

West Yellowstone  
March 28, 2003

Dear Bud,

The book arrived safely, and I thank you most sincerely for myself and for Yellowstone Historic Center. I know you are asked to give away treasures practically every day, and we appreciate your help with our auction and your interest in our community in general. You are a loyal friend!

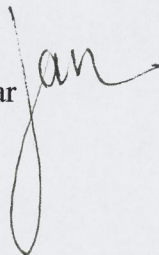
I seem to have jumped the gun somewhat and didn't send you the form to fill out which, when returned to the YHC office, will give you a tax advantage. So, herewith is a bunch of exciting stuff. In the left-hand pocket of the black folder is a form to be filled out (just like doing taxes!) and returned to us. I have enclosed a stamped envelope. Also, you might find the information in the folder interesting.

On another tack: last Wednesday I was the speaker at the graveside service for Donna Spainhower. It snowed heavily, and was just the kind of day Donna would have ordered. I have my remarks on my computer, so I thought you might like to have a copy. If you don't have the time, just use it to start a fire. We shall miss Donna. Like so many W.Y.folks, she was one of a kind.

Again, thanks for your generosity to us! Best to Esther.

Love,

Jan Dunbar

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Jan". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the printed name "Jan Dunbar".

DONNA (Grace) ROTE SPAINHOWER:  
Fir Ridge, West Yellowstone, Montana

March 26, 2003

My name is Jan Dunbar. I'll start out with a few statistics: We are here to celebrate the life Donna Grace Spainhower, 80, who died Mar. 21, 03, following a courageous battle with cancer and during which she was cared for in Bozeman by son Ron and daughter Elaine. Donna was born April 15, 1922, in St. Anthony, Idaho. The paper noted that her mother Toots traveled by dog team to Monida, Mt. then rode the train to St. Anthony to await this third child. Afterwards, the family moved to the Bar N Ranch where they operated a dairy.

(Time out : from my notes, May 24, 1993): "I dropped by to see Donna today. She is an immaculate housekeeper. [Can you believe I said that?] Outside in the sunshine by the shore of her two ponds are daffodils, planted at random. She told me Dutch planted them. Truth to tell, she has replaced them over the years since Dutch died, 1980, as we all know daffodils seldom keep blooming perennially here. Too short a season I suppose. We talked about the trains and how we miss them. Donna said she never hears the whistle blow without thinking of her father, Charles Rote. When she was 6 (1928), he contracted lobar pneumonia and was ill for a long time. Toots, Donna's mother, had to milk the cows at the dairy they ran at Bar N which they leased. They sold the milk in town. This was before the Thompsons leased the Murray Ranch and took over the dairy business. There were four Rote children, Ethel May, Calvin, Donna and Louise (Skippy). Toots, her mother, was 28. Donna's father wouldn't go to the hospital in Bozeman, 'A stubborn Pennsylvania Dutchman!' said Donna, until finally in July, he said, 'Take me to the train. I will go to Idaho Falls,' so Toots drove them all into town in the blue car, he dressed in a suit but very ill, where he boarded the train alone. Donna said she remembers him standing on the platform at the end of the train, waving to them all. He died in Idaho Falls Hospital and she never saw him again. She was six years old at the time, but the train whistle always made her remember."

Donna spent much of her childhood at The Pittsburgh Club (later Henry's Lake Lodge) at Henry's Lake with her Garner grandparents. Time out again for my notes of Feb. 19, 1993, two days after Donna had given a program to the Island Park Historical Society at Pond's Lodge. Paul Shea, Cal and I had gone there together, driving through the snow. It was snow much like that we are having here right now. She dropped in to see me to tell me a few things she had forgotten to tell the group that night. For example: "The Dr. who was one of the founders of the Pittsburgh Club which her grandparents were employed by until George died in 1935...that Dr. was Dr. Thayer of Johns Hopkins University and Hospital in Baltimore. She says her grandmother May always called him, 'Dear Little Dr. Thayer.' He stayed many weeks at the club. Donna says he built a bathhouse on Dunham Creek which flows through the club, now Henry's Lake Subdivision (where Dexter and Joan Ball and others have houses), by putting a cement floor in it, allowing the water to roll across the floor. He bathed in the cold water. May and George used to have a cow, of course and they would throw the unused milk into Dunham Creek. Donna recalls May saying, 'Oh, don't dump the milk today until Dear Little Dr. Thayer has had his bath or he will be having a milk bath.' as he sometimes did!

Dr. Thayer bathed in that cold water most mornings late into the fall. Also, he was a great fan of the raspberry patch. He loved to pick the berries but was forever losing his glasses. Donna says that all four Rote kids would try frantically to find Dear Little Dr. Thayer's glasses for the honor of being the one who found them. It was another Doctor, one who came to the club from Salt Lake, who took all the Rote kids' tonsils out free. They all took the train to Salt Lake. Donna also reminded me that her mother, Toots, was the younger sister, Ethel the elder. May told George that she had named them Ethel and Ella Grace so that he could not make nicknames out of them. But he said, 'Oh, yes, I can! There's Jinx and there's Toots!'

More Statistics: After Charles' death, Donna's mother moved the family to West Yellowstone where she operated a cabin camp (where the old Gusher was) and raised Donna and her siblings, later marrying Clyde McCourt in 1933. Donna herself married E. L. "Dutch" Spainhower, Feb. 6, 1940. From 1953-1960, they spent the winters in Bozeman (with Ron and Elaine, of course), returning to W. Y. where Donna worked for the postal service. She became postmaster in 1978 after having worked there for fifteen years. Dutch died tragically in 1980, not too long after they had moved into their new house on Duck Creek. Donna retired as postmaster in 1988.

Many of you have known Donna much longer than Cal and I have, but for some years we made up for lost time. We arrived in 1961, semi-broke and with two little kids, so it didn't take us long to figure out that the greatest entertainment bargain in town was Spaghetti Night at the Gusher, the "Old Gusher" where Arrick's Fly Shop is located now. It started out as something of a small delicatessen, an outgrowth of Dutch's career with Darigold and before his rise to a top management position. Donna had spent a lot of time in Bozeman, but she helped at the Gusher. Donna worked with Sally Riley, the postmaster at that time, at the post office on Madison, and later, with Ron, they transformed the Gusher as we knew the Gusher: beer, a stove to warm by, hooks for one's own beer tankard, lots of things on tap, a great view down Canyon and Madison; in short, it was the hub of the town. It was crowded, and the more the merrier. Spaghetti Night and all you could eat. Dutch was a handsome guy with lots of black hair; Donna was a town beauty with a swathe of red curls, sparkling eyes, and the biggest smile you'd see all day. It must have been genetic; it was always there. And Dutch and Donna were in love; that was easy to see. They were part of lots of social things here. Well, their kids, Ron and Elaine, were grown, and they did all sorts of capers with the likes of Bob and Darlene Brower, Dean and Betty Nelson,...well, you know, the old gang.

Everybody knows that Donna became our postmaster after Sally retired, and she made our post office, the old one across from Strozzi's, the most individual P.O. in the west, I am sure. It had a small lobby, but it was decorated, and I mean *decorated* inside and out. The overgrown aspens, which hang on to a bare existence today, were tended like babies in their garden; the inside was painted pastel colors of the area, and it was a small museum of memorabilia of old times and old characters. You couldn't just go in and out; you had to look around, greet the public, and then spend a while greeting the people who worked with Donna, people like Nelva and Millie, and sometimes LeRoy Ebright coming and going out the back door. They talked to you through the holes that

were the mail boxes, and it sounded like a party back there. They always had time, and she always had more time for you than anyone there. She probably made more national and international friends than did any postmaster since Benjamin Franklin.

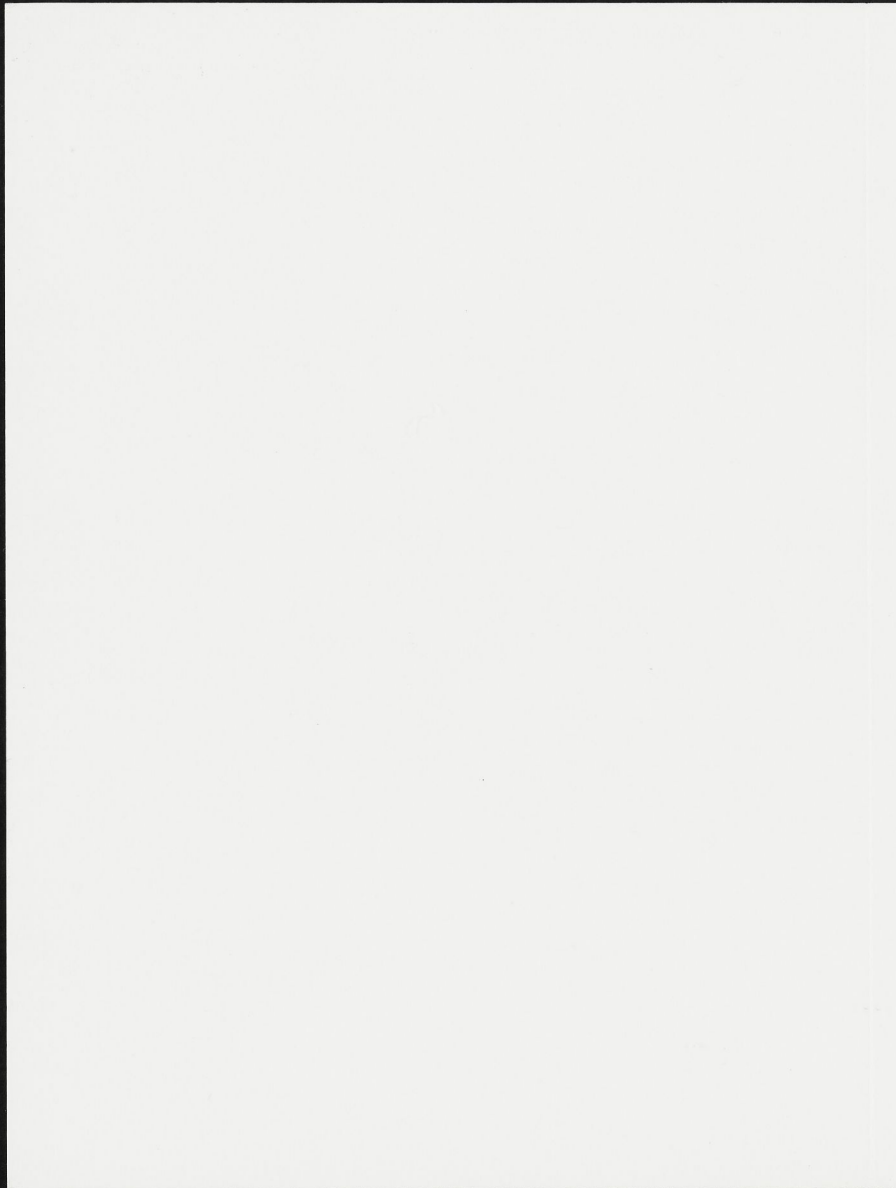
About 1970 a few of us got the idea of a local historical society. I'd been doing some audio tapes with kids in my classes and others; Gary Carter and Joel Janetski thought it was a good idea, Ed, Bud, and Bettie Eagle wanted to get the ball rolling, Cal and I and Guy Hanson got into the act, and Dutch and Donna got on the band wagon with us. We did what organizations did in those days; we got together for dinner, and out of some partying, the West Yellowstone Historical Society was born. We had great dreams. Dutch thought it would be good to get the Mellon Foundation involved since Andrew Mellon was rumored to have been a member of The Pittsburgh Club. Our idea was to save the Union Pacific Rail Road buildings, and it is still an idea front and center to many of us. In those early days we met at our house, or at Donna's "new house" on Dunraven. That was before they built the house of their dreams on Duck Creek. During those years I had the opportunity to meet May Garner, Donna's beloved grandmother, she whose story of coming to Henry's Lake as a child of 13 is one of the most moving, truly a saga of survival and prevailing. This was in 1893. May's mother had died en route, and her father quickly remarried, a young lady named Kitty. The family went to Durango by wagon, a new child Ella was born, and May and her younger sister Hattie wandered with the family up the Centennial Valley to Henry's Lake. These little girls were wearing moccasins made from the hide of a dead cow they passed by on the road to the lake. Eventually the family eeked out a subsistence by fishing on Henry's Lake, a somewhat illegal activity but one which brought much money to the entrepreneurs who hired them at 50 cents a box, then taking the fish by wagon or sled to the railhead at Monida, hence to either Butte or Salt Lake. And I mean thousands of fish. I means tens-of-thousands of fish! May tells of fishing through a hole in the ice, and of having no gloves. Water flooded their one-room cabin. When she was 16, she eloped to Virginia City with her beloved, George Garner, 28, son of Kirby Garner who was the fourth homesteader at Henry's Lake. Their daughter (Donna's mother ) married Charles Rote whose family homesteaded on Denny Creek in the basin around 1910. When Donna said she went way back, she meant way back!

