick
loved me. I rejected this affair because
I was too dependent. He scared me, harassed
me and tormented me with his humorlessness.
He wasn't worth the shattering effect I
felt. Steve Hughes plunged me reverently
into infatuation, insatiable, glowing,
driving, possessive desire, and madness.

Gary Foss, emotionally, intellectually, intrigued, mystified, and enslaved me w/ his sober, melancholy passion. I outwitted him until he became indifferent. Then the trap closed around me. I needed him to save me. Chase, the free-lancer, transient, happy, self-sufficient lover, reminded me of Jim Knudsen's distracted kisses and affections. They were mushy but and childlike. He was enviable and worth the show though.

Now David Arthur likes me and I like him. From Gary, last year, until now (one complete year) there has been a rather calm, self-contained establishment and concern. The stobleness and time have given me some confidence and understanding of happy people. Before this I could only sympathize with sad, thwarted people, to end to idealize happy people somewhat. But I could not feel how they felt. Now I have succeeded in living in their shoes too.

Everyone must have a view of life, a life-style, or maybe even a purpose. Mine might be; to see the world as a melting pot for searching, learning, spirit in which my total existence will be testimony to a finding, the purpose of which is to achieve the good of every man, his happiness at least, for a moment and at least to some degree.

I was playing the piano. The challenge
is from V. I want to give him books,
do everything for him, love him selflessly,
may be.

How many him? I've never said that before. He would not be the god I was waiting for, but I would be tempted anyway. It would be kind of a master-slave, Godistic-masochistic adoration. But I dream of it. As Arthur, I want to possess you, beyond my much better judgement or capability. The tragedy is that I know, happily, that this end will never occur. Death leads to complete separation in 2 months. This will be the best for my entity, but it will crush my desires pitifully. I must face all of this now in order to meet his needs. I want to be his savior, at least as well as you has been mine but I can't (in the ^{sub} ~~sub~~ ^{conscient} state I am in) even tell if his needs are the same as mine were with you. Different, vague, action so necessitated from me? or was your life universally good & healing? - and desperate to help him, otherwise he will appropriately, justly, mightfully leave me and I seek him somehow.

Man is fallible. He isn't pure, true, honest, ideal, immortal, infinite, omnipotent. He is no God. He is "only human". Don't judge him or yourself too harshly. It's harder to love yourself a little. Too many people find it hard to "love you", you're the one", as the album Hether and ----- says, "you're the one and we're the one". But people are guilty because they didn't think they could make their friend happy. Was it because they were selfish, they didn't really care about their friend, they had no will power or was it in fact because they knew that it was beyond their power? Man is limited. That's what philosopher's have as their most basic assumption. Their foundation upon which all theories brace themselves against attack. Circles and chains of reasoning become tangled here. For how can a philosopher, who is only human, ever expect or hope, to say something immortal, something final, true, real, actual, total, complete. He says hypocrisy, misleadings, deceptions, etc. But innocently or not intended, he above all realized in himself that he is not completely certain. He searches, rather than profexizing. He argues rather than proclaiming. The exactly rationally dedicated intellect, sophisticated philosopher is an existentralist making the most go out a stagnet, ambiguous, corrupted, incomplete chaos. He is man searching. I once existed as a searcher. What else is man supposed to be? Need I entertain the funny form college graduate, or the topsy-turvey professional man, or how about the wishy washy society lady who has never burped in her life?

But forth expels man from conformity, from ambiguity, from fear, from uncertainty, from mortality and pettyness. If only it could be believed in? If only it were avoidable to everyone, everyday? Instead, the religious people I know are all the fallible things we see in all of mankind, yet with the addition of being self-ritcheous, authoritative, domineering, tending constantly toward influencing and attracting others, and especially are in a better position form which to judge their brothers.

Also you could help me w/ my Chem.
some more. I would be able to tell
you where & when all the classes offered
this summer are held.

For 4 friends of mine up here are
being initiated into Transcendental
Meditation within a couple weeks.

