

September 28, 1962

Dear Jerry Mac:

You have come to life at a timely moment; I thought that you were disturbed at us for reasons unknown. For one thing, I forgot all about sending you the pitch ladle I promised. If you still want it, say so and I'll pack it and dispatch it south forthwith.

It appears that you are doing very well considering your manpower handicap. This work always takes ten times longer than the most liberal of estimates. We have waited over 8 months for the final delivery of locks duplicating those that survived in the WAPAMA's doors. Until those locks are installed, the doors look "funny".

Jack D. has been mumbling about the lanyard knots ever since I made the mistake of showing him your letter describing the use of leather washers to keep the knot from pulling through.

How did all that work turn out? As you might imagine, Jack is torn between showing his curiosity over the fit of the rigging he made and trying to appear disinterested.

The work here is going well now that we have finally been ~~xxx~~ blessed with a steady crew of five Deckhands. At the moment, they are fully occupied in final painting around the WAPAMA. The unholy mess that was the crew's messroom has been completely refurbished and the gang eats their lunches in this historic environment. By the time we go to San Francisco with the ships, the appurtenances in the mess room will be quite authentic looking - - complete with stains, nicks and benches worn shiny!

Jack has made up most of the pieces for the THAYER's new (old) head rigging. As soon as I can get a shipwright to install the ironwork on the catheads, he will start on that work.

Meanwhile, he just finished making up all the canvas dodgers for the steam schooner and seizing them in place. We bought a second hand sewing machine and Jack has a nifty sail loft at the far end of the ferry. He moved to Oakland in order to get Swan into a one story house on level ground. The place was a dump, but a bunch of us pitched in and "restored it"!

Mr. Kortum is extremely wrapped up in his image making efforts. Apparently against the time when the Maritime Museum takes over the whole project, he feels that he must become known and accepted as a conservationist in the broadest sense. I think it very amusing knowing him as well as I do. He will be trying to shake the Petaluma chicken shit off his feet the rest of his life.

Sadly, he has lost every friend he had while gaining "associates".

Sorry to hear of your troubles with the museum bookkeeping. It had a familiar ring though, except that mine stems from a gap in our budget communications with Sacramento.

regards to all,

H. J. H.