Her mother Toots finally moved to town with her children and managed a cabin camp (where the old Gusher was located) bought for her by her father, George Garner. Donna's roots go deep, particularly those connected to May and George Garner. Donna's father, Charles Rote had a sister, Carrie Fuller, and thus all the Fullers and the Whitmans were her cousins. (They still are.) Donna is one of those people who made the state line between Idaho and Montana splice into one large homestead. Now only Ethel remains of her siblings, but there are seven grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

I had a rinky dink tape recorder then, but Dutch and Donna had bought a beautiful thing, a big reel-to-reel, and they made some fine interviews. Keith McGinn, May Garner, and others. Well, after Dutch died in 1980, so shortly after they had moved to their portion of heaven at Duck Creek, we'd run into Donna in surprising places. She

would park her car at a place, say, at Beaver Creek Campground or near Rescue Point, and then she would walk and hike and breathe the air she loved in the places she loved, obviously at home with her memories. We'd pass her car as she drove along all the highways and by-roads around us, and she was mostly alone. And we'd see the bison around her house, her special big bull Duke. And the geese she fed. (They must wonder what happened!). And we'd see the flowers, for Donna loved flowers as much as any person I ever knew. When we'd sit in her house, where she kept up her huge reputation as a gourmet chef and a hostess, (and an immaculate housekeeper!), we would look across fields and hills toward Mt. Holmes, toward the Great Bannock Trail that wound through her imagination with whispers of the Indian legends she loved so much. There never was a person of PLACE more than Donna. This was her territory, her land of dreams, and as long as our memories survive, she will be here among us, laughing.





Happy Birthday —

—and you're still  
King of the Jungle at 49.  
Howe.

Sam and Cal





## World Wildlife Fund

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1250 Twenty-Fourth Street, NW  
Washington, DC 20037

This card was created solely for use by World Wildlife Fund members and supporters—people who care about wildlife.

The person sending this card contributed to WWF's efforts to protect the world's endangered wildlife.

“Simba”

by

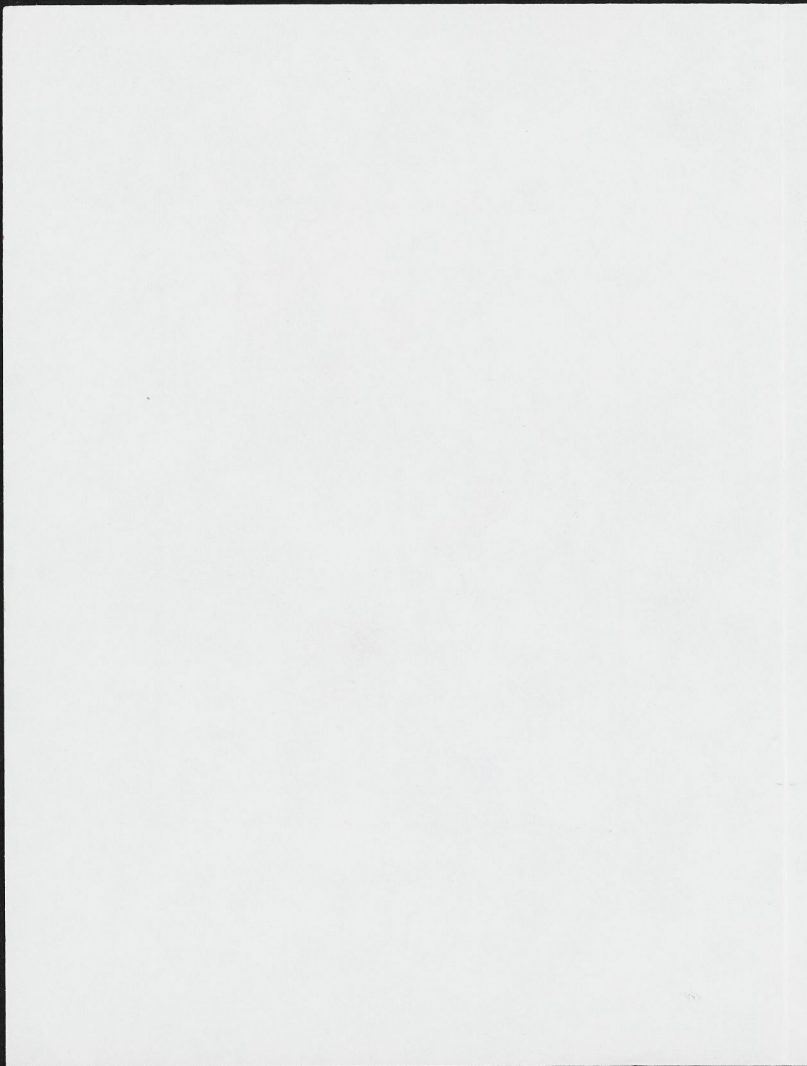
Simon Combes

© 1988 The Greenwich Workshop  
Trumbull, CT

Courtesy of Dr. Randolph Smith



WILD  
RASPBERRY



July 13, '88

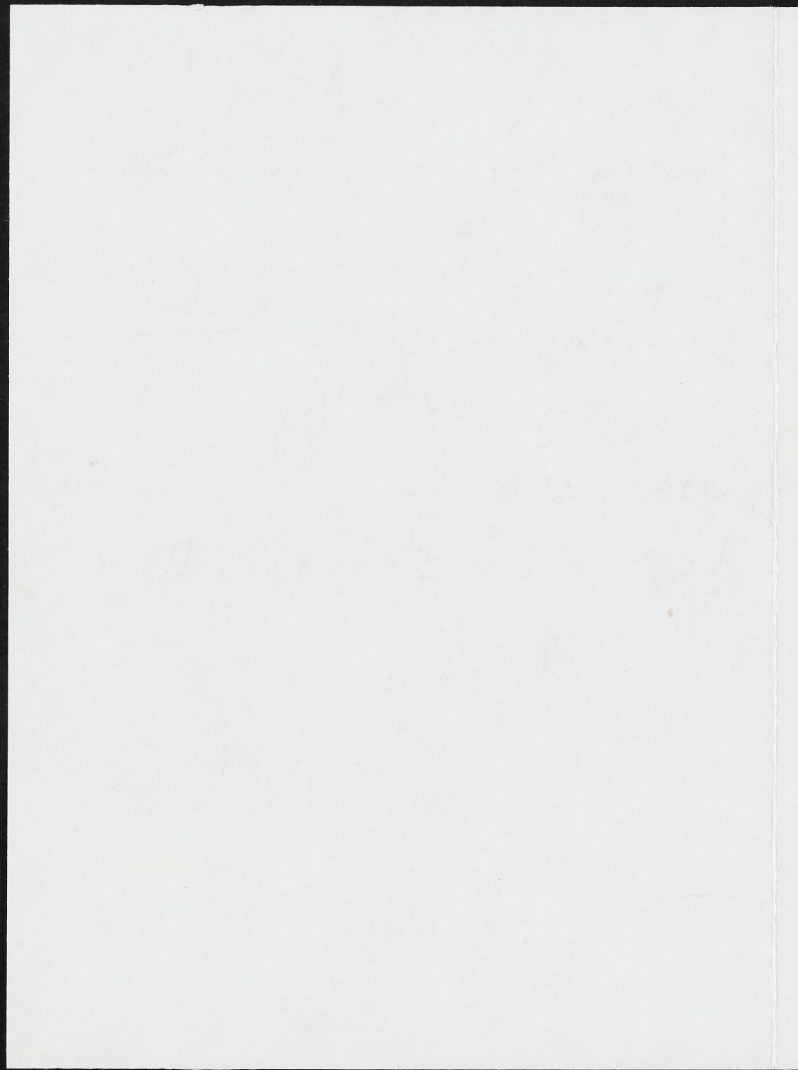
Dear Esther and Bud,

Thanks for the  
invitation to the  
reception July 31.