It makes me feel exhilarated that they
have become so excited about what I
think is cool for me.

I feel quite comfortable and
interested in the overall "situation" of this
summer. As Phyllis once did, I am
going to start doing arts & crafts at the
Pub. Also I went to the folk dancing &
enjoyed it. [The end of this month,
the manager of a restaurant practically
promised me I could work there in the
rest of summer school & into next fall.]

Bruce and Dave were over yesterday
evening. That was a big surprise. They
had visited Cheryl Killinger and
Grandma before coming here. We just
visited some friends of mine, then Bruce
helped Steve (a friend) type his paper
and I came home to bed.

There are a couple of "young men"
who have caught my eye. Progress
reports will be issued regularly (until
then... happy days. Love, Joyce.

Dear Mama, Daddy, Steve, B., D.,

You might have noticed that I left a slide rule and 2 gold hair clips at home. I'm awfully sorry, but would very much appreciate your mailing them to me.

As if all the sleeping I did at home wasn't enough, I've been doing more of the same here. Maybe I'm fighting off a bug.

Steven, surprisingly, the few hints you gave to me have proved invaluable on a quiz I had today. The prof, I have concluded, is a Clod & a lecturer. The big test is tomorrow so I am supposedly hitting the books hard tonight.

Dorick Arthur's address is

18 A Tregning St.
Linkfield
Johannesburg
Transvaal
S. Africa

Sandy and I are getting along worse than before, but it strikes me as funny now. She goes ~~out~~ her way to bug me, but makes a fool out of herself in the process.

Steven is perfectly welcome to come to Pullman for a few days or whatever. He could stay at any one of good places for sure. They'd enjoy having you and are fun, intelligent guys.

* ~~I~~ You are my official proof-reader from now on. So please correct all spelling errors that I am certain to make.

Dear David,

Welcome home. - I hope you had a good time with your parents in Vancouver.

* ~~Just~~

The apt. is looking very nice. We have 2 tie-dyed sheets for curtains. Bruce leaves at 6:30 every morning and comes back at 4:30. I have only a 10:30 on Mon Wed + Fri (Hesse). On Tu and Th: Chem lab from 9:30-12:30, and lecture from 1:30-4:30.

Bruce and I are basically getting along fine. However, he smokes grass at night that smells up the place. And, of course there are other little things that he does that irritate me. Of course, nothing that I do could ever bug anyone.

Dave Parks happens to live across the street from me. That's nice. He introduced me to his girlfriend from California the other night.

The campus is beautiful and the weather stays perfect until about 2 or 3.00 when it is quite hot and sticky. Right now I am sitting on the lawn below the ~~_____~~ flag.

building, watching the sunset. There
is a ~~the~~ cool, light breeze. A raindrop
just fell on my right arm. Looking down
I see that my Cross-Scer is still visible.

~~Today, Monday was registration~~

As I was leaving Boshier Gym,
after registering today I was tapped
on the shoulder. I turned and looked
into the persons face, not immediately
certain of who he was. Then it came
to me - Dave. ~~He is the Punk instead of~~
You can imagine how thrilled I was.

Apparently he had just been running.

Letters are hard to ~~write~~ write. I want
to say hi and how are you feeling,
but they don't sound like mine here.

Nor do I get the pleasure of ^{your} talking ~~to~~
to me. That and having you close enough
to hold - I miss the most now. But ~~if~~ ^{you}
you would be glad to see that I am also
enjoying myself here. As you, I can
read good books + work ^{on} ~~other~~ projects (like
Shakespeare) this summer. This is actually,
the most opportune time to ~~acquire your~~ ^{acquire your} real
"Education". I am very excited about that
aspect of having a lot of free time.

Self

Please write Ashok's home
address here & slide this under
door of 936 if I'm not in.

Joyce.

Ashok S. Kanhere,

759/25 DECCAN GYMKHANA
POONA - 4.
INDIA

Tel - 56866