We are looking forward  
to it. See you then -

Love,

Jane + Cal



# M

Dear Bud — 10/16/94  
Thanks for the tape. It is  
a good one. I will enjoy the laughs  
over & over. Thanks —  
Had some good float tubing  
on South Mesa Lake on Grand  
Mesa, Grand Junction, CO, not  
far (40 mi) from Dusty's house.  
Small nymphs for 10-12"  $\circ$   
Brooks. Water-temp: 43-45 $\circ$   
F. Fun! —  
Enclosed is from Tom's  
recent FYI Supplement. This  
stuff is enough to make one  
reluctant to admit to  
fly fishing. Remember what  
1500 years ago about making  
rod & out of fly fishing. It's here  
Best! — Dale

and One Fly



A M

*and One Fly*





# SERVICE ACES

*Best concierge:*  
Peninsula,  
Hong Kong

*Silliest doorman's uniform:*  
Shangri-La, Singapore

*Most beautiful:*  
Raffles, Singapore

*Most likely to sink in a squall:*  
Saigon Floating Hotel

*Best house Champagne:*  
Taittinger at the  
Oriental, Bangkok

*Prettiest Guest Relations Officer:*  
Michelle at Shangri-La, Hong Kong

*Rooms you would most want to live in:*  
Authors' Residences  
at the Oriental, Bangkok

*Best Chinese restaurant:*  
Man Wah at the  
Mandarin Oriental, Hong Kong

*Best bar:*  
Chinnery Bar at the Mandarin  
Oriental, Hong Kong

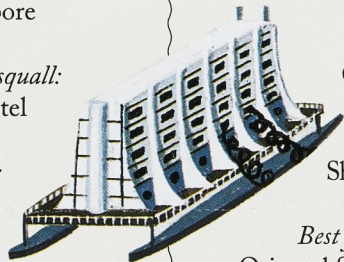
*Worst bar:*  
Verandah Bar at the  
Peninsula, Hong Kong

*Best piano lounge:*  
Bamboo Bar at  
the Oriental, Bangkok

*Best shrine to pre-Castro Cuba:*  
Cohiba Cigar Divan at the  
Mandarin Oriental, Hong Kong

*Best floor show:*  
Sala Rim Naam at  
the Oriental, Bangkok

*Best fleet of cars:*  
The Rolls-Royce  
Silver Spurs at the  
Peninsula,  
Hong  
Kong



*Best views:*  
Shangri-La, Hong Kong

*Best nightclub:*  
Xanadu at Shangri-La, Singapore

*Best Japanese restaurant:*  
Sumire at Grand Hyatt, Jakarta

*Best pool:*  
Grand Hyatt, Jakarta

*Best fitness center:*  
Shangri-La, Kuala Lumpur

*Best foot rub:*  
Oriental Spa at the  
Oriental, Bangkok

*Best house cocktail:*  
Singapore Sling at  
Raffles, Singapore

*Worst French restaurant:*  
All

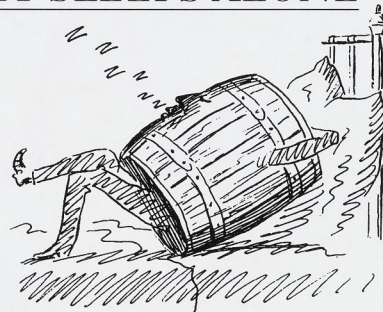
*Best billiards table:*  
Raffles, Singapore

*Best afternoon tea:*  
Clipper Lounge at the Man-  
darin Oriental, Hong Kong

*Best-dressed bell boys:*  
Raffles, Singapore



## IT SLEEPS ALONE



A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the oaken casks which had been used for bringing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to mature malt whisky.

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The casks (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden colour and a beguiling hint of redolence to the malt.

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PRACTICE, in fact, that soon all the malt whiskies (among them The Macallan) were matured in this way. But time passed.

SHERRY CASKS ONCE TO BE HAD FOR A FEW PENCE NOW COST SCORES OF POUNDS. And first one and then another *faint-heart* settled for more expedient alternatives, with the result that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky to be exclusively so matured. However...

A PROFUSION OF OPTIMUM RATINGS IN SUNDRY 'BLIND' TASTINGS of top malts has convinced us of the wisdom of our solitary course. Putting it another way, you might say our virtue is your reward.

## THE MACALLAN. THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc.,  
NY, NY Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1993

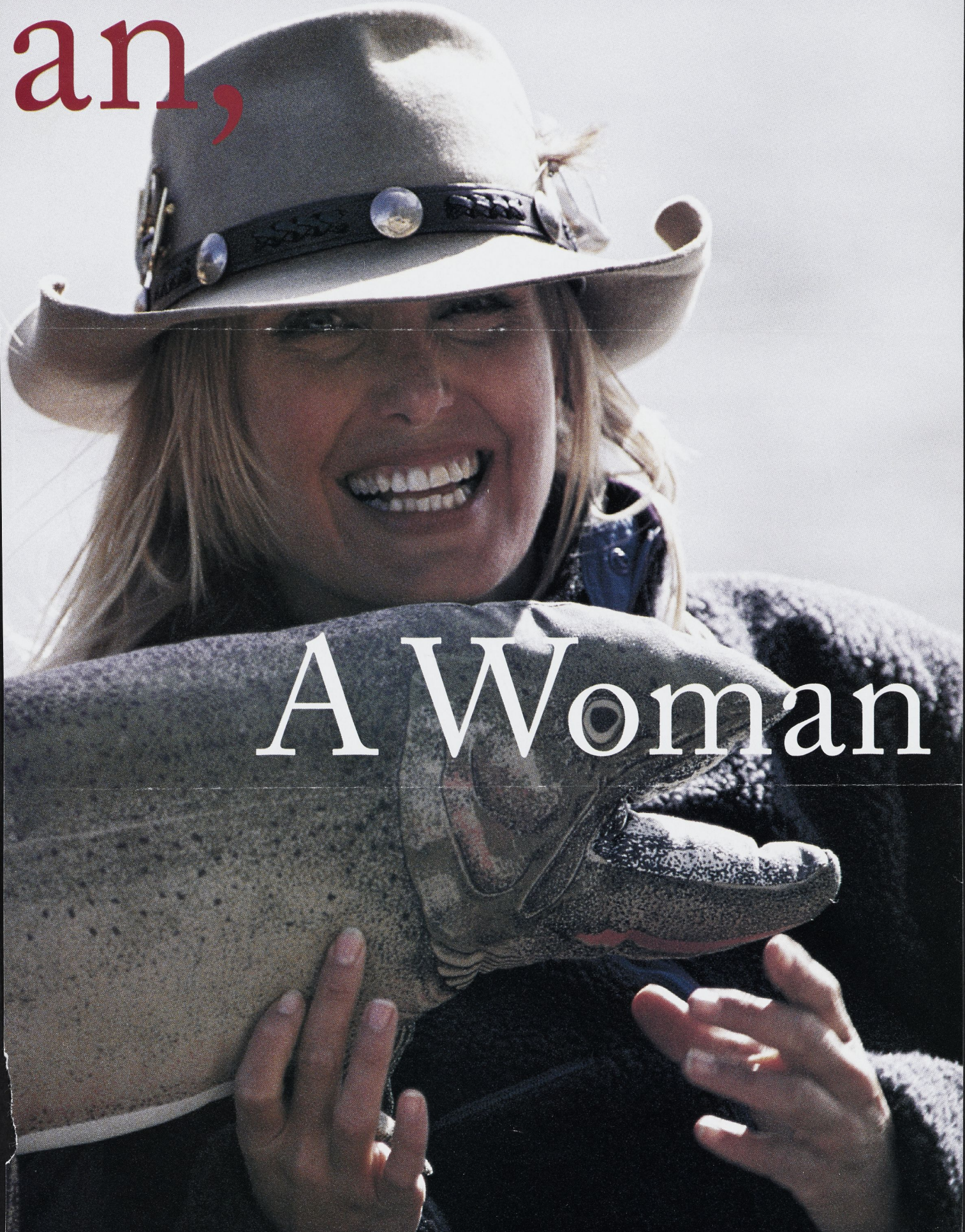
## FLIGHT PLAN

In the old days the best way to reach Southeast Asia was by steamer across the South China Sea. Today the best—and most convenient—way to get there is flying on Singapore Airlines. With the most modern fleet of 747s in the world, it flies from both New York and Los Angeles, as well as through London, Brussels and Frankfurt. Singapore is efficient, courteous, comfortable, and on time. For information and reservations call 800-742-3333. ●



an,

A Woman





“LOOK LIKE HAMMERED CRAP,” SAYS Heather Thomas, squinting at herself in a hand mirror.

Well, no—she doesn’t, really. In fact, she looks about 12 shades of good in her skin-tight neoprene waders, her silk long underwear and Gap shirt and Patagonia neck warmer and Australian bush hat.

Walter Ungermann is something else again. In his old boot-foot rubber waders and swamp-colored Icelandic sweater, with a ratty green wool stocking cap pulled down over some other old hat with a bill, Walter looks like he reclaims pop bottles out of drainage ditches for a living. He doesn’t, but we’ll get to that.

It is 8:30 on a cool, bright, breezy Rocky Mountain morning in early September. Heather and Walter are standing around Pacific Creek landing on Wyoming’s Snake River while their guide for the day, Bruce James, puts his boat in the water.

“Are you fishing in the front, Walter?” asks Bruce when the boat is ready.

“As much as I *possibly can* if Heather will let me,” says Walter.

Heather tosses her long blonde hair, smiles at Walter, then at Bruce. “We’ve already won once. I want Walter to have a chance to win. He can have the front all he wants.”

“Thank you, Heather,” says Walter with his usual delicate inflection. Walter talks the way Joe Frazier boxed. He climbs into the front seat, and before Bruce has even taken one good pull on the oars, Walter has made the first of what I calculated to be 1,684 casts that day.

Heather leans back in her seat in the stern, crosses her pretty legs, yawns, and puts her hands behind her head to watch the river go by.

*Que pasa?* This is a competition, isn’t it?

“Too many snags,” she says, looking languidly at the log bobbing in the water. “I’m not fishing till I see the whites of their eyes.”

It is indeed a competition—the Seventh Annual Jackson Hole One Fly Contest—but one you are refreshingly free to take as seriously as you like. There are your Walter Ungermanns at one end of the seriousness scale and your Heather Thomases at the other, with most of the other 126 anglers somewhere in between; and it is in keeping with the One Fly’s characteristic tone of witty insouciance that Walter and Heather have accidentally wound up as boat mates. One year a past president of the Sierra Club found himself, literally, in the same boat for a day with ex-Secretary of the Interior James Watt. Mr. Watt didn’t catch a fish. In fact, in three years of fishing the two-day competition, for a total of nearly 50 hours of hard casting

with a contestant from another team and a guide on one of eight six- to ten-mile stretches of the Snake River. Scoring would be based on the number and length of the trout caught, those trout to be measured and recorded by the guide and then released unharmed. The contestants in a boat would have equal time in the bow over the course of the day, and whichever angler was in the bow at a particular time would have “control” over the boat, deciding which bank to fish, and when and if to stop in order to wade-fish. Dennis and the other organizers determined that they would award non-cash prizes of fishing tackle and trophies for the highest individual score, the highest team score, and the biggest fish caught during the compe-

on the trout-infested Snake River, Mr. Watt managed the almost unimaginably difficult feat of never catching a single fish. When asked to comment on this remarkable conservation record—one roughly comparable to killing not a single insect with your windshield on a drive from Maine to California in August—James Watt shrugged and said, “I just like being in the great outdoors.” Now *that* is witty insouciance.

A Jackson Hole sporting-goods shop owner and fishing entrepreneur named Jack Dennis and a couple of his friends came up with the idea for the One Fly, an idea that runs interestingly cross-grain to a couple of fly-fishing’s most intrinsic inclinations: the urge to tie on a new fly every time a trout won’t eat the one you offer, and the tendency over a day’s fishing to lose flies to fish, branches, submerged snags and badly-tied knots. On each of the two days of their contest, Dennis and his friends decided, you could fish with only *one fly*—any fly you wanted, but only one—and should you lose or destroy that fly you would be out of the competition for the rest of that day. Four anglers would make up a team. Each contestant would float-fish from 8:30 until 4:30

tion. And to pay for these prizes and all the expenses of running the competition, each team would pony up an entry fee of \$2,000. Any leftover money would go to trout-related conservation causes.

Eleven teams competed in the first One Fly, which was held in September of 1986. In 1992 there were 32 teams entered, and the entry fee had gone up to \$3,000 per team, but you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who cared.

The event is beautifully run by Jack Dennis and a large, good-spirited staff, and over its three-night, two-day course it has the feel of a big house party. Many of the well-heeled fly rod sports who gather for it each year in their Navajo blanket jackets, lizard boots and \$300 beaded belts also run into each other at fishing lodges in New Zealand and Argentina, on the blue-ribbon trout rivers of

the West, and on planes to Belize and Christmas Island. They and the guides and lodge owners, tackle reps and equipment manufacturers, angling celebrities and journalists who are also there every year are always happy to see each other at this annual convention, and always ready to have a good time—at the fishing during the day; over drinks at Nelly's, still in their waders, when the fishing is over; and, especially, in the evenings at the first-night registration cocktail party, the buffet dinner and silent auction at swank Teton Pines on Saturday night, and the blow-it-out barbecue, live band country music and awards at Crescent H/ Rivermeadows on Sunday night.

At that barbecue all flies have either been kept or lost and all fish either caught or not caught; everyone knows who won and who didn't, and not everyone cares. A warm, bourbon-colored glow of sporting bonhomie floats throughout the huge stone-and-timber main room of the ranch, and everywhere people dressed in Western chic are clapping backs and telling lost fly and fish stories. Over there, General Chuck Yeager is squinting his test-pilot squint and talking to Mike Sullivan, the governor of Wyoming. Over here, big John Turner, Director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, is discussing pack horses with sportscaster Curt Gowdy. Hanging together are the High Flyers Wall Street Team, the Nebraska Cornhuskers and Team Budweiser. And the Australian team members, all world-class crowd cruisers and drink spillers, are cruising the crowd and spilling their drinks with gusto.

Outside, people begin to line up for what is without question one of the best feeds in the entire Wild West—

all the barbecued fresh salmon, ribs, chicken, steak and bratwurst, all the baked beans, corn on the cob, slaw and salad that you or anybody else can eat. At the center of that big, laughing knot of people in the line over there is the Hollywood All-Star team—actress Heather Thomas (who is describing how she was chased that day by a pair of badgers while relieving herself in the woods), Skip Brittenham, Kenny August and Art Annecharico—a fun-loving group who in 1991 came out of nowhere to beat all the pros and the intensos who fly to Jackson five days early to practice, and became the first team made up entirely of non-professionals ever to win the One Fly. The All-Stars enjoyed that, but they have just as good a time here if they finish out of the top 20.

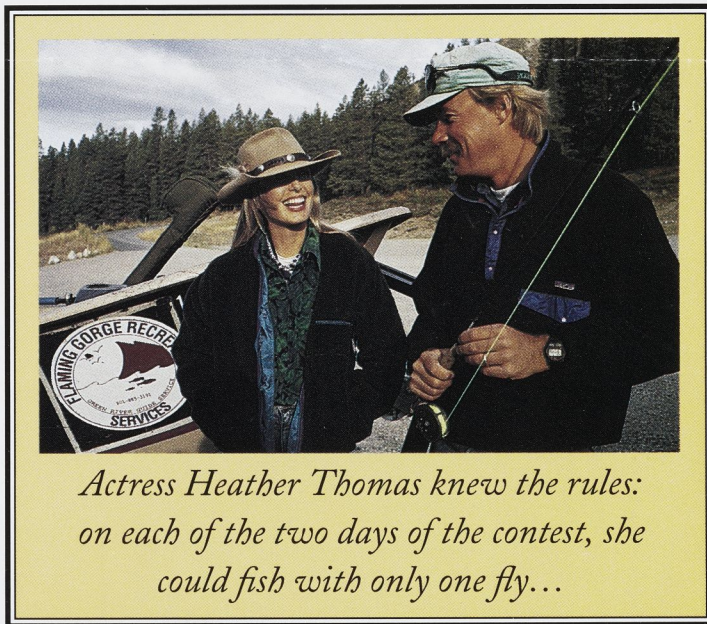
Behind them is Carlos Sanchez, a fishing outfitter from Argentina; Ray Grubb, who owns a top-notch New Zealand fishing lodge; Joan Wulff, the First Lady of Fly-fishing. And down there at the end of the line—the guy standing by himself, holding a Coke and wearing a shapeless old sweater and a brooding Hamlet look, the one whose body language is muttering, “I haven't won top rod *once* in three years at this god-damn thing, and I *by God* should have. Go on, go on, enjoy yourselves—I hope you all *choke* on it,”—that is Mr. Intenso himself, the Captain of Team U.S.A., Walter Ungermann.

**W**ALTER UNGERMANN—who has been a charter boat captain for 30 years, who holds the Atlantic salmon catch record on Iceland's Grimsa River of 83 salmon in one week, and who occasionally introduces himself as the world's greatest salmon and sailfish angler—that same Walter Ungermann has just caught a snit.

A snit is a very small trout. It is now 9:30, and the snit is Walter's first fish of the day. The day before he caught 24 fish for 561 points and was high rod for the first day of the contest. Walter has calculated that today he will need six fish of 16 inches or over to be guaranteed of winning the 1992 One Fly individual angler award, and this snit is not a help. He tosses it back without looking at it and makes another cast.

“Put me down for two points,” he tells Bruce James.

“I think that snit was trying to hump your fly, Walter,” says Heather Thomas, who is still lounging in the stern and has not yet begun to fish.



*Actress Heather Thomas knew the rules: on each of the two days of the contest, she could fish with only one fly...*

In fact, Walter's fly could be an appropriate love object for a trout. At least three inches long, a seductive olive-and-beige confection of rabbit fur called a "double bunny," it was tied for him by Carter Andrews, his guide of the day before, to imitate a baitfish. Walter is fishing it deep on a full sinking line, and to cut his chances of losing the fly he is using a leader of 14-pound test—a leader fully capable of landing a 100-pound tarpon. The whole outfit might be employed for deep-snagging giant carp: it is an all-business, heavy machinery approach to the usually dainty business of trout fishing, and it represents a gamble on Walter's part. This contest is usually won with dry flies like the delicate Hairwing Addams tied onto the end of Heather's leader, the same fly her husband Skip Brittenham won top rod with last year. But the past few days have been windy, and wind is the mortal enemy of dry-fly fishing. Walter has gambled that the wind will hold, giving an edge to the brickbat rig he is using.

**A**N EDGE—EVEN A LITTLE one—Walter figures is all he needs this year to finally fulfill his destiny and win the One Fly. In the past three contests he has had consistently high scores and lost his fly on only one day out of six. But a professional fishing machine named George Anderson—who carried a snorkel and mask in case his fly got hung up under water and *ran* down banks as he fished them—out-hustled him in the first two, and last year Walter went wet when all the fish were on dries. At 52 years old, he is a multimillionaire by virtue of an aircraft turbine part manufactured by his father. He fishes over 300 days a year, and he fishes brilliantly, particularly for Atlantic salmon. He also fishes aggressively, even when there's no competition. None of this "I just like being in the great outdoors," Zenny hogwash for Walter: Walter fishes to kick butt. He has been top rod most seasons on most of the salmon rivers that have suffered him. And he is chairman of the United States Fly-Fishing Team which competes each year in a World Fly-Fishing Championship. But Walter has never won the One Fly.

By 10:30 the breeze coming downstream has stiffened. Heather puts on a pair of purple gloves and an orange windbreaker. She follows an osprey's hunt for breakfast, exclaims over a hillside of yellowing aspens, and watches the serrated, snow-topped Cathedral Group of the Grand Tetons slide breathtakingly into view like some outrageous set being pushed onto a stage.

"Look at the mountains, Walter!" she says.

Walter grunts without looking up and keeps casting. He now has two snits, for all of four points; the landscape might as well be Jersey City.

"Pull up over there," he tells Bruce. "I want to fish that side channel."

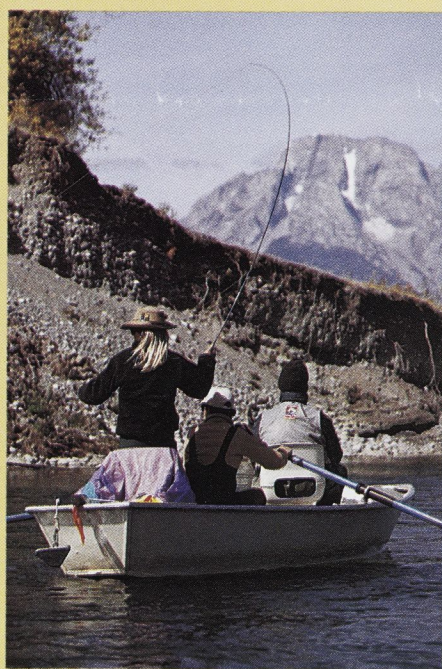
He trots up the bank then fishes back downstream through a deep, cobalt blue trough that reminds him of a Canadian salmon pool. The huge, furry fly whiffles through the air like a small chicken. Walter doesn't bother with false casting. He yanks the fly out of the water and shoots it, then strips it back, his rod tip bobbing. Watching some fly casting is like watching ballet; watching

Walter is like watching a world-class butcher at work. He misses a fish and groans. "I'm a dead man once that sun's fully on the water," he says miserably. "No fish who can really see this thing is going to eat it."

Back at the beached boat, Heather has decided she might as well fish a little. After a few minutes of casting in a wind-protected backwater, she gets antsy and starts dancing around on the bank. "Come on fish," she shouts, "suck my fly." One does after another minute or two and she misses it. "Take it again, *bam!*" she instructs the trout, "take it *now!*" And a little native cutthroat, no doubt a male, obligingly eats her fly. Bruce James releases the trout for her and she immediately catches another, and then another. "Snit city!" she whoops.

Heather Thomas, in her role as Jody on the ABC series "The Fall Guy," was the main reason a lot of American men watched television between 1981 and 1986. Since then

she has acted in a number of movies and television miniseries, and done some film writing and producing. Because she is a knee-bucklingly stunning-looking woman and quite happy to be that, she is sometimes badly misread as a bimbo. In fact, Heather is as bright, in a light-hearted, offhand way, as she is good-looking. She is, moreover, a sport. At four previous One Flies she has braved a badger attack and a snowstorm, been drenched by all-day rains and sunburned, and, until yesterday, she has always lost her fly. But Heather has never failed to have a great old time, or to cause the other people in her boat to have a good time too. She can also fish pretty well when she's in the mood. Last year when her team needed a good performance from her in order to win, she scored 95 points on the second day of the contest before losing her fly, and



*...any fly she wanted, but only one. Should she lose or destroy that fly she'd be out for the rest of the day*

that was more points than at least half the men in the contest scored that day.

"Do you see my fly?" she asks Bruce James shortly after catching her third snit. He doesn't because it is no longer attached to her leader. They look for it in the gravel and, miraculously, find it. Heather hooks the fly into the cork grip of her rod and gives the rod to Bruce to carry back to the boat. Somewhere en route it falls out, and this time it can't be found. Heather, with a total of six points for the day, is now reduced to fishing for fun—precisely what she fishes for anyway. After only 20 minutes of fishing, she is also tied at this point with Walter, who has added but one more snit to his score and is waiting for her at the boat with fire in his eyes. It is 12:15. He has made approximately 782 casts and caught three tiny trout.

"Let's go," he says.

"Go get 'em, Walter," says Heather. "You can do it, buddy." The wind is howling now, actually raising whitecaps, as they push back into the river. Walter leans into it, smiles grimly and says, "All I can hope is that this 40-mile-per-hour wind is blowing 80 downstream." Then he begins to fish with a vengeance, as though his life depended on it. Standing in the bow, going lunchless and never missing a cast, Walter for the rest of the afternoon is Jimmy Connors two sets back and coming, Arnold Palmer at the 18th.

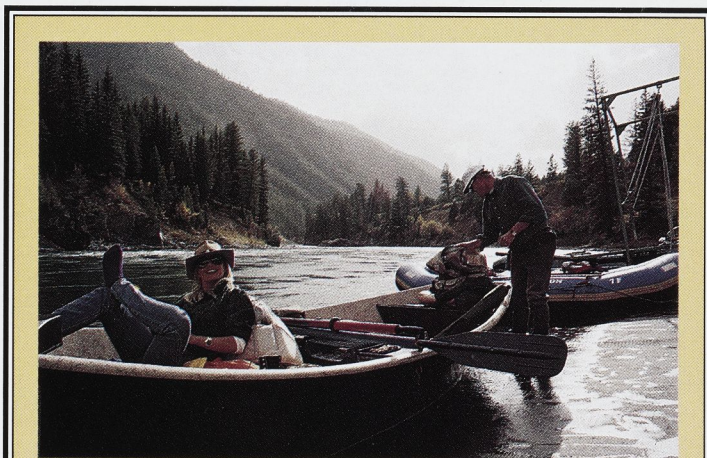
"Walter, Walter," chants Heather from the back, but Walter heroically ignores her. Having Heather in the boat with you is a little like having a bottle of Cristal in a silver bucket on the seat behind you. It takes a strong man to pay it no attention whatsoever, but Walter is all steel now.

At 1:00 he catches an 18-inch trout and permits himself a small smile. "Now," says Heather. "Walter's in a better mood now." Five minutes later he catches a 16-incher, and ten minutes later another 16-incher. A little after two he yanks aboard a lovely, fat, butterfly 17-inch Snake River cutthroat, tosses it back without looking at it, and has his fly back in the water before the fish is. Over the next hour or so he catches a 14-incher, another 16...and then there is only 20 minutes of fishing time left and Walter is convinced he needs one more trout over 16 inches to win. Heather, who has been catching fish herself and enjoying it as usual, tells Walter again that he can do it. And he does—with ten minutes and an inch-and-a-half to spare.

"A day with Walter—what a hoot!" says Heather when

their boat pulls up at the takeout. Walter looks exhausted but wired, his eyes shining with vindication.

While Bruce puts the boat on his trailer, photographer Tom Montgomery asks Heather if he can get a couple of close-up head shots of her. Heather pulls out her hand mirror, checks her teeth quickly for sandwich remains, adjusts her bush hat and then smiles into Tom's camera. This is a woman who has just finished floating ten miles of river into the teeth of a 30- to 40-mile per hour wind, who has lost her fly in the One Fly, and has even been ignored all day by Walter Ungermann, but with that smile some switch seems to flip, instantly transforming her from a tired, windburned angler into the very essence of bush-hatted glamour, of outdoorsy sexiness and smart fun. There are five or six people standing around the takeout, and they all stare at this alchemy of Heather's with their mouths open.



*Looking languidly at the log bobbing in the water, she says, "I'm not fishing till I see the whites of their eyes."*

There is a saying out West for knowing what you're doing and getting it done. Some woman in a ponytail and polka-dotted gingham skirt steps onto a jukejoint dance-floor, say, and two-steps the eyes out of a Bob Wills tune. "That ol' gal's been to a barbecue," somebody might comment, and he'd be right. Nobody at that takeout who saw Heather Thomas smile at the end of the second day of the 1992 One Fly contest doubted for a second that Heather had been to her particular

barbecue. And if you knew Walter Ungermann, all you had to do was see the grin on his face that night at the Crescent H/ Rivermeadows cookout to know that Walter had finally been to his too. ●

—CHARLES GAINES

*The Jackson Hole One Fly Contest is an invitational competition. A selection committee accepts team applications between September 15 and October 15 for the following fall's competition, and makes its decisions by January 1. The team entry fee varies from year to year; in 1995 it will be \$3,250. Corporate sponsors in 1995 will include Woolrich, Key Bank of Wyoming, and Sage Fly Rods. If you are interested in entering a team of four anglers, write to the Jackson Hole One Fly Team Selection Committee/Jack Dennis Sports, PO Box 3369, Jackson Hole, Wyo. 83001.*

CHARLES GAINES is a four-time competitor in the One Fly, and a member of the U.S. Fly-Fishing Team.

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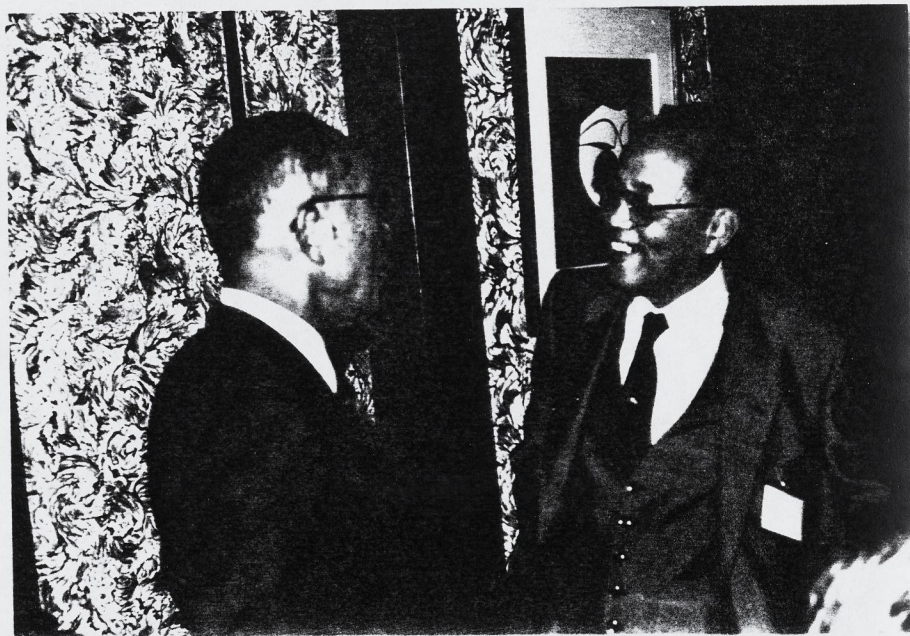
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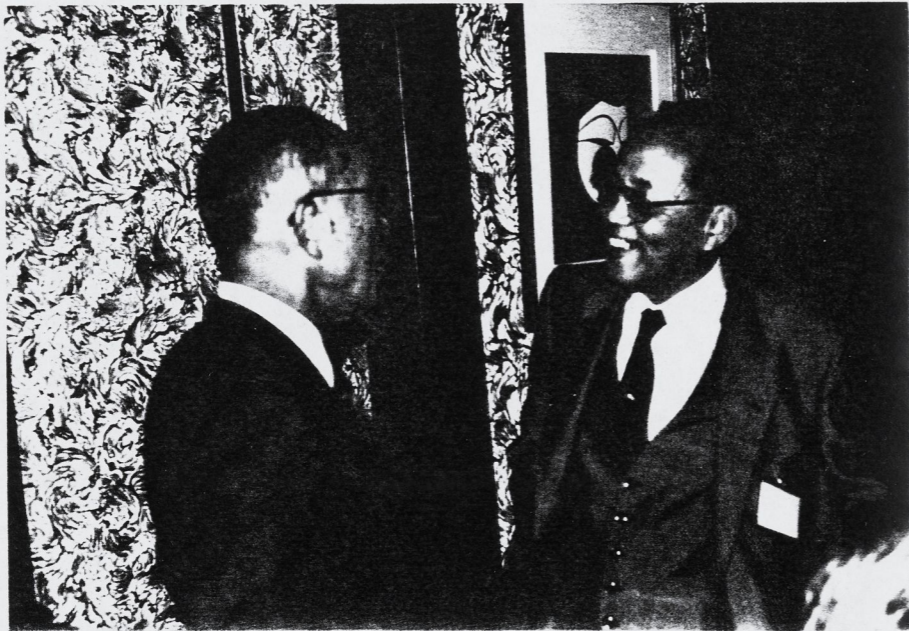
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Photos from Dr Yozu  
upper L:  
Daughter, Yozu, Mrs Yozu,  
Grandson on top.

Lower L: Lt Cdr Abe &  
Dr Yozu at Potos 15N  
Garrison Reception,  
Tokyo, 10/31/87.

See DE photo for Abe 9/2/45  
Upper Right/Ctr: Garden  
Lower R: Yozu in Dojō  
Note: Chronicle & Shipping Box







Rats. M.I.  
9/2/45 11 AM  
USS Heylinger (DE)

Japanese: Maj Imagawa,  
Island Co, IJA. Lt Cdr  
Abe, Senior 1 JN (Pilot  
off Cruiser JUNYO). Lt JN.  
Dumbze, just to R of  
Imagawa in tank (Pl  
USMC)





# ゆくはじ見て歩き 4 枯野塚(かれのづか)

芭蕉の句碑というものは全国ほぼほとんどころにある。当行橋市にも「枯野塚」のほかに一、二あるようだ。芭蕉が、では全国を行脚して建てたのか？といえはそうでなく、彼の死後に蕉門の十哲といわれる弟子たちが各地に旅して師風を説き、併せて己の勢力範囲を広める作業をした結果でもある。

この「枯野塚」にしてもそうであつて、現在中町で、すし店を営んでいる井上家の先祖に、吉左衛門重信という人がいて、俳号を元翠と称し俳句をたしなんだ。当時中央では蕉門の最盛期であった。元禄七年(一六九四)に芭蕉が死んだ後、その高弟である各務支考が行橋(当時は大橋)の井上家を訪れたのは元禄十一年(一六九六)六月二日である。そして同家に二泊して大橋を去

"Yukubashi City Weekly News"  
Upper Caption: "Dumbar's letters"  
Lower Caption: "Dumbar and the Local Newspaper"

それから二十年後の享保十三年(一七二八)には、やはり十哲の一人、志田野坡が井上家に来訪し、十日あまり滞在している。元翠の子、源七信清は有隣と号し、その子、清助信次、その子清助春信も代々俳句を受けついで。現在の屋号はこの二人の名前をとつたものとみえる。

さて、枯野塚は初代の元翠がそうした環境によって建てたもので、碑齡は二百数十年の古さに達する。馬ほくほく、我を絵に見る枯野かな

芭蕉 元来句碑というものは、石に句を刻むものと、この碑のように、右の句の短冊を埋めた上に碑を建てる場合がある。いま、丸食の前にある墓地が廃寺となつた安楽寺跡で、碑はこの入口に建てられ世々井上家が大切に保存してきたのだが、人の往来がはげしくなりところどころ破損を生じたため、井上家の墓所近くに移転されている。

鹿児島大学教授の大内初夫氏は、その論文の中で「日本に多くある芭蕉碑のうちで、個人の家で保存し守り続けた例は全国的に珍しい」と述べている。筆者の知人の芭蕉碑研究家がこの碑を見に京都から訪れたとき、これ句碑の姿といい、質といい一級品である、と折紙をつけて帰った。

(蟹江) へあし、えびす通り北側墓所内

●ホットな話

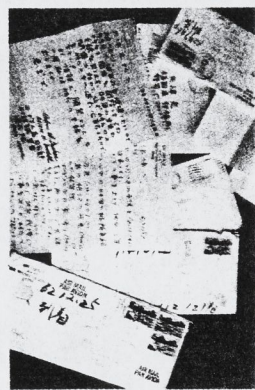
# 海を渡った「平和のあかし」

## 守りの刀が祖国へ

行橋市行事七丁目の外科医矢津充さんのもとに大平洋戦争の終戦時、米軍に没収された軍刀が43年ぶりに帰ってきた。軍刀を送り返してきたのは米国防務省でスーパージョーを経営しているダンバーさん(63)。当時、米海兵隊クアム司令官で日本語通訳をしていた軍曹。

「いつかは持ち主へ還したい」と思い続け、刀に結びつけてあつた布に書かれた「松下充」を頼りに厚生省に手紙を出したのがきっかけ。

ダンバーさんは日本語が達者で町きつての親日家として日本に友人も多く、友人やシアトルの日本総領事館などの協力があつて実現したものだ。



ダンバーさんからの手紙

昨年4月、ダンバーさんから日本語で書かれた手紙を受けとつた矢津さんは、早速返事を書き、これまで10通以上文通を重ね、ダンバーさんの人柄に感激している。「手入れがよく、さびて



守り刀を手に矢津さん

もいませぬ。日本人の心がわかる人だから大切にしてくれました。」 矢津さんはこれまでに「無」と書かれたズタ袋や作業衣などを送り、当地の新聞に作業衣を着て刀をもつたダンバーさんの記事など、送られてきたものを大切に保管している。

「こんな交流が生れたのも、平和になつたあかしでしょう。さっそく刀をもって父の墓前に報告しました。この夏には、お札にダンバーさんを日本に招待したい」と話していました。



ダンバーさんと地元新聞

# ゆくはむ見て歩き 4 枯野塚(かれのづか)

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それから二十年後の享保十三年(一七二八)には、やはり十哲の一人、志田野坡が井上家に来訪し、十日あまり滞在している。元翠の子、源七信清は有隣と号し、その子、清助信次、その子清助春信も代々俳句を受けついで。現在の屋号はこの二人の名前をとったものとみえる。

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鹿児島大学教授の大内初夫氏は、その論文の中で「日本に多くある芭蕉碑のうちで、個人の家で保存し守り続けてきた例は全国的に珍しい」と述べている。筆者の知人の芭蕉碑研究家がこの碑を見に京都から訪れたとき、これは句碑の姿といい、質といい一級品である、と折紙をつけて帰った。

へあし、えびす通り北側墓所内 (蟹江)

●ホットな話

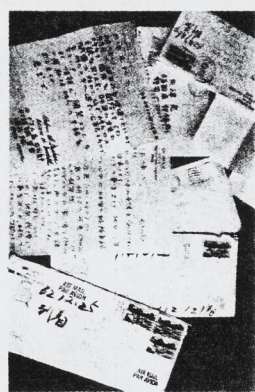
# 海を渡った「平和のあかし」

## 守り刀が祖国へ

行橋市行事七丁目の外科医矢津充さんのもとに大平洋戦争の終戦時、米軍に没収された軍刀が43年ぶりに帰ってきた。軍刀を送り返してきたのは米国モンタナ州ウエストイエローストン市でスーパを経営しているダンバーさん(63)。当時、米海兵隊クアム司令部で日本語通訳をしていた軍曹。

「いつかは持ち主へ還したい」と思い続け、刀に結びつけてあった布に書かれた「松下充」を頼りに厚生省に手紙を出したのがきっかけ。

ダンバーさんは日本語が達者で町きつての親戚家として日本に友人も多く、友人やシアトルの日本総領事館などの協力があって実現したものの。



ダンバーさんからの手紙

昨年4月、ダンバーさんから日本語で書かれた手紙を受けとった矢津さんは、早速返事を書き、これまで10通以上文通を重ね、ダンバーさんの人柄に感激している。「手入れがよく、さびて



守り刀を手に矢津さん

もいません。日本人の心がわかる人だから大切にしてくれたのでしょう。」矢津さんはこれまでに「無」と書かれたズタ袋や作業衣などを送り、当地の新聞に作業衣を着て刀をもったダンバーさんの記事など、送られてきたものを大切に保管している。

「こんな交流が生れたのも、平和になつたあかしでしょう。さつそく刀をもって父の墓前に報告しました。この夏には、お札にダンバーさんを日本に招待したい」と話していました。



ダンバーさんと地元新聞

# 守り刀、祖国へ

## 旧米軍人が持ち主捜して返還

「戦地に出発する時、亡父が「守り刀」として渡してくれた軍刀が四十三年ぶりに戻ってきた。一行橋市行事で、医師・矢津充さん（七〇）のもとに、このほど旧米軍兵士から軍刀が返還され、矢津さんは大喜び。「戻ってきたとは思わなかった。平和のシンボルとして市が建設を計画している歴史資料館に寄贈し、保存したい」という。

矢津さんは昭和十八年に九州大学医学部を卒業後、二十六歳で海軍軍医となり十九年六月に、南太平洋マリアナ諸島ロタ島に着任した。返還された軍刀は出征するとき、亡父から「守り刀だ」と手渡された。



43年ぶりに戻った「守り刀」を手にする行橋市の矢津充さん。円内はタンパーさん

たあと「矢津外科医院」を開業した。

返還したのは米国モンタナ州ウェストアイローストーンのスパー経営、カール・タンパーさん（七〇）の。ロタ島で矢津さんの武装解除に立ち会い、上官から没収した多くの武器などのうちから日本刀一本をもらい、米国に持ち帰って、大事にしていた。昨年春、タンパーさんは「持っていた人にとって『家宝』だったのかも知れない。私が保存しているよりも、持ち主に返したい」と思った。

刀については「海軍々医中尉、松下充一の名札（布ぎれ）を手がかりに日本領事館、厚生省を通じて捜してもらった。その結果、旧海軍の名簿などから旧姓「松下さん」で現在の「矢津さん」が所有者とわかった。

矢津さんのものとは昨年四月、厚生省から突然、電話があつて刀の消息がわかった。その後タンパーさんから「日本語」で手紙が届き、二人の文通が続いた。

返還された刀は刀身五十五・九センチ、全長九十九センチのわき差し。昨年末に日本に送られ、県教委文化課で鑑定したところ「無銘」だが天正年間（一五七三～九二）の作で、美術品として登録されたあと、矢津さんの手元に戻った。

矢津さんは「多くの戦火をくぐりぬけたのも「守り刀」のおかげ。刀にも命、魂があるのかもしれない。戦争によって得た「平和の貴さ」を永久に保つていくためにも、歴史資料館に保存してもらい、後世に伝えたい」とタンパーさんに伝えます。

「タンパーさん」に感謝しながら、感慨深げに話している。

## 人材銀行

- ①番号・年齢 二十五
- ②手取り額③希望 卒、中
- ④略歴 望地④略歴
- 【機械技術】 二十
- ①九一〇八四六 卒、鉄
- ②二十五〇三小 三十
- ③倉北④大学機 三十
- 械卒、ボイラー 三十
- 整備士免、鉄工 三十
- ①カーで工程製造管理歴二 〇九
- 十二年②九一六〇〇三 〇九
- ③土方④八幡西④工業高校 〇九
- 卒、油圧装置調整、タレット 〇九
- 旋盤作業名二級、産業機械メ 〇九
- ①カーで機械設備掘付工事監 〇九
- 督等経歴十八年
- 【建築技術】①九一一一六 卒、
- ②十方③八幡西④工業高 卒、
- 建築卒②被建築上④地建物 〇九
- 取引主任免、建設業で建物の 一二
- 設計積算工事管理歴四十四年 〇九
- 【コンピュータ技術】① 〇九
- 九一一九三〇②十五〇四門 〇九
- ④電子計算機専門卒、ソフ 〇九
- トウェア開発会社で大型コン 〇九
- ピューターのソフトウェア開 〇九
- 発等三年②九一一二〇三② 〇九

3/20/88  
 Pub: "Mainichi" Newspaper  
 2/5/88 - Friday  
 Yellow: "Dumber (caption)"  
 " : "Dumber (63)"  
 Operator of Supermarkets  
 NY, MT, USA  
 Top Right: "Former US Military"

痛みが走る。見ると中指の第二関節が赤くなつてはれている。査の結果が出てからである。

開業医を訪ね 診断がおりた には右手首、 押む場所が日 いく。五日後、 な私に医師 は解説を続 けた。



絵は高倉清美さんの作品

十三歳。リ ユーマチは 老人病とほ かり思っ ていたから だ。不審け には医師 は解説を続 けた。

「リユー マチは二十 一十四代で 発病するケ

久保勲一・前知事が駆け きた長崎県政のふるしき、高 田勇・現知事のため具合は ほとんどないのだろうか。

三十年来の懸案、諫早湾 の埋め立ては長崎干拓、長 崎南部総合開発と名前を交 えてきたが、長崎一区選出 の金子岩三（衆院議員（故人） が農水相に就任したことで 一気に決着した。

県あげての年来の大プロ ジェクトだったが、金子氏 は「縮小、さしずまやわ

## 耐えに耐える

えに耐 農相 と。た べたは すすて 方をこ てるは 言う事 声を張 官償 面当て には、 が立っ

甘木市文化会館。戦時の暗い時代、いこの貴さを訴えた二月三月物語（原由子・二作）を中藤進平の演出で。三干円。

大沢蒼志幸 〇日18時半、福岡サンパレスホール。くすミュージック主催、三千五百円。

外山雄三、指揮で、大牟田は自作の「管弦楽のためのラプソディー」ラフマニノフ「ピアノ協奏曲第二番」（ピアノ）フレデリック・モイヤー「ドボルザーク」交響曲第九番「新世界より」。

福岡は自作の交響詩「まつ

ド・ウェーブ主催 三千五百円、井上陽水 15、16日18時半、福岡サンパレスホール。BE中央区天神・ビブレホー ル。キョードー西日本など主 催、二千五百円。

梅若派小田切梧陽七回忌追 善演能会 11日10時半、中央 展 28日まで福岡県立美術

フランス革命とロマン主義 展 28日まで福岡県立美術

◇ギャラリ―

牡牛座 賢佳問題 口傷 批判によるトラブルに気を つけよう。

双子座 趣味や研究を通 球できるとき。要領よス して恋の予感。大いに行動 して吉。

かに座 思い違いなか 約束を守るなど気配りでデ

射手座 言葉の使い方、 層の気配りを ☆星占い「グル魔女の家」 31）7433





Gene "Mike" Davey Columbus MT

Russell "Bud" Wade Houston, TX

Col Dwyer WY MT

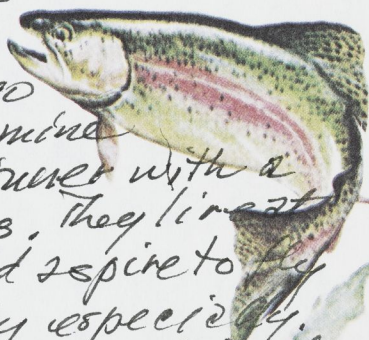
Wally Eagles WY

8/21/93



Dear Bud -

9/28/93

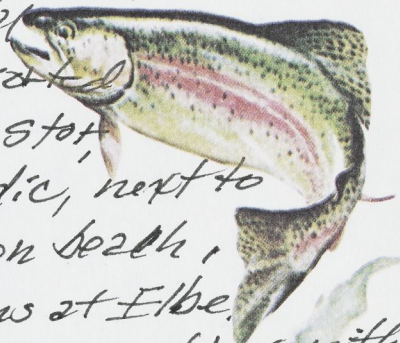


A couple of weeks ago some old friends of Jan's mine were through here for dinner with a neighbor couple of theirs. They live at Zephyr Cove, Tahoe, NV, and aspire to fly fishing. The neighbor lady especially. She is into fly fishing love and in discussing things around it and why in that regard the "Portrait" video arose so I showed the angling sequence. She said she was sorry you'd passed on. Eliciting my shock I set her straight. She said she'd read it in a reliable source. Yesterday we got a thank you note + the enclosed.

It does say "ok". Jan says remember Mark Wein: "Reports of my demise have been grossly exaggerated!" Great, eh! Famous again!, J. says!

The FFF/Livingston shows a considerable letter-day metamorphosis into the Ed Rice-SF Mole Hall school of fair and away from the TGF-WFCC blazer-clad delegates of club representatives we used to enjoy so much. Oh well, I always liked the Pomona Fair especially the pump pavilion when the

D-Day, Omaha Beach, 6/6/44 at  
Normandy. He is on official  
committee with Dale & assistant  
generals. There has bronze star  
landed 28th Inf Div, medic, next to  
Rangers' cliff, far right on beach,  
D-Day. Finally met Russians at Elbe.  
Did I tell you Davey caught up with  
Russ Vlack in August. We went to dinner  
here with Vlack (Houston TX), Daveys, W. Eagles  
after cocktails at Eagles. Vlack had great  
creek with Signal Co in So. America, etc.  
He & Tom Johnson, my childhood friend & fellow  
USMC (Marshall, Japan, Iwo), were best friends &  
fellow footballers at LAHS. Johnson will be at  
reunion & perhaps, Vlack. Vlack spoke of you at  
MTF Ech V-12 conversation with Davey.



Gulper fishing on Hebegea is over!  
You probably know. Saw Bert Bloomersline  
Sunday & she said Dick "Bass" Red &  
you had seen each other. She looks well

Don't I am going to USU 10/28 for black  
tie investiture of Dad Dick in USU sports Hall  
of Fame. Dad I at least had some relatives who  
were good at sports!

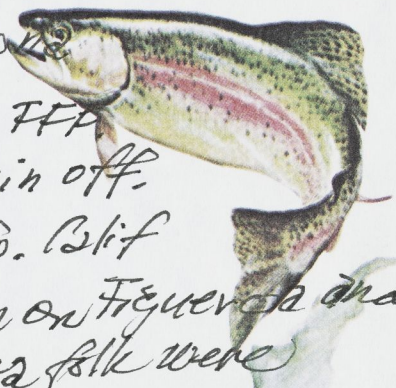
(over) Best to Esther! Regards, Cal

Found pix of Davey / Mack.  
Enclosed.

Excuse penmanship. Emulating  
Churchill - writing in bed. All  
comparison ends with that!

-e

Basstow-generated<sup>2</sup> Santa Anas were  
withering the September Pomona  
Valley mid days. It's a new FFA  
More "River Runs Thru It" spin off.  
Reminded me also of the So. Calif  
Auto Club Annual Show down on Figueroa and  
Adams when the High Sierra folk were  
noticing us CA-bound kids with dreams  
of spine lakes and rising golden. Over and  
& upward -



I leave Thursday for San Diego where Thom, a  
ret'd USMC Gen pal of his + I are to be John  
Corder's guests on the stand at Recruit Depot  
(I was P.H. #559 7/43)  
graduation dress parade Fri, then leave. He is  
Jack Corder's son. (Jack, Gny's bro runs out  
bas. for Gany), John is career Lt. Col. USMC.  
He was exec. off. 1Bn/5th Marines, Desert Storm  
and '88 WJ fires. Then onto Pendleton Sat  
for food/lunch, then Irvine/Merritt for 50th  
LA High reunion. Sat night. Lunch Ray Burras  
& Jerry Fine, Beverly Hills Mex, visit Ray +  
then return SD overnight + fly home  
Thom has bone cancer but he's fighting back  
Hope he feels well enough to go to 50th

# CAL DUNBAR'S TRIP MET ALL EXPECTATIONS OF GRANDEUR

By MARY McBROOM

Cal Dunbar, West Yellowstone, proprietor of the Food Roundup and City Councilman, fulfilled one of his most cherished dreams with his visit with the owner of the Japanese sword, awarded him by his colonel at the conclusion of World War II.

As a Japanese interpreter in the United States Marine Corps, Dunbar had served on the Island of Guam when the Japanese military on nearby Rota Island surrendered. Their arms were confiscated and Dunbar's colonel gave him a Japanese sword as a souvenir. Dunbar has treasured the gift for over forty years. It has hung in a place of prominence on a wall in his home.

The sword, called a "wakizashi," is 32 inches long. It is used as a second sword and is worn under the arm. Metal cherry blossoms, the mark of the Imperial Japanese Forces are depicted on the hilt. The outer sheath is leather and the inner sheath is sharkskin. The sword dates back to the years between 1573 and 1592 during the reign of Emperor Tensho. A strip of muslin cloth attached to the sword reveals the name and rank of its owner in Japanese.

In March of 1987, Dunbar started looking for the sword's owner, whose name and rank were written on the muslin cloth. Retired naval Captain Roger Pineau of Washington, D.C., an acquaintance of Dunbar's, suggested contacting the Welfare Department in Tokyo to locate Mitsuru Matshushita, the name of the sword, whose rank was Lt. j.g., Medical, Imperial Japanese Navy. Dr. Yazu changed his name to that of his wife's family after the war, a practice not uncommon in Japan.

On May 22, 1987, the Welfare Ministry wrote that they had contacted the owner, who had changed his name to Mitsuru Yazu. Yazu is now a doctor living in Yukuhashi City in Fukuoka Prefecture, Japan. The Ministry told Dunbar that the weapons laws require the return of the sword be facilitated through the Japanese Consul General in Seattle, whom Dunbar had met while on a journey with the Montana International Trade Commission. He had driven Consul General Shigenobu Nagai from Helena to Bozeman to inspect the Montana State University Agricultural Research Station and from there to West Yellowstone. Nagai told Dunbar it could take a long time to return the sword to its owner but he would help.

In the meantime on June 12th, Dr. Yazu received a letter from Dunbar telling him he was preparing to return the sword. He was overwhelmed with gratitude and even remarked that "it is truly divine intervention." An act of God." The Asahi newspaper related the story.

Shuichi Akimaru, one of Dunbar's fly fishing friends who also lives in Fukuoka was informed by Dunbar about the return of the sword. Akimaru called Yazu and invited him to his home, where Yazu came laden with gifts, a set of traditional work clothes and two fans for Dunbar for Akimaru to deliver when he came to West Yellowstone for the Federation of Fly Fishers convention last August.

Consul Jun Yoshida, on behalf of Consul General Nagai notified Dunbar in September that they had contacted Yazu and were making plans to return the sword to him. On December 3rd, Consul Yoshida gave permission to send the sword to Dr. Yazu. He was told that the sword would be held in the central post office in Fukuoka Prefecture while waiting to clear customs. The cultural section would then examine the sword and it would be delivered to Dr. Yazu. Dunbar promptly packed the sword and mailed it according to the instructions.

Since May, Dunbar and Yazu have corresponded and exchanged photographs. Yazu sent a videotape of his home and gardens, where dressed in traditional clothing, he and his wife display the sword. On the tape also are excerpts from Japanese television news describing the story.

Dunbar has just returned from a trip to Japan as a senior adviser to Lewis Robinson III, chairman of the Montana International Trade Corporation. The trip included visits to several Japanese companies as part of MITC's ongoing work on trade between the Japanese and Montana. Dunbar is still fluent in Japanese and serves the Corporation as an interpreter.

He spent time at Yazu's home in Yukuhashi City in the Fukuoka Prefecture, was showered with gifts and was charmed by the doctor and his family.

Some of the gifts are gyotaku (a fish print-painting) and a samue (helmet.) Dunbar took slides of the visit and will show them in West Yellowstone at some future time.

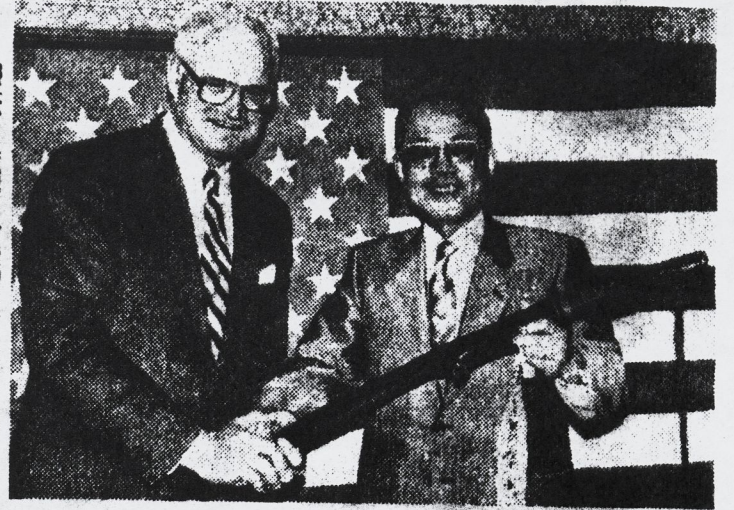
The Montana delegation landed in Taipei, Taiwan, where the legislature at Taichung was in session and they were greeted there. They visited the National Museum where they gazed at priceless art, jade and Chinese scrolls. They flew back to Fukuoka and Dunbar visited Dr. Mitsuru Yazu at his home in nearby Yukuhashi City. He was entertained lavishly, but among the highlights was a fly-fishing trip in the Kyushu mountains. Dunbar was probably the first foreigner to fish there. En route back to Yukuhashi City on this fishing excursion, he and Yazu ate at a local roadside inn where they ate Bungo Yakiniku — a local beef delicacy.

The Japanese newspapers were excited about the return of the 400-year old sword and photographed Dr. Yazu and Dunbar being received by the Mayor of Yukuhashi City. Yazu refers to the sword as his "good luck sword." The mayor of Yukuhashi City held a reception to welcome Dunbar. One hundred fifty people stood on the steps on the municipal building clapping. In the mayor's office hung a large American flag. The mayor, on behalf of the City of Yukuhashi, presented him with a Samurai helmet in the mayor's office.

That same afternoon they lunched at a hotel by the sea and enjoyed seafood; still later they dug clams, which Dunbar described as a "small horseneck clam", which they cooked and ate. They also visited a local shinto shrine atop a long stairway and sauntered through a bamboo forest. His hosts took him to a supermarket in Yukuhashi City, where he

## 中津大ぜきの取水事業

43年ぶりに返還された軍刀を手に握手をかかず矢津さんとダンバーさん



行橋市行事七、外科医顧問、矢津充さん(右)が太平洋戦争中「守り刀」としていた軍刀が今年一月、四十三年ぶりに元米軍兵士から返還されたが、この元兵士、カル・ダンバーさん(左)とモンタナ州ウェストイエローストーン市在住、スーパー経営者が十八日、矢津さんと一緒に行橋市役所を訪れた。矢津さんは昭和十八年に九州大学医学部を卒業後、十九年六月に海軍軍医として南太平洋マリヤナ諸島ロタ島に着任した。その際、亡父から守り刀として軍刀を贈られたが終戦で軍刀は米軍に没収された。

## 戻った刀

行橋市の矢津さんの

の天妻入収返主領姓一刀し 年受かはた

## Good Reading

The local Japanese press loved Cal Dunbar.

noticed that beef was high but that seafood was comparable in price to the United States. The supermarket owners hosted a dinner for him and Yazu. He visited a Catholic Church and parochial school, but observed that only 1,000 out of 60,000 population of Yukuhashi are Catholics. He traveled to Kokura to take the Bullet Train to Kobe where he was met by Mr. and Mrs. Hitoshi Yamada, the parents of Toyohiro Yamada, who had been fishing in West Yellowstone since 1979. That train goes 220 kilometers per hour, so that this trip back to Tokyo was swift and enabled him to rejoin the Montana delegation the next day, where they continued the business of international trade.

Kazuhiro Ashizawa, the founder and organizer of Japan Fly Fishers and wife Sachiko met with Dunbar in Tokyo. Ashizawa fly fishes our area every year. The Ashizawas hosted Dunbar and some of the Japan Fly Fishers at lunch where Dunbar received an official Japan Fly Fisher's club tie.

All in all, the trip represented one of those precious moments in life that will always linger, and the Japanese are grateful that the sword was restored to its owner after its long absence. Dunbar feels lucky that he found Yazu, that he is well and thoroughly enjoyed meeting the Yazu family and the people of Yukuhashi City, who treated him so kindly.

# Henry's Lake State Park opens to public May 26

Henry's Lake State Park in Island Park will open for the summer season May 26, assistant manager John Frank says.

The park is located on the southeastern shore of Henry's Lake. The park is popular with fishermen and fishing on the lake will open May 28.

There will be a daily limit of two trout and fishing hours will be from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m.

A 100-space parking lot, two-lane boat ramp and boat docks accommodate the fishermen at the park. An entrance fee is charged or an annual

pass to all Idaho state parks may be purchased, a state park news release says.

A 32-unit campground with restrooms, hot showers and a trailer dump station is available for over-nighters. An additional campsite is available next to the restroom for physically disabled campers.

There is a 15-day limit on camping and no reservations are accepted.

For non-fishermen, Henry's Lake offers scenery, boating, camping, photography, birdwatching and hiking on the nature trail.



### New location Marge's Hair Fashion

Full Hair Care Services

3 stylists to serve you

Nail extensions & manicures

2 private tanning beds

Open Monday-Saturday

309 Canyon St. West Yellowstone (406)646-7874

### Canyon Street Laundromat

- Home style laundry
- Drop off service
- Public Coin-op showers

Open 7 days a week

321 Canyon St.

(406)464-9649





**EstherLilly**

---

**From:** <Pds1872@aol.com>  
**To:** <keachor@sover.net>; <estherlilly@montana.net>  
**Sent:** Saturday, April 19, 2003 9:11 AM  
**Subject:** No Subject

Kate:

I have asked Bud to mail you his photocopy of the Martinez-Jennings correspondence. That way you won't have to wait until those Jennings collection files that you have there are unearthed in the unpacking. As you will see, the correspondence is intermittent but full of pretty engaging comments, especially on Martinez's side. Jennings was, I think, somewhat more reserved.

Bud says that he feels confident that Cal Dunbar's wife, Jan, who is herself a published author and local historian, would certainly be willing to step in and help refine Cal's manuscript, if it comes to that. This is good news all around. Jan's great. This may also result in the development of some additional details on the Martinez story, as Jan has done a huge amount of historical research on West Yellowstone, and may have some new discoveries to add.

What will be needed from you, should you decide that you want this project, will be specific comments on what the manuscript needs in terms of organization and so on. If you'd like, you could give those comments to me, or we could go over it by telephone. Or, you could just talk directly with Cal and Jan. Nice folks. That can be sorted out after you decide whether or not this interests you.

By the way, I've found something interesting that I hope to put together for you to consider. In the 1920s, Yellowstone's chief ranger, a tough old bird (former army scout) named Harry Trischman, wrote a short manuscript on how to fish in Yellowstone. Neither the park historian nor I have ever seen it in print anywhere, though it appears to have been written for publication or distribution. I haven't even been able to find it in the various in-house manuals and newsletters that were prepared for park employees (and even if I could that wouldn't make it less interesting). It's only a few pages typewritten, with some penciled revisions, but it captures the relatively pragmatic (if not earthy), anti-fancy-tackle attitude of the local angler in the West eighty years ago. I hope in the next few months, sooner with any luck, to get it ready. I would like to write a brief introduction explaining who Trischman was, and annotate the text to explain places and things he mentions. I haven't yet looked for photographs of him, though I know there are some.

I hope all is well there, and the new stuff is all coming along.

Paul

4/21/2003



(Cruiser. p. 86)

It was a very clear October day, at Jim's invitation, I had gone to fish the Madison. Ann went also, on a good day that would have appeared to be a fiction in the rain up to the day before.

Jim operates the Bud Kelly Trout Stop in the town of West Yellowstone. When Jim first bought the shop 5 years ago, I met him just about this time when he began to run it. At the time, I thought that the atmosphere of the shop Bud Kelly had built up would change completely, but Jim and Ann's personalities quickly removed any such concerns. It is really is a jovial and pleasantly operated shop.

This couple, and you might say no wonder why, really work together well. They always greet the customer warmly. Jim with his ever measured sincerity and Ann with her feminine gentle manner. ~~As the shop is a very busy one Jim manages the fly tackle.~~ The shop is very diversified and is departmentalized into fly fishing tackle, outdoor wear, wildlife art in a gallery, with Jim handling the fishing tackle and Ann the clothing and such.

Jim has another dimension. He is also a very capable coach of American football. In the off-season, he is called to be a College team coach in California. He doesn't appear to be the 52 years of age he is. Although he is not actively engaged as such now, his physique clearly shows the time he was a star player and athlete. Last year, coaching the

2. (Cruiser)  
 Sacramento Sages, he predominated the World  
 Football Series and, really tremendous in the  
 activity.

Fishing with Ann and Jim on the  
 Maduin River was great fun. Ann aimed at a  
 raise <sup>next to</sup> the bank and Jim was there to help her in  
 a flash. Jim thought it was a joke that Ann's  
 presentation didn't go where she intended it to  
 and both of them broke out in great laughter.  
 With Yellowknife winter quickly coming on, it  
 was indeed a warm day.

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Bud

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(to some 130 H folk out west  
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Jim

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zh - n

Ann

(Dumbat p. 29.)

West Yellowstone. This name has a meaning: the small town at the west entrance of Yellowstone National Park.

In the center of the town there is the store called Roundup Supermarket. Over many years, when a Japanese was buying something he heard a voice from behind asking: "Are you Japanese? Where do you come from?" in fluent Japanese. This was the well-known voice of Calvin Munbar, owner of the Market, who is called "Cal". But now he is <sup>somewhat</sup> retired and spends his leisure fly fishing and landscape gardening, for the most part.

Cal came to Japan as the Pacific War ended and acted as an interpreter for the occupying forces helping the Japanese government in the recovery, contributing to our New Japan.

When he is not in the store, he gets into his favorite Subaru and, leaving his work behind heads straight to the river and, oblivious to time, fishes. As he doesn't get much practice in speaking Japanese except with us visiting Japanese <sup>flyfishers</sup>, he sometimes forgets words so includes the English word into his very fluent Japanese.

His wife, Jan, is the English teacher at the town school. Now that the Munbar children are adults, Cal can spend his time happily fishing.

Surprisingly, at 67 years of age, he wades rapidly the river currents that repel the

Japanese anglers.

Whether it's the result of moderate living or just plain physical stamina, he is nonetheless aging healthily.

Three years ago Cal went to Japan for an unexpected matter. Through the help of a friend, he located the family of the owner of the Japanese sword he had received during the war era and went over to Japan to return it to the owner. He went to Fukuoka prefecture to do this. He was warmly welcomed there and he appeared prominently in the press. Without doubt the family receiving the sword back was very elated. Beyond all of this, that Cal had overcome the bitterness of the war and had returned the sword to them made them very happy and grateful.

We hope that he continues to stay in West Yellowstone and fish to his heart's content.

**Jean P. Cardon**

**Calvin W. Dunbar**

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Mr. Latimer (Steve?